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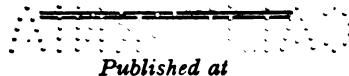
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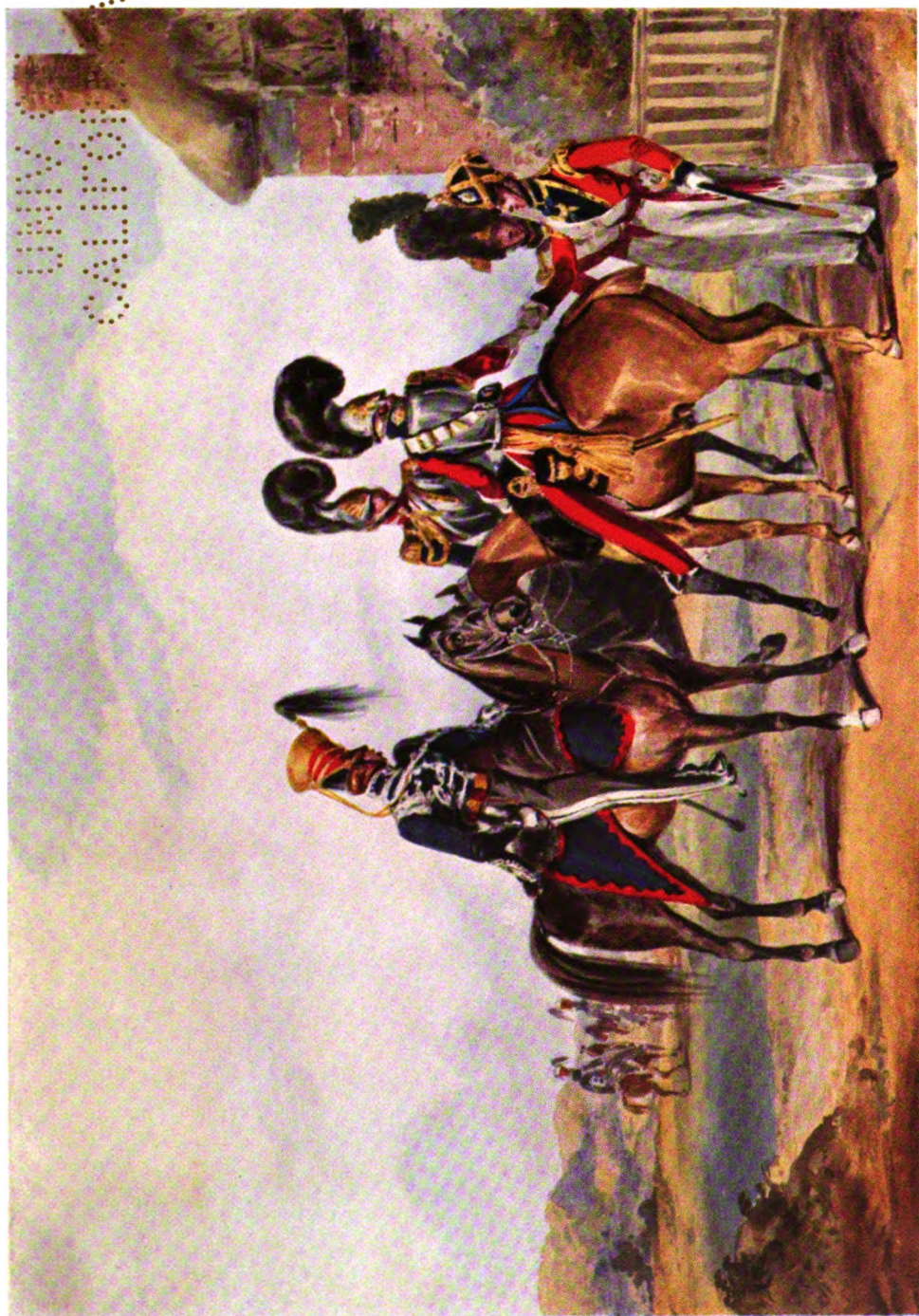
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2020



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1828

**Officers—15th Hussars, Royal Horse Guards, 2nd Life Guards, and
Flank Companies The Foot Guards**

Royal escorts.

as bad, 4481 troops list 1881. more ylfers bloodshed Cavalry 99
as, etyfy and in yvols, tenfold in yvols Roman Revoly and as law

The Household Cavalry from 1881. more ylfers bloodshed Cavalry 99
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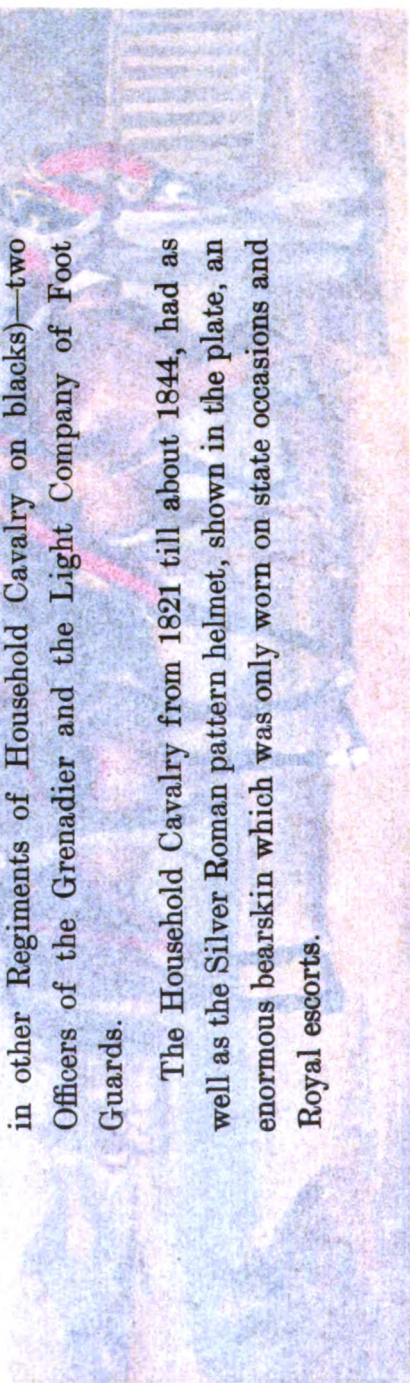
Officers of the Grenadier and the Light Infantry regiments
in other Regiments of Household Cavalry bloodshed Cavalry 99
as bad, 4481 troops list 1881. more ylfers bloodshed Cavalry 99
as, etyfy and in yvols, tenfold in yvols Roman Revoly and as law

The regiment represented are the 1st Hussars with the
George VI Cyrene
colour drawn by a group of officers in the reign of
The regiment is a representation of a contemporary war-

The frontispiece is a reproduction of a contemporary water-colour drawing, and depicts a group of Officers in the reign of George IV.

The regiments represented are :—the 15th Hussars with the scarlet shako—the Royal Horse Guards—the 2nd Life Guards, mounted on a chestnut (the Officers only of this Regiment at this period rode bay or chestnut chargers, the men being mounted as in other Regiments of Household Cavalry on blacks)—two Officers of the Grenadier and the Light Company of Foot Guards.

The Household Cavalry from 1821 till about 1844, had as well as the Silver Roman pattern helmet, shown in the plate, an enormous bearskin which was only worn on state occasions and Royal escorts.



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JANUARY, 1937

TWO CAVALRY EPISODES IN THE PALESTINE CAMPAIGN, 1917-1918

By GENERAL SIR GEORGE DE S. BARROW, G.C.B., K.C.M.G.

PART II.

NOVEMBER 25TH.—Divisional H.Q. moved back to Tahta. The 6th Brigade H.Q. remained at Foka, the 8th Brigade H.Q. were at Duqqua, the 22nd Brigade H.Q. at Tahta with the Lincolns in reserve. The East Ridings and Staffords were temporarily with the 6th Brigade at Foka. The Dorsets and Staffords occupied the outpost line and advanced posts. During the afternoon the Lincolns went forward to relieve the Staffords. While the relief was being carried out the Turks made a vigorous attack on our front line and inflicted severe losses on one squadron of the Staffords. The attack was checked by the fire of the other squadrons of the regiment and also by a subsection of the 18th Machine-gun Squadron, which fired 4,000 rounds in 15 minutes, killing many Turks and quenching all desire of the remainder to continue the attack.

The extreme western spur of the ridge on which Beitunye is situated standing at an elevation of 2,500 ft. dominates Foka (1,900 ft.) and Tahta (1,300 ft.) and all the country lying between those two villages.

There is a small building on the top of this spur called Sheikh Abu es Zeitun. To reach Sheikh Abu es Zeitun from

Foka one has to descend 400 ft. to the Wadi el Imelsh and then climb 1,000 ft. up the steep ascent, on the other side. It is a stiff and fatiguing walk for a man in marching order, and occupies a full two hours to accomplish. The Turks on the contrary were not faced with any like difficulty of approach, the ridge from Beitunye to Sheikh Abu being continuous and level.

The question of Advanced Posts when taking up a defensive position is always a difficult one. They may be held because their occupation by the enemy may be of great advantage to him and a corresponding disadvantage to the defender; or because they may be useful to break up an enemy's attack, or force on him a premature deployment; or to cover a flank; or to command ground which is "dead" to the main position and deceive the enemy as to the extent of our position and reducing him to a dangerous extension. But they are an undoubted weakness unless they can be well covered by fire from the main position.

Retirement from them is difficult and may cause a break in the main line of defence, or the defender may exhaust his energies in endeavouring to maintain them, or the garrison may be entirely lost. I did not escape from having to make a decision in this particular case. In the likely contingency of the Turks placing a battery of field guns or howitzers at Sheikh Abu, they would render our positions at Foka and Tahta precarious, and in any case cause us many casualties. On the other hand a post at Sheikh Abu would be almost isolated, and there was a grave risk that if seriously attacked it would not be possible to avoid losing it altogether. As to reinforcing it, even if there was time to do so, not many men could be spared for the purpose from the main position. I hesitated for some time and finally falling back on the principle aforementioned, that in war when undecided which of two or more courses to adopt, always select the boldest, I decided in favour of putting a post on the spur. It was found by 3 officers and 60 men of the Berks Yeomanry. (November 26th.) A troop of the City of London Yeomanry was also posted on City Hill, 1,000 yards east of El Tire. The decision to occupy these advanced posts was fully justified for the next day, November 27th, the Turks made determined efforts to gain

possession of them. City Hill was attacked at 2 p.m. by 300 Turks supported by artillery. After suffering several casualties, including the troop commander, it was forced to fall back. Reinforced by another troop the post was re-occupied, only to be driven out again when it withdrew some 500 yards to Signal Hill. Here it was joined by two squadrons of the 1st County, and sheltering behind hastily built stone sangars, held on for the rest of the day. Simultaneously with the attack on City Hill some 600 Turks advanced, supported by artillery firing H.E. shell, against the Zeitun post.* The Berkshire men put up a most gallant resistance, assisted by the fire of the Leicester Battery, beating back attack after attack. Two guns of 17th Machine-gun Squadron had been got up to the post with difficulty. One of these guns fired continuously from 3.0 to 4.45. Attack began to slacken at 5.0. Watching the action through my glasses from Foka it seemed at times impossible that the post could hold on. There were seven or eight horses that had carried up the machine guns, ammunition and rations, plainly visible, apparently under cover a little way down the slope of the hill. I mentioned to my staff during one of the Turkish assaults, that the garrison was evidently not thinking of retiring, as the horses were tethered, unsaddled, as would not have been the case if it was preparing to get away. Further observation showed me that the horses were singularly motionless. They were in fact all dead, lying on their sides in a row. Another troop was sent up during the afternoon at 3.45 as reinforcement, raising the total strength to 74 O.Rs. During the night the post was further strengthened by 50 officers and men drawn from the Bucks and Berks. The attack was continued through a great part of the night. Casualties were heavy, amounting to nearly 75 per cent. of the total strength. Two of the three officers present were put out of action and 49 men out of 74 O.R.

The Division had now been isolated in the hills for seven days. Sickness, casualties, escorts and horse attendants had reduced its fighting strength to 800 rifles extended on a four mile front. The enemy were gathering and working ominously round towards our left where there was an uncomfortable gap

* The O.A. states that these two attacks were made by the 24th Division, the 3rd Cavalry Division supporting with its fire.

of 5 to 6 miles between our left and the nearest infantry (the 24th Division) at Shilta, and there were no men or guns to fill it. It seemed unlikely that the attack which I was daily expecting would be delayed much longer, for the enemy must know that his opportunity lay in overwhelming us before reinforcements could reach us. Would these arrive in time? David sang "I to the hills will lift mine eyes from whence doth come mine aid." In no such spiritual exaltation, but in materialistic hope my eyes looked down towards the Plain of Sharon from whence the aid was to come that I knew was hastening towards us. Information had reached my headquarters during the day that the 7th Mounted Brigade which had been in Desert Mounted Corps reserve at Richon-le-Dion was marching to our assistance, and would reach Deiran in the evening and continue its march early the following morning (28th) and that the Australian Mounted Division which had been resting at El Mejdal was also being sent up to relieve the Yeomanry Division. The line was so thinly held that it was necessary to utilize my escort troop, reduced to 12 men, in picquetting the Wadi and hill in case any parties of the enemy should slip through in the dark and scuttle divisional headquarters.

By 6 o'clock on this evening I became convinced that the storm would burst on us on the morrow, and I got a message through to Desert Mounted Corps that unless the 7th Mounted Brigade continued its march through the night it would arrive at Tahta too late. My request met with a splendid response. The Brigade left Deiran after a short rest, at 9.30 and pushed on all through the dark night along the same execrable track to Tahta, reaching that place at 5.0 the following morning—a march of 24 miles, partly in roadless and mountainous country. During its march it had crossed within a short half-mile, the front of the 29th Turk Division, deployed for the attack that was to begin at dawn. (November 28th.)

At this hour the disposition of the Yeomanry Mounted Division was :—

The 6th Brigade H.Q. at Foka, leaving the Dorsets at Jonquil Hill $\frac{3}{4}$ mile south-east of Foka; the Bucks at Foka; the Berks at Zeitoun and Foka.

The 22nd Brigade H.Q. at Tahta leaving the E. Ridings and Staffords, under the immediate command of the Hon. Guy Wilson, on Stafford Ridge, $\frac{3}{4}$ mile north of Foka; the Lincolns at Kh. Helabi, north-west of Tahta. Leicester Battery was at Foka. The Berks Battery at Tahta.

The 8th Brigade H.Q. at Duqqu and on the line Duqqu-Tire.

It will be noticed that there was a gap of over a mile between the Lincolns and the regiments on Stafford ridge. This was a great tactical weakness, but like the holding of the Zeitoun post, it was a choice of evils. Had I withdrawn the whole line to the neighbourhood of Tahta the Turks, having Zeitoun and Foka could soon have rendered our positions at Tahta untenable. Had we concentrated on the Foka-Stafford ridge line, the enemy would have cut us off completely from the reinforcements which we were expecting and which did eventually enable the position to be retained. It is not easy to make decisions in such cases. Once again the principle of the boldest course when in doubt prevailed, which was to try and maintain our greatly over-stretched line. This decision was only possible when one had an absolute confidence in the fighting qualities of one's men.

The 7th Brigade were halted in a valley $\frac{3}{4}$ mile west of Tahta, where it had off-saddled, resting after the arduous night march. The men were settling down to eat some food and water was being boiled for tea, but as the sequel shows this much-needed breakfast was never eaten.

Brig.-General Wigan* had ridden on and met me at Tahta. I explained to him the general situation and indicated the parts in the line which required immediate strengthening. He returned to his brigade to issue the necessary orders and I, after visiting the H.Q. of the 22nd Brigade, went a little way down the Hill on which my own H.Q. was bivouacked, in order to look through my glasses in the direction of Foka, it being now light enough to see. A sudden burst of firing brought me quickly up the hill. It came from the rifles and men of the 29th Turkish Division† along the whole front from Foka to Suffa, advancing to what must have seemed to them an assured and early victory.

* Now Brig.-General J. Wigan, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

† Strength calculated at 3,000 rifles, 4 batteries of 77's and some camel guns later supplemented by more 4.5 Howitzers.

And such it would have been adjudged at any peace-time tactical scheme. But the best laid plans frequently go awry because of the friction that is inseparable from war—because of the misunderstandings of subordinates, of unsuspected topographical obstacles; of sudden climatic changes; and most of all because of the intangible human factor that is beyond calculation. Rifles, guns, tanks, aeroplanes are useless things without the men who operate them.

Destitute of experience or the knowledge that comes from a close and sympathetic study of military history the civilian and amateur strategist is incapable of appreciating the enormous influence which friction and human nature have in all the operations of war. Consequently they often wallow in criticism that is inept and misleading to the simple souls who take their writings seriously. They write of war as if it were an exact science; they do not know that it is a drama full of passion.

The fog of war is thick and often impenetrable, and many a time all that the commander can do is to diminish the unfavourable chances and increase those that make for success.

The first onslaught fell on the Lincolns against whom the Turks were seen descending in large numbers. At this moment General Wigan was engaged in dictating his orders. With characteristic promptness he at once sent a squadron of the Sherwood Rangers to support the Lincolns and two squadrons Notts Hussars to hold the end of the Kh. Hellabi spur. Before these troops had time to arrive the Lincolns were forced down the hill by weight of superior numbers. For a few minutes it looked as if the Turks had succeeded in breaking through our line and the situation seemed desperate. But the enfilade fire of the Sherwood Rangers Squadron and a counter attack by the South Notts Hussars under Major Barba enabled the Lincolns to make a gallant rally and to regain their position after fierce hand-to-hand fighting.

About this time Brig.-General Wigan was wounded and handed over command of the Brigade to Colonel Calvert. He was I think the last man to be evacuated before the gap on our left was closed.

Turks were now seen on the high ground near Shehab-ed-Din and a considerable number crossing the valley actually in rear of the 7th Brigade began to ascend the heights on the south side. The valley was full of the horses of the 7th Brigade and Field Ambulance and those of the 22nd Brigade that had not been returned to Ramleh. The Turks, firing down into this mass of horses at 150 yards range, many of the horses were killed and wounded and there was considerable confusion. Colonel Mason with the Sherwood Foresters pushed forward on the left of the line and rendered the position of the Turks who had broken through untenable. Coming under the fire of two M.Gs. of the 20th M.G. Squadron under Captain Marshall as they were retiring most of them were killed.

Every man in the 7th Brigade except one horse-holder to 12 horses was now in the firing line. Disaster had been averted by the initiative shown by the Brigadier and the commanders of his units, not to speak of the fine fighting qualities of the troops. For the moment the left flank of our line was safe. But this security was only temporary and local for soon the enemy began to work round our left flank, pivoting on Suffa. The sole opposition he met with at first came from a light armoured motor car which had been sent by the Desert Mounted Corps to our help. He was now able to enfilade the 7th Mounted Brigade at long range, making movement impossible, and bringing up some 4.5 howitzers he shelled the valley causing further havoc among our horses. Over 100 horses were killed in each regiment of the 7th Brigade. A detachment of the Sherwood Foresters under Lieutenant Harter made a brave attack on Shehab-ed-Din in order to relieve the situation. Shehab-ed-Din was taken, but the detachment was driven out again by greatly superior numbers, Harter being killed. It was about this time, viz. 8 a.m., that the divisional ammunition column with much needed ammunition for the division arrived in the gap. It came under heavy rifle and M.G. fire to escape which it turned south with the intention of escaping over the ridge, when a sudden burst of fire from 4.5 howitzers fell upon it and it was annihilated. A motor cyclist carrying a message from D.H.Q. to Ramleh came on the scene of destruction shortly after this disaster had

occurred. He turned back, and escaping unhurt by the fire which pursued him, brought me the news that our communications were definitely severed.

On the evening of the 27th the XXIst Corps had ordered the 155th Brigade at Beit Sira to send a battalion to fill the gap. At 9 a.m. this battalion had reached El Burj. General Pollock McCall, commanding the brigade, received a further order at 8 a.m. to send another battalion for the same purpose. Becoming aware of the critical situation of our left flank he decided to bring all three remaining battalions of his brigade to the rescue. The Yeomanry Mounted Division owes its preservation on this occasion in great measure to his decision and initiative. At 9.30 he attacked Suffa with his whole brigade. Finding Suffa too strongly held to be taken he occupied the ridge and put a stop to all further attempts of the Turks to advance. On receiving an urgent message from me he sent his last reserve—two companies—to Tahta. One of these companies was immediately despatched to the support of the Lincolns on Hellabi ridge. The 54th Division also gave what help it could spare. A Company of the 5th Norfolks (163rd Brigade) was sent to occupy Shilta during the morning. At 7 a.m. the Turks attempted to rush the position at Shilta. The Company of Norfolks held the outskirt of the village for 3 hours. After sustaining several casualties, including 2 of their 3 officers, they retired half-mile to the north to avoid being surrounded. The 133rd Brigade, on learning the position in this part of the field, sent 2 companies to the ridge between Berfyliya and Shilta and joined hands with the 163rd Brigade.

It is usual when holding a defensive position to keep reserves in hand in order to support those parts of the line which have to meet the enemy's main attacks, to reinforce vital tactical points that are threatened or to counter-attack wherever the enemy may break through. With 800 rifles (i.e. 1 man to $8\frac{1}{2}$ yards) to hold a front of 4 miles it is obvious that I could not retain any divisional reserves. It is an interesting tactical question, when firearms have reached such a powerful stage of development whether it is advisable to keep strong reserves to meet the contingencies above mentioned and for the purpose of

making a decisive counterstroke, or to deliver the knockout blow which was a feature of the battles of the preceding centuries, or whether, in consideration of the enormous development of fire power in the present day it is not better to make full use of this power by putting almost every available weapon into action from the outset. As so often happens in war it is circumstances and not theories that dictate the action which has to be taken or the dispositions which have to be made. I had no reserves and all that I could do to help towards preserving our left flank was to send one section of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Battery, whose light shells had scarcely any effect against troops sheltering behind rocks and boulders.

From 11 a.m. till 1.30 p.m. the situation on the front Kh. Hellabi-Shehab-ed-Din-Shilta-El Burj remained stationary. At 1.30 the Turks, estimated at 2 Battalions, tried to dribble over the ridge in small parties. They met with very heavy casualties and were soon brought to a stop. The fighting was at close range, and casualties heavy. The teams of No. 2 subsection of 18th M.G. Squadron were entirely knocked out, but one gun was kept in action by the signallers sent from Squadron headquarters.

At 4.15 p.m. the Turks made another attack on Kh. Hellabi and at 9 p.m. they made one last effort with bomb and bayonet to capture that point. Both these attacks failed. The night passed without incident; it brought little rest to the troops, who were obliged to remain on the alert because of the close proximity and preponderate strength of the enemy.

From 6 a.m. till midday one's thoughts had been almost entirely centred on the Hellabi ridge, the left flank and gap. From midday onwards it was the right flank and the happenings on the front of the 6th Brigade which gave one the most anxious concern.

During the morning the Turks had resumed their attack on the Zeitun post. Heavy shellfire had forced the Berks to evacuate the building at 8.15 a.m. and retire to a position on the ridge. At 8.45 a.m. the Staffords fell back one mile to the high ground on the West. By 11 a.m. the Turks were in possession of the greater part of the Zeitun ridge; and at 12.0 the Zeitun

garrison—what remained of it—was ordered to retire on the main position. This it succeeded in doing under cover of the Berks and Leicester batteries, but not without suffering further casualties.

As early as 6.15 a.m. Turkish snipers had become active on the front of the 6th Brigade, but not until 2 p.m. did the enemy launch a serious attack against Foka. To meet this attack General Godwin had at his disposal the Bucks and the remainder of the Berks that had not been absorbed by the combat of Zeitun, numbering about 120 rifles, and the Dorsets. He placed the Bucks and Berks to cover Foka, half facing north and half facing east. The Dorsets took position on Jonquil Hill. The reserve, consisting of 20 rifles was stationed behind Foka. The Berks and Leicester batteries could be counted on to give only a limited amount of support. In spite of the crushing weight of rifle and gun fire to which it was subjected the brigade faced the Turkish advance with undaunted spirit. The Dorsets on Jonquil Hill had however soon to give way before the pressure of the "big battalion." Major Gordon with 30 men of the Dorsets held for a time a small underfeature south of Foka and covered the retirement of the main body which together with hotchkiss rifles and ammunition packs dropped down into the Wady Zeit, intending to take up position on the south edge of the Wady. Owing to some confusion the head of the regiment was deflected and continued down the Wady until it met the 4th Australian Light Horse Brigade that was hurrying to our assistance. The timely appearance of the 4th L.H. Brigade checked the further advance of the enemy on this side. Meanwhile the rest of the brigade held successfully to its positions around Foka.

I had a small bivvy tent, which served for sleeping, office and mess. It was a mark for enemy bullets, and looking round I noticed that my servant had struck it. Thinking that this might be taken as a sign that a retirement was contemplated, I told him to re-pitch it in order that it might serve as a signal that we meant to hold our ground up to the last.

Divisional headquarters were ensconced behind a small sanger and an enemy M.G. was so sited that a stream of bullets constantly swept past the entrance, which made egress a rather

uncomfortable proceeding whenever one wanted to go outside for any purpose. We were in telephone communication with 7th, 22nd and 6th Brigade H.Q., and the G.S.O. (2) rang up from time to time to ascertain how the battle was progressing. The tone of his voice in response to the information he received was sufficient indication whether the situation was favourable or the reverse.

These were anxious moments and I comforted my soul with the words of Judas Maccabæus, uttered at the very spot whereon I stood, "With the God of Heaven it is all one to deliver with a great or a small company."

At 4.30 p.m. the Turks made a determined effort to get possession of Foka. They were held at the point of the bayonet by the Bucks. The reserve of 20 rifles was thrown into the struggle. Its Commander, Captain Hatton, was wounded.

At 5 p.m. I had a conversation with General Godwin over the 'phone. He asked for reinforcements and I had to reply that there was no single man available to send him. Every rifle was in the firing line and we were hanging on by our eyelids. He said he was prepared to hold on to the village if I wished, and that he might be able to hold it during the night, but if he did so he would not be able to extricate his brigade in the morning on account of the fatigue of the men and because by that time the enemy would be all round him. There did not seem to be any object in sacrificing what remained of the 6th Brigade for the sake of maintaining a position which would have to be relinquished at daylight and I therefore told him to evacuate Foka while it was yet possible to do so and endeavour to take up a position between Foka and Tahta. My intention was to hold on to Tahta at all costs until reinforcements arrived. Accordingly at 6 p.m. half the Bucks, numbering 50 rifles, occupied an intermediate position west of Foka whilst the brigade headquarters the Berks and the rest of the Bucks retired to a ridge covering Tahta from the north, north-east and east.

The 8th Brigade resisted until the evening all attempts of the enemy to break through the Duquq-Tire line. The withdrawal of the Dorsets from Jonquil Hill exposed the left flank brigade and consequently at 7.30 p.m. General Rome brought

the 1st County of London from Signal Hill back to Duqu. The Turks, pushing rapidly forward, nearly succeeded in surrounding a troop of the City of London at El Tire. It managed to slip away with difficulty and reached Duqu safely.

At 5 p.m. General Grant commanding the 4th Light Horse Brigade (Australian) reported to me that his troops were a short way behind and would soon arrive. It was welcome news as the situation was very black indeed. Every man in the Division had been in the front line since dawn, and we were so thinly strung out that it seemed as if the enemy might break through at any moment. The guns were loaded with fuzes set at zero ready to fire a last burst at the Turks when they should make the final charge over the crest that we were expecting every minute. Some small bodies of Turks had already succeeded in getting through our line and were actually between my headquarters and the firing line. A few of them entered one of the field ambulances but were promptly driven out again by the doctor and the divisional padre, who acted very bravely. This incident shows how impossible it is at times to comply in war with rules drawn up in peace conditions. The alternative was to abide by the Hague Convention and stand by while our wounded were killed where they lay.

General Grant having placed himself under my orders, I told him to send a regiment and a couple of M.Gs. to hold the Wady Zeit south-west of Foka and take the remainder of his brigade to the support of the 6th Brigade. I advised him to send all his horses, except pack and chargers, back to the plains, having learnt by bitter experience the encumbrance they were when fighting in this country.*

Three thousand three hundred and sixty-eight years before this day of November, 1917, and at the same place where the Yeomanry Mounted Division headquarters were established, Joshua lifting his hands towards Heaven had cried :—

“O Sun, stand over Gibeon!

Move not, O Moon from Ajalon Vale!”

The sun stood still, the moon moved not

Till Israel had taken vengeance on its foes.”

* The Roman cavalry in the campaign against Jerusalem in A.D. 66 attempted to come up by the same road as we had followed, but found it impracticable for mounted men and had turned back.

On this night there occurred what I venture to think was a repetition of this strange phenomenon, which the Israelites attributed to the direct intervention of The Almighty. The moon rose high in the heavens while the Eastern sun, descending behind the hills threw a mantle of curious and brilliant colour over the rock-bound landscape. This combination of sun and moon lighted the whole country around us with the clarity of daytime long after the sun had disappeared from our view. It seemed to me also that "the sun had not hastened to set for about a whole day." Indeed it continued to remain so bright throughout the night that communication was maintained with some units by helio on the moon, signalling lamps in many cases having been destroyed by shell fire.

It was now dark and the enemy had ceased his attacks on the Hellabi ridge. I therefore put the E. Ridings and Staffs, who up to this time had been in prolongation of the right of the Lincolns, at General Godwin's disposal. Divisional headquarters withdrew to Beit Sira, a better position and more centrally situated than at Tahta from which to conduct operations should it not be found possible to withdraw the Yeomanry Mounted Division from the line on the morrow.*

On my arrival at our new place my servant spread my sleeping bag under a tree and I lay down to get some rest. I had not closed my eyes when a number of M.G. "overs" hit the tree above my head. My servant tried to get me to move, but I was literally too tired to care about anything, closed my eyes and was instantly fast asleep. I awoke three hours later when the 156th Brigade, hurrying to our support at Foka passed through my bivouac.

The morning of November 29th found the 6th Brigade together with the E. Ridings and Staffords forming a line east, north-east and north behind Tahta, joining up with the Austrians on the right and the Lincolns on the left.

At 9.15 p.m. the 7th Brigade occupied Cairn Hill, from which it was forced to withdraw at 11 a.m. by the enemy's artillery and M.Gs. Our own artillery prevented the Turks from taking possession of the hill.

* Tahta was the more suitable position at the outset, but the development of the battle and the arrival of reinforcements left it too much on one flank and too near the front.

At noon the enemy shelled the whole position with field guns and 4.5 howitzers. One shell fell on 7th Brigade headquarters killing the Brigade-Major, Captain Bell-Irving and an R.E. Officer, and stunning Colonel Calvert who, however, recovered and continued at his post.

At 10 a.m. orders were received for the division to withdraw to Akir, rest and refit. The 8th and 22nd Brigades, field ambulances and artillery, field squadron and signals and D.H.Q., in fact all but the 6th Brigade, marched off the same morning, *via* Annabeh. The 6th Brigade was not relieved till 5 a.m. on December 30th when it followed the rest of the division.

Part of the road to Annabeh was under observation of the enemy who sent us a few parting shells, which wounded two or three men and horses. A bullet ripped open one of my saddle bags.

The fighting strength of the division in the hills was never more than 1,200 rifles, which number was reduced to 800 by the end of the twelve days. The casualties amounted to 499, or over 41 per cent. The loss in material was proportionately severe. For instance, the 17th M.G. Squadron had only two guns left.

By the morning of December 1st the whole division was assembled in the neighbourhood of Akir. It was a ragged crowd, lean, unshaven and unwashed, with clothes torn and stained and boots cut to pieces.* There was little left to mark it as a military formation, except the disciplined and soldierly bearing of the men who composed it. It was a tired and hungry crowd, yet filled with the best of all good things—the satisfaction of knowing that it had done its best.

During the afternoon the Commander-in-Chief arrived at Akir in his car in order to thank the Division for its work during the past fortnight. His words, coming from one who only gives praise where praise is due, were tremendously appreciated by all ranks. He said that if we had not held the field during these critical days in the hills the whole army would have been com-

* "Some of the men's boots were in a dreadful condition, and with feet that had not been washed or tended over a month except for the brief day's rest at Ramleh; it was an agony for most of us to move about." ("Yarn of a Yeoman" by S. F. Hatton.)

pelled to give up the hold it had secured on the mountain passes, and that if this had occurred it would have taken three months hard fighting and thousands of casualties before we should have been able to capture Jerusalem.

The selfless courage of the Church of England Chaplain and of the R.C. padre who accompanied the division into the hills need no words of commendation from me. It was an outward and visible sign of the fullness of their Faith.

The work of the medical staff and field ambulances deserves the highest praise. Short of dressings and medical equipment, short of transport which consisted of some 30 exhausted camels that had been without water for five days and without food for two days, with personnel so worn by their continuous labours through night and day, and subjected at all times to the hostile fire, for nowhere could shelter be found for the dressing stations, they carried on the succour of the wounded to the utmost limit of their strength.

I conclude this narrative with the tribute paid to the Yeomanry Mounted Division by the historian* of the "Desert Mounted Corps":—"During their twelve days in the hills they had been fighting continually, day and night, not only against a vigorous and determined enemy, but against difficulties of a roadless mountain country. Exposed to constant rain and cold, without tents, blankets or greatcoats, often short of food, and opposed at all times by greatly superior forces of the enemy, they had set an example of dogged courage and tenacity and of unquenchable cheerfulness that has never been surpassed."

There are certain red-letter days in most men's lives. For those whose lot falls amidst hardships and deprivations it is the exceptional days of rest, peace and amusement that are recalled to mind. For those whose lives are cast in pleasant places it is the hard, the toilsome, the dangerous days which stand out from the rest. For best and worst alike those are the days which one holds in most valued remembrance; which one would gladly live again. Between November 20th and 28th of 1917 the Yeomanry Mounted Division fought a good fight and I would not have been

* Lt.-Colonel The Hon. R. M. Preston, D.S.O.

elsewhere than with those comrades in arms during this period for the best hopes I have.

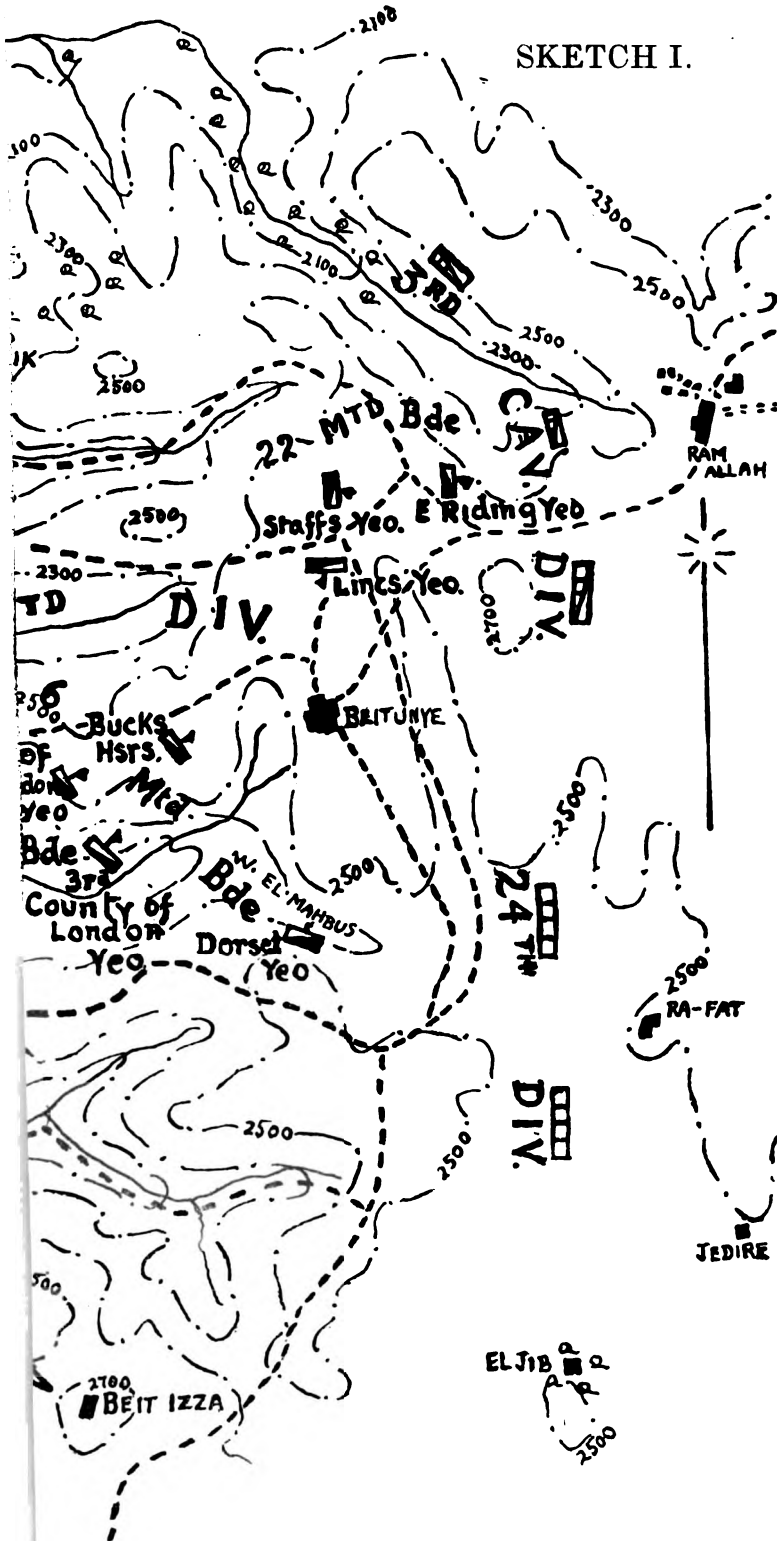
WRITTEN OF THE YEOMANRY IN PALESTINE DURING THE
GREAT WAR.

“What is it to my eye appears?
What sound rings in my stricken ears?
Not even the voice of any friend
Or eyes beloved world without end,
But scenes and sounds of the countryside
In far England across the tide.
An upland field when springs began,
Mellow beneath the evening Sun.”

Paths that lead a shelving course
Between the chalk scarp and the gorse
By English downs.
The gorse upon the twilit down
The English loam so sunset brown
The bowed pines and the sheep bells' clamour,
The wet lit lane and the yellow-hammer.”



SKETCH I.



Sept.
1

THE THIRD CAVALRY DIVISION AT LOOS

By COLONEL T. PRESTON, M.C., T.D.

"A star-shell holds the sky beyond
Shell-shivered Loos, and drops
In million sparkles on a pond,
That lies by Hulluch copse.

"A moment's brightness in the sky,
To vanish at a breath,
And die away, as soldiers die,
Upon the wastes of death."

Patrick Macgill.

NOTE.—The writer of this article, who was attached to the Essex Yeomanry at the time, has referred to his own private diary and also to the following books: *Official History: Military Operations, France and Belgium 1915, Vol. II.* (Brig.-General Sir J. E. Edmonds).

History of the 6th Cavalry Brigade (Lieutenant J. B. Bickersteth).

The 10th Royal Hussars and the Essex Yeomanry during the European War (Lieut.-Colonel F. H. D. C. Whitmore).

IN framing his plans for the British offensive at Loos in September 1915, Field-Marshal Sir John French kept the bulk of his cavalry in G.H.Q. reserve in the first instance, meaning to use it later in the event of a break-through. He allotted, however, the 3rd Cavalry Division (less one brigade, the 7th) to Sir Douglas Haig's First Army which was to deliver the main attack: as things turned out it was the only cavalry formation to take part in the battle, and its rôle was very different to that originally contemplated.

In the First Army orders dated 19th September, it was laid down that the IV. and I. Corps should, after breaking through the German first and second trench lines, secure the passages of the Haute Deule Canal, nearly five miles beyond our then front line. The 3rd Cavalry Division would then cross the canal and advance on Carvin, some four miles further on.

19th Sept.
Sketch 1

The ground in this area consisted of coal-mines with their pit-head buildings and machinery, and rows of miners' cottages. Between Loos and Haisnes, however, lay a fairly open stretch of almost flat country, four miles wide, extending eastwards to the Haute Deule Canal: there were no fences or dykes, in fact no obstacle to infantry or cavalry except the trenches and wire.

It was over this open ground that the break-through was to be attempted.

1915
21st-24th
September

On the 21st September the 3rd Cavalry Division (that is, divisional troops and 6th and 8th Cavalry Brigades) having marched from back areas, arrived in the Bois des Dames where it remained in hiding for four days.

"Everyone was very optimistic about the "push"; our brigade-major (Bethell) told us "it was all worked out from A to Z" and we were told wonderful things about the new gas which was to be used against the Germans. One young officer actually threw away his maps of the back area, as he was quite certain we should only be going forward in future and have no more need of those maps. Officers and men built themselves small shelters of branches in the wood."*

On the 23rd and 24th, officers from the various units reconnoitred the cavalry tracks leading from Nœux-les-Mines towards the British front line.

25th
September

On the morning of the attack, Saturday, 25th September, both cavalry brigades "stood-to" at 5.30 a.m., an hour before the infantry attack began. Soon after 8 o'clock the cavalrymen were moving off from the wood, the 6th Brigade leading: this brigade halted in the chateau park at Vaudricourt (head-quarters of Lieut.-General Rawlinson, IV. Corps) where it received the news that the infantry had taken Loos and Hulluch† and hopes ran high. At 11 a.m. the 6th Brigade, followed by the 8th, moved at a trot along the cavalry track to Philosophe, where they halted at a point just north of the main Bethune—Lens road and about 1,000 yards south of Vermelles.

* Author's diary.

† Actually, Hulluch had not been taken.

At 12.15 p.m. Major-General Briggs, G.O.C. 3rd Cavalry Division, visited IV. Corps advanced headquarters near the Corons de Rutoire where he was told that the enemy still held their front line east of Le Rutoire and that our infantry could not advance at present. This was corroborated by Major-General Holland commanding the 1st Division whom General Briggs interviewed shortly afterwards.

Having called at 15th Divisional headquarters at Mazingarbe, General Briggs arranged for the 6th Cavalry Brigade to send officers' patrols forward to find out what the situation really was: accordingly Captain C. E. R. Holroyd-Smith and Lieutenant G. R. B. Harries (3rd Dragoon Guards) rode off with a few men towards Loos village, going as far as they could on their horses and then proceeding on foot. Captain N. K. Worthington and Lieutenant G. K. Benton of the same regiment were at the same time sent towards Lone Tree, whilst other officers reconnoitred cavalry routes in case the brigade moved forward.

At 1.30 p.m. General Briggs received from First Army an order to advance. The infantry, it was stated, had captured Hill 70 and Hulluch and were attacking Cité St. Auguste: the 3rd Cavalry Division was to go forward between the two first-named points and secure the high ground between Harnes and Pont-à-Vendin both inclusive, holding it until relieved by infantry. The canal crossings between those villages and at Courrières were also to be seized.

Unfortunately neither Hulluch nor Hill 70 had really been taken. Holroyd-Smith's patrol reported (3.45 p.m.) that our infantry were engaging the Germans on Hill 70 and that they just held Puits 14 bis, but were running short of ammunition; whilst Worthington's patrol reported the infantry held up east of Lone Tree. The G.O.C. 3rd Cavalry Division therefore spoke to General Rawlinson (IV. Corps) on the telephone and asked him to explain matters to Sir Douglas Haig, who told General Briggs to stand fast until further orders. Owing to shells falling near, the two brigades were, about 3 p.m., moved half a mile or so further back.

“ It came on to rain towards evening, and it was then we began to know that things were not going too well. We slept in some houses and field-gun dug-outs; the horses were picketed in the open.”*

26th Sept.
Sketch 2

Soon after midnight the 7th Division reported that part of its line had been forced back by a German counter-attack, and at 3.5 a.m. (26th) First Army sent a message authorising I. Corps to call on the 3rd Cavalry Division as a temporary measure. A quarter of an hour later the 7th Division asked for a cavalry brigade to be sent to Vermelles in case it might be required to make a dismounted counter-attack, but this request was cancelled later.

As daylight broke on the 26th the weather was wet and misty, but it soon cleared up. Two officers' patrols from the 6th Cavalry Brigade went forward at 9 a.m., one under Lieutenant Hon. W. H. Cubitt (Royals) to Bois Hugo and the other under Lieutenant F. B. Katanakis (3rd D.Gs) towards the Quarries and Cité St. Elie.

At 10.25 a.m. a somewhat disquieting message came in from Major-General McCracken, commanding the 15th Division, to the effect that his men were retiring in confusion from Hill 70. He asked that the 3rd Cavalry Division should hold itself in readiness to man the original German front line, but General Briggs replied that he could not well do this without the sanction of First Army, which he requested General McCracken to obtain.

It should be emphasised that at this period the 3rd Cavalry Division was the only reserve which General Haig had left in the immediate neighbourhood. About 12 noon he told his Chief General Staff Officer (Major-General Butler) to telephone General Briggs to place two regiments at the disposal of the IV. Corps “to be used as a mounted reserve, for defensive purposes only.” Brig.-General Campbell of the 6th Cavalry Brigade was ordered to detail two regiments accordingly: he chose the 3rd Dragoon Guards (Lieut.-Colonel O. B. B. Smith-Bingham) and the 1st Royal Dragoons (Lieut.-Colonel

* Author's diary.

H. D. McNeile), who were immediately ordered to occupy the old German front line from the Lens Road Redoubt to the Loos Road Redoubt, a frontage of some 1,100 yards. Each regiment paraded dismounted, about 260 rifles strong, the led horses being left west of the Corons de Rutoire, together with the third regiment of the brigade, the North Somerset Yeomanry.

“The ground between Vermelles and Loos was covered with all the *débris* of war. Our dead lay in every direction. Many of the men had been shot in the act of running forward and now lay face downwards, arms outstretched, one leg in the air. The wire in front of the German line was found to have been well cut by our artillery. The trenches, which were provided with many excellent dug-outs, were full of equipment, bombs, flares and gas cylinders. The smell of gas was still very strong. Major P. G. Mason, D.S.O. (3rd D.Gs) was killed while in these trenches.”*

As the afternoon wore on the situation became more serious. The 21st and 24th Divisions, thrown into action for the first time after long and tiring marches and short of food and water, were retiring in large numbers, as also were some of the 15th Division, worn out after their heroic attack the day before. It was by no means certain at IV. Corps headquarters whether Loos itself had not been abandoned as well as Hill 70, and at 3.30 p.m. General Rawlinson directed General Campbell to go forward with the two regiments to Loos and hold the village at all costs.

It was about 1,000 yards from where the regiments then were, to the nearest houses of Loos; and the cavalymen, having fixed bayonets, advanced by three long “bounds” down the gentle slope into the village, the 3rd D.Gs being on the right and the Royals on the left: the brigadier gave the Loos Pylons (“Tower Bridge”) as the point of direction for their inner flanks. The two regiments were shelled as they advanced, luckily without causing any casualties, and they went on through the Loos streets with admirable steadiness

* History of the 6th Cavalry Brigade.

which had a very good effect on the retiring infantry, some 400 of whom—mostly Highlanders of the 15th Division—retraced their steps and accompanied the cavalymen to the eastern outskirts of the village where a fresh defensive position was taken up with the 3rd D.Gs on the right, parties of the 15th Division in the centre, and the Royals on the left. At about 5 o'clock, some eighteen Germans came out of a farm opposite the 3rd D.Gs' headquarters and surrendered. General Campbell fixed his headquarters at a point about 300 yards north-east of Loos church, which latter was heavily shelled during the evening.

In the meantime at 4.35 p.m. General Briggs was ordered by First Army to send the remainder of the 3rd Cavalry Division to hold the original German front line from Loos on the right to the Vermelles-Hulluch road on the left, until relieved by the Guards Division who were coming up. The North Somerset Yeomanry (Lieut.-Colonel M. R. C. Backhouse) accordingly marched off dismounted at 6 o'clock, followed by the 8th Cavalry Brigade half an hour later. The North Somersets in the first instance occupied trenches about a mile north of Loos and 1,500 yards east of Le Rutoire.

Brigadier-General Bulkeley-Johnson's 8th Cavalry Brigade was ordered to take over part of the old German line alongside the North Somerset and marched on foot through Vermelles, where the Blues' machine-gun section sustained some casualties owing to a shell pitching among them: it was then found that some of the Guards Division had already occupied the trenches for which the 8th Brigade was bound, so the latter returned to their bivouac and horses and lay down to get what sleep they could; it was now 10 o'clock at night.

At 11.30 p.m. General Briggs was ordered by General Haig personally to proceed to Loos with the remainder of his cavalry and take over command there, with instructions that the village was on no account to be abandoned. About the same time, General Campbell reported that he had insufficient forces to hold the village: only the 3rd D.Gs and Royals were fresh, the infantry he had collected being hungry, exhausted and

unfit to fight. He asked that the North Somerset Yeomanry might be sent to him, which was agreed to; the regiment left the trenches it was in, arrived at Loos about midnight and took up a position on the northern edge of the village with the Royals on their right and some of the Guards Division on their left. At this time C and G Batteries R.H.A. were in position near Les Brebis.

27th Sept.
Sketch 2

The 8th Cavalry Brigade, which had already marched some five or six miles from its horses to the trenches and back again, now had to march on foot another four and a half miles to Loos: the Essex Yeomanry (Lieut.-Colonel F. H. D. C. Whitmore) acted as advanced guard, followed by the Royal Horse Guards (Lieut.-Colonel Lord Tweedmouth) and the 10th Hussars (Lieut.-Colonel H. F. Wickham).

"We were suddenly roused at 1 a.m. (27th) and told to parade for the trenches again. This time we followed a different route, marching down the main Bethune—Lens road which was strewn with bodies of men and horses and smashed-up limbers. It was bright moonlight, and the dead men's faces all showed up very white in the darkness. We arrived in the village of Loos which was in ruins: all very silent and no shooting to be heard except an occasional rifle shot in the distance. Dead lying everywhere. There was a long halt, and I saw the brigadier and brigade-major in a ruined cottage, looking at a map by candle-light.

"We were then told we should relieve the 6th Cavalry Brigade in the trenches and that their guides would take us there. I was later in moving off with my guide than the rest of the regiment (Essex Yeomanry) as I had had to get my guns and ammunition off the pack-horses and also borrow men from the squadrons to help in carrying it. After some difficulty I found my guide, a 3rd Dragoon Guard, who seemed very hazy as to where to go. At last we found ourselves at the foot of two high iron towers ("Tower Bridge") with a steep iron stairway leading up to a large slag-heap about 50-ft. high. The guide thought his regiment was on top of the slag-heap but wasn't sure, so telling

Pelly and the men to wait at the foot, I went up the stairs with the guide and started walking along the slag-heap which was about 700 yards long. By now it was just beginning to get light. I had no idea where the front line was or where the Germans were, till I and the guide were suddenly greeted with rifle-fire. The bullets whizzed past us in a most unpleasant manner and we both ran to the side of the slag-heap and dived into some small bushes growing on it. (I was carrying a mackintosh, which I threw away to run better and unfortunately lost). While running I met a 3rd D.G. officer and several men, also running. By now it had got light and I saw we were close to the front end of the slag-heap; the 3rd D.Gs were in a shallow trench dug in the soft coal of the heap, in fact it was hardly a trench at all, just a scraping in the coal.

Crawling about on my hands and knees, I came upon Colonel Whitmore, also crawling and black all over with the coal. He said the Essex Yeomanry were coming up the side of the slag-heap and taking over the trench from the 3rd D.Gs.

"I then sent a man back with a message to Pelly to bring the men and guns on, whilst I got a spade and started digging places for the guns in the coal. There was still a certain amount of rifle-fire, and when Pelly and the men came along the heap, they were heavily shot at. All my own men escaped, though bullets struck their rifles and belt-boxes; two C Squadron men who were carrying belt-boxes were killed, one shot through the throat.

"The guns were then got into position, one on each of the outer corners of the slag-heap and the other two down below . . . By now it was broad daylight and we had a wonderful view of the battlefield below us . . . A lot of sniping went on all the morning and we had several men wounded; about 8 a.m. Pelly was hit in the chest by a bullet which came through the coal parapet, struck his wrist watch and glanced from that into his body. We covered him with blankets but he could not be moved till dark and suffered a good deal from loss of blood."*

* Author's diary.

Putting the clock back a bit, it was about 2.45 a.m. on the 27th when General Briggs arrived in Loos and took over command of the defences from General Campbell: a complete relief of the gallant 15th Division was then able to be carried out, whilst the 3rd Cavalry Division set about collecting the dead and evacuating the wounded. By daylight the cavalrymen were settled down in their new line which was held as follows from right to left:—

27th Sept.
Sketch 2

8th Cavalry Brigade: Essex Yeomanry on right, facing south-east astride Loos Crassier ("slag-heap" in above narrative) with two squadrons and four machine-guns in front line and one squadron, with regimental headquarters, in reserve in the Garden City. The right of the Essex connected up with the 141st Brigade, 47th (London) Division.

Blues on left, covering eastern corner of the village.

10th Hussars in brigade reserve in the village, north of the church.

6th Cavalry Brigade: 3rd D.Gs, Royals and North Somerset Yeomanry on a line of about 1,200 yards along the north-eastern side of Loos village, the 3rd D.Gs' right connecting with the Blues, and the North Somersets' left joining the 2nd Guards Brigade near the northern corner of the village.

During the early morning hours the 10th Hussars, assisted by men from the other regiments, searched the houses and cellars of Loos. Some forty-five wounded and unwounded Germans were discovered, one of whom was operating a telephone line to the enemy. In one house a party of Germans, all quite dead, were found sitting round a table. There were well-stocked canteens and comfortable dug-outs littered with the belongings of their late owners, whilst a few civilians, including women and children, appeared and were sent back through the British lines. In spite of the many gruesome sights, the searching of the houses was not without its humorous side. Major E. H. Watkin Williams, 10th Hussars, relates how he was in charge of a search party and placed his servant, Dawkins, in front as bayonetman, whose duty it was to be first into each cellar.

27th Sept.

“Dawkins being more accustomed to calling his master in the mornings than demanding the presence of an enemy who might well be armed to the teeth, would with difficulty restrain from politely knocking at the door and asking, in well-chosen words, whether there was anybody in. This only happened until the real article was discovered. All subsequent cellar occupants were confronted by Dawkins with a loud ‘Come out you blighters.’”*

Another story is that Captain H. K. Bethell† (brigade-major, 8th Cavalry Brigade) tried to persuade various officers and men to climb up the ruined iron stairway of the Loos Pylons (“Tower Bridge”) and capture a German general alleged to be hiding somewhere at the top. As the Pylons were being struck by shells at the rate of two per minute, there were no volunteers for the honour of capturing the general who, if he ever existed, could not have survived the bombardment very long.

As the day wore on there was a good deal of hostile artillery fire which, however, caused very few losses to the two cavalry brigades, as the line they held was round the outside edge of the village and nearly all the shells fell in the centre of it. Again, nearly every cottage had a cellar which held from 15 to 20 men and, covered with the débris of the walls and upper floors, gave protection against all but the heaviest shells.

At about 4 o’clock in the afternoon, the Guards Division attacked Puits 14 bis and Hill 70, supported by some of the 6th Cavalry Brigade’s machine-guns. There was intense shelling on both sides but, though the Guards’ attacks were pressed with the utmost bravery until after dark, they failed to overcome the defence and suffered heavy casualties. At 8.15 p.m. First Army headquarters received an intercepted German wireless message saying that the British Guards had broken through and that the wireless station (then at Loison, just behind Lens) was falling back four miles.

Sir Douglas Haig thereupon ordered Sir Henry Rawlinson if the report was true, to send forward the 3rd Cavalry Division,

* The 10th Hussars and Essex Yeomanry (Whitmore).

† Afterwards Major-General commanding 66th Division.

THE THIRD CAVALRY DIVISION AT LOOS 27

supported by infantry and machine-guns, to occupy Vendin le Vieil, Annay and Pont à Vendin during the night. These orders reached General Briggs by six different messengers but as he had officers' patrols in close touch with the Guards, he was able to tell General Haig that the wireless report was unfortunately, quite incorrect.

At 11 p.m. a Staff officer from Lieut.-General Haking (Commanding XI. Corps) arrived at 3rd Cavalry Division Headquarters with a request that General Briggs should come back and confer with Haking ; Briggs, however, replied that the situation was too serious to permit him to leave his command in Loos.

The noise of firing gradually died down about midnight.

Tuesday the 28th September dawned fine and fairly quiet. Lieutenant W. O. Berryman (Royals) with three men went out on foot at 4.30 a.m. to ascertain the situation at Hill 70 Puits 14 bis and the Chalk Pit, and on his return about 11.30 a.m. was able to give a very clear report as to the positions of the enemy and of the Guards: Berryman repeated his report to General Rawlinson personally in the afternoon. Other useful reconnaissances were carried out by 2nd Lieutenants A. W. Wingate (Royals) and A. P. B. L. Vincent (3rd D.Gs).

28th Sept.
Sketch

The 2nd Guards Brigade had been ordered to deliver a further attack on Puits 14 bis in the afternoon, although it had sustained heavy casualties the day before, and its brigadier considered that there was little chance of success in daylight. This attack was supported by artillery and by some of the cavalry machine-guns, (including two Essex Yeomanry guns shooting from the top of the Loos Crassier, on the right rear of the Guards' advance, at 1,400 yards' range). The attack failed, those men who reached the Puits being either killed or captured: it was another tragic instance (and there were to be many more) of the futility of a frontal attack when the surprise effect of the original offensive has worn off and the enemy is fully prepared.

General Briggs had already been notified that his two brigades would, if possible, be relieved by an infantry brigade

of the 1st Division on the evening of the 28th September, and at about 10 p.m. the cavalymen started handing over the Loos defences to the 2nd Brigade. It was very dark and pouring with rain as the dismounted regiments made their way back to their horses just north of Mazingarbe. Certain machine-gunners had to stay another night in the line owing to the infantry machine gunners not having turned up in time. Though naturally disappointed at the failure of the offensive as far as a "break-through" was concerned, the men of the 6th and 8th Cavalry Brigades had the satisfaction of knowing they had done their duty in a critical and unforeseen situation, and had been remarkably fortunate as to casualties.*

Mention should be made of the excellent work done by the 6th and 8th Cavalry Field Ambulances, who attended to over 400 serious cases, both cavalry and infantry. There was also a very severe strain on the Signal Squadron, which had to deal with a stream of messages when the lines were constantly being cut by shell-fire.

* * * * *

Sir John French's despatch dealing with the battle, dated 15th October 1915, contained the sentence: "A dismounted cavalry brigade was thrown into Loos to form a garrison."

Brigadier-General Campbell on reading this wrote to a friend at G.H.Q. saying: "I do think the splendid orderly advance of the 3rd D.Gs and Royals deserves something better." If G.H.Q. knew the full story and thought the description in the despatch was adequate, he (General Campbell) had no more to say; but he wondered if the following facts were known:—

(1) When the two regiments reached Loos, there was not a soul on Hill 70 and no infantry to the north or north-east of the Crassier. The Royals found some Gordons, etc., west of the village and persuaded them to come forward again.

(2) There were at least one if not two abandoned British field batteries west of Loos and one if not two ditto howitzer batteries near the Loos-Hulluch road. All captured German guns had also been left.

* Appendix 2.

THE THIRD CAVALRY DIVISION AT LOOS 29

(3) Only the presence of the 6th Cavalry Brigade prevented the Germans walking into Loos if they wished, and taking the 47th Division in rear.

The answer (if any) to General Campbell's letter does not appear to have been preserved.

APPENDIX 1.

ORDER OF BATTLE OF 3rd CAVALRY DIVISION LOOS 1915

3rd CAVALRY DIVISION :

| | | | | |
|-----------------|----|----|----|--|
| G.O.C. | .. | .. | .. | Major-General C. J. Briggs, C.B. |
| G.S.O.I. | .. | .. | .. | Lieut.-Colonel M. F. Gage (5th D.G). |
| A.A. and Q.M.G. | .. | .. | .. | Major C. C. Newnham (6th Cavalry I.A.) |

6th Cavalry Brigade :

| | | | | |
|-------------------------|----|----|----|--|
| G.O.C. | .. | .. | .. | Brig.-General D. G. M. Campbell. |
| Brigade Major | .. | .. | .. | Captain R. Houstoun (1st Royal Dragoons) |
| Staff Captain | .. | .. | .. | Captain S. G. Howes (21st Lancers). |
| 3rd Dragoon Guards | .. | .. | .. | Lieut.-Colonel O. B. B. Smith-Bingham. |
| 1st Royal Dragoons | .. | .. | .. | Lieut.-Colonel H. D. McNeile. |
| North Somerset Yeomanry | .. | .. | .. | Lieut.-Colonel M. R. C. Backhouse. |

7th Cavalry Brigade :

| | | | | |
|--------------------|----|----|----|----|
| 1st Life Guards | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| 2nd Life Guards | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Leicester Yeomanry | .. | .. | .. | .. |

}

Not at Loos. Lent to Second Army.

8th Cavalry Brigade :

| | | | | |
|--------------------|----|----|----|--|
| G.O.C. | .. | .. | .. | Brig.-General C. B. Bulkeley-Johnson, A.D.C. |
| Brigade-Major | .. | .. | .. | Captain H. K. Bethell (7th Hussars). |
| Staff Captain | .. | .. | .. | Captain F. B. J. Stapleton-Bretherton. (Reserve of Officers). |
| Royal Horse Guards | .. | .. | .. | Lieut.-Colonel Lord Tweedmouth, C.M.G., M.V.O., D.S.O. |
| 10th Royal Hussars | .. | .. | .. | Lieut.-Colonel H. F. Wickham. |
| Essex Yeomanry | .. | .. | .. | Lieut.-Colonel F. H. D. C. Whitmore, D.S.O. |

Divisional Troops :

| | | | | |
|--------------------------|----|----|----|-----------------------------------|
| 4th Brigade R.H.A. | .. | .. | .. | Lieut.-Colonel W. H. Kay. |
| “C” Battery | .. | .. | .. | Major R. C. F. Maitland. |
| “G” Battery | .. | .. | .. | Major H. M. Davson. |
| 3rd Field Squadron, R.E. | .. | .. | .. | Captain V. H. Simon. |
| 3rd Signal Squadron | .. | .. | .. | Lieut. C. Skipworth. |
| 6th and 8th Cavalry | .. | .. | .. | Major G. W. G. Hughes and Lieut.- |
| Field Ambulances | .. | .. | .. | Colonel W. K. Clayton, R.A.M.C. |

APPENDIX 2.

3rd CAVALRY DIVISION
Casualties 25th-28th September 1915

| | Officers | | Other Ranks | | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------|----------------|---------------|----------------|----------------|
| | <i>Killed</i> | <i>Wounded</i> | <i>Killed</i> | <i>Wounded</i> | <i>Missing</i> |
| 6th Cavalry Brigade : | | | | | |
| 3rd Dragoon Guards .. | 1 | 3 | 11 | 31 | 2 |
| 1st Royal Dragoons .. | 1 | — | 2 | 24 | 1 |
| North Somerset Yeomry. | — | 6 | — | 11 | 1 |
| 8th Cavalry Brigade H.Q. : | — | — | — | 2 | — |
| Royal Horse Guards .. | — | 1 | 4 | 20 | — |
| 10th Hussars | — | 1* | 1 | 6 | — |
| Essex Yeomanry .. | — | 2 | 1 | 4 | — |
| Divisional Troops .. | — | — | 4 | — | — |
| " C " Batt. R.H.A. .. | — | — | — | 1 | — |
| 3rd Signal Squadron .. | — | — | 1 | 6 | 1 |
| 8th Cav. Field Ambulance | — | 1 | 1 | — | — |
| | 2 | 14 | 25 | 105 | 5 |

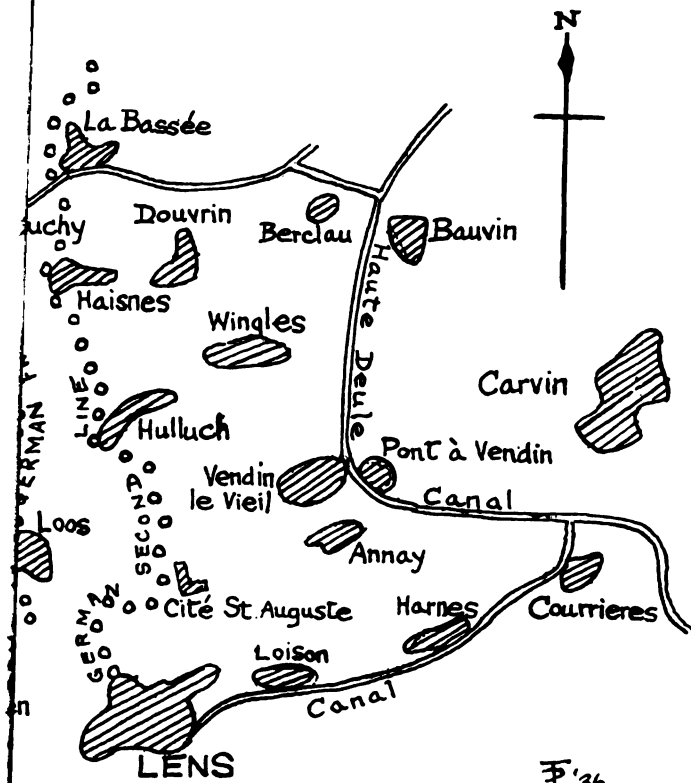
16 officers and 135 other ranks. Total : 151.

* R.A.M.C. attached.



SKETCH 1

SEPT.



SUDAN PATROL

By MAJOR A. J. R. LAMB, D.S.O.

PART II.

The Afak Atwots.

THE Afak Atwots inhabited a country only a few marches southwest of Lau, which we passed through on our way to Rumbek (our base of operations against the Agar Dinkas described in Part I). We were thus in a position to "kill two birds with one stone." After a few days rest in Rumbek we set out on the war-path once again.

Dio, chief of the Afak Atwots, had a really dreadful reputation. For some years he had been the terror of the whole countryside, constantly raiding the neighbouring tribes and striking terror into their hearts. The previous year he had been so aggressive to natives and Europeans that an expedition had to be hurriedly organised and sent down during the rains to capture him. This they actually did after ten days of continuous wading and sometimes actually swimming along the tracks. The hardships they suffered were incredible, but Dio escaped and all trace of him was lost.

When the main column left Rumbek (Photo 1), O'Malley and I went eastwards with the mounted infantry, ostensibly to head off any Atwot cattle that might have crossed to the north side of the Shambe-Rumbek road. Actually we knew this to be a likely elephant country and had great hopes of coming across some. After marching for two days through bush country we sighted a herd of at least two hundred white-eared cob interspersed with tiang and roan antelope, but never got within shot. However, such a remarkable sight as this was a reward in itself. On reaching the friendly village of Matwet we found all the

inhabitants had fled. We made enquiries and it transpired that their consciences pricked them because they hadn't paid their taxes! A mile or two beyond it two messengers from our old friend Matiang appeared. They had been sent to ask if we could lend him a few soldiers to help him to ward off an impending attack by a tribe of Nuers living to the north of his country. We decided that this request hardly fulfilled the rules of the game and so refused it.

The next march brought us to N'Yabor and our guides and friendlies had a high old time running after the tax-evaders of Matwet whom they found hiding in the bush. They were as relieved to hear we meant them no harm as we were disappointed when they told us they had seen no elephants.

N'Yabor is the name of an area where bush and swamp meet and where there are a few empty cattle *marahs*. Here we bivouacked in a square on a nice green patch of grass. Early next morning O'Malley and I went off with a small escort to try and shoot a "Mrs. Grey's cob" (Nile Lechwe), one of the most coveted trophies of the Sudan, since this was one of the few places in the world where they could be found. Fortune seemed about to favour us that day. After walking about a mile on the edge of the great grassy swamp that stretched away over the horizon, we saw a small herd of them. I had to take a very difficult shot. I missed and they galloped off into the swamp. A sickening moment! Very crestfallen we moved on to the Khor Gol, here a great river three hundred yards wide. There were a few Dinkas living in *tukls* on the bank. On seeing us they took fright. Some went off in their canoes; others ran and hid in the reeds. We finally and with great difficulty reassured them that we meant them no harm, so they slowly and very suspiciously drew near and gazed at us as if we were supernatural beings. After a time we prevailed on them to take us across the Khor in their little coggly dug-outs, made of hollowed-out mahogany trees (Photo 2). Two of our party went in each. A Dinka stood up behind and punted with consummate skill. There being no seats, we had perforce to sit in several inches of water in the bottom of them, and we had to sit very still as the least movement turned them over. As we crossed we were surrounded

by great shiny hippos; their noses sticking up out of the water. Many others on the edge of the Khor dived in as we approached. The Dinkas here passed their time by slaughtering them wholesale so as to store up a large supply of food to take back to their villages to tide over the rainy season when they cannot get about. They use long harpoons with detachable barbed points. A long string is fastened to the point of a harpoon at one end and to a round float at the other. When the harpoon strikes, the hippo dives under the water and the handle becomes detached; the float then acts as a mark to show them where he is. When he again comes to the surface he is usually too weak from loss of blood to put up much of a fight and they quietly polish him off with spears.

Safely across the Khor we waded out through reeds and knee-deep mud for about a hundred yards and there close in front of us was another wonderful herd of "Mrs. Greys," including thirty or forty bucks. They didn't notice us for a time and moved slowly towards us. We lay in the edge of the reeds eaten alive by myriads of little red ants. At last they saw us but seemed quite unafraid. After what seemed hours of suspended anticipation O'Malley fired and killed a fine buck with a shot through the neck. This set the herd off and I took a fleeting shot which hit a buck through the hind legs. Running faster than I had ever run before I got behind an antheap and killed him with a second shot. The Sudan Government only permits one of these rare beasts to be shot by each licence holder and our satisfaction was complete on finding our two heads had 31-inch and 29½-inch horns. The world's record was then 37 inches so neither head was a bad one. That day we had plovers eggs for lunch.

In the evening we got tidings of a *kagour*, or witch doctor. It was reported that he was telling the natives that they need not obey the government since he had the power of turning our bullets into water! We were unable to test the truth of this assertion as it transpired that he lived in a place where we could never have got enough water for our animals even had we got him to do his conjuring trick with our bullets!

We marched for two more days across the boundless swampy plains, tormented by flies and eaten alive by mosquitoes by day

and by night. We forded several rivers, and were immersed by a series of tropical thunderstorms which left the ground in a black greasy mess in which our animals continually lost their foothold. In several places we all got bogged and had endless difficulties in extracting the pack animals which were unable to struggle free with their heavy loads. They were mostly Abyssinian mules for which I have always had the greatest admiration. They are mischievous and cheeky to the last degree and always on the look-out to "land you one" in the pit of the stomach, or failing that, to give you a playful nip; but for sheer hard work, for keeping condition and for real "gameness" I don't believe there is an animal in the world to touch them.

Passing through the cattle *marahs* at Lau at 7.30 a.m. one saw under each shelter a confused mass of naked men and children, dogs and calves, lying in heaps of smouldering ashes with the full-grown cattle pegged around them. They are not exactly early risers! A more primitive scene would be difficult to imagine.

Here we joined the main column and intercepted the mail bags *en route* from Shambe to Rumbek.

A certain Sheikh Ashwol, against whom operations were carried out by the Government in 1910, came to see O'Malley and tell him where his cattle were. O'Malley made him promise not to harbour any of Dio's cattle during the operations; should he do so he would be treated as an enemy. He was now nominally friendly, but since his country bordered that of the Afak Atwots he was feeling very uncomfortable about life in general. It would be hard to imagine any thing less resembling one's idea of a chief than he. A dirty little old man dressed in a sort of shepherd's smock and wearing a filthy Cawnpore topee on his head, back to front with the chin-strap down, a ludicrous creature resembling nothing so much as an undersized and shrivelled London coalheaver!

The "Grand Army," as we called it, proceeded to march into hostile territory: Colman with a troop of mounted men and two companies of infantry had been sent direct from Rumbek to N'Gopp at the far end of the Afak Atwot country, and we hoped to effect a "squeeze." We moved along the Lau River which

swarmed with crocodiles. After the first day's march we reached Majong. Here O'Malley was informed that Dio's cattle had been driven northwards across the Shambe-Rumbek road whence we had just come. A disconcerting bit of news which, if true, would have meant an entire change of plan. Luckily other Atwot chiefs were reported in front of us and it was decided to have a go at them to start with. We forded the river before daybreak and moved to Nyabbah Meshra, a ford about 20 miles further on, capturing two hostile bow and arrow men during the march. One of our friendlies turned out in a kit which made us weak with laughter. He wore a white smock rolled up to his waist to keep it out of the dewy grass, thereby exposing his nakedness fore and aft; on his head a high crowned straw hat trimmed with red cloth and little feathers, resembling the head-gear little schoolgirls wear in England. The remaining friendlies saw nothing funny in this, in fact, they probably envied him his fine clothes!

Posts were stationed at intervals along the Lau River and contact by runners was obtained with Colman, but so far we had seen nothing of hostile cattle.

Next morning a scout came in with news of enemy herds watering on the opposite bank. I galloped off with the M.I. for about four miles and came across a large herd peacefully grazing and surrounded by Atwots. Some of my men dismounted to open fire whilst the rest of us rode down into the river at the first likely spot, where luckily the water only reached the tops of our boots. We had a very precipitous climb out on the other side followed by a mad gallop for a mile across the open *toich*, after which we all plunged into dense forest. The Atwots are amazingly good runners and their cattle are infinitely more nimble than those we have in England. It was no easy matter to come up with them, but at last the leading troop opened the battle with the result that the whole herd was split up into little bunches of threes and fours. Further and further we penetrated into the forest, rounding up cattle as we came upon them. We looked like getting hopelessly lost and after inflicting many casualties and dodging a few arrows and spears I ordered the "Rally" to be sounded and began collecting up my scattered

command. On getting back to the river we were short of an officer and seventeen men. I sent men up trees to look out, the trumpeter continued to blow the " Rally," and we fired off shots into the air. By nightfall we were only short of one man, but he unfortunately was known to be deaf. We slowly wended our way back to the main zariba and reached it about 10 p.m., after covering fifty miles and capturing five prisoners, sixty-two head of cattle, two hundred sheep and goats, and a little brown puppy. Our trophies included many bows and quivers full of arrows, cow-bells, clubs and leather sheets made of cowhide.

Next morning the missing man appeared with three prisoners securely tied to himself. They had spent the entire night tied together. An extreme case of fraternising with one's enemy!

For many days after this we were quite non-plussed. Our enemy was up to every cunning; his spy system was excellent and not a man or cow was to be seen. As was the case in our operations against the Agar Dinkas, we could get little or no news from our friendlies (Photo 3) and the problem grew more and more hopeless as the days went by. Time after time we marched weary miles in various directions looking for tracks and clues without success. At last one day Colman, at N'Gopp, heard of hostile cattle moving between our two columns. He sent Morton off post haste with a mixed force. As was usual, on such occasions the infantry were left miles behind, and Morton and the M.I. encountered a herd of a thousand or more cattle. They killed nine of the enemy who were in process of driving them away at a gallop and succeeded in rounding-up the whole herd. One of my men was seriously wounded above the heart in the affray but subsequently recovered. They started the usual interminable procession towards our zariba when Morton, who was riding along with the mounted infantry, suddenly had his horse killed by a spear thrust from an Atwot who was hiding in a thick bush. As the horse fell to the ground the Atwot ran his spear into Morton's stomach. Most unfortunately he had fired off all the rounds in the chambers of his revolver during the process of rounding up the herd. As his inside was practically hanging out, the wound was bound up with one of the native officer's turbans and he was carried to the zariba on the back of a mule

with a soldier each side of him. The wound proved fatal and he died $\frac{3}{4}$ -hour after being handed over to our Egyptian medical officer. It is hard to describe the psychological effect his death had on all of us. Any British officer on these expeditions is like water in the desert to the remainder of his countrymen. So few of us amongst so many natives made us appreciate each other's company more than can be realised by those who have never lived in the wilds. Alas! Morton was exceptional in every way. Young, cheerful, keen on his profession, with an obvious future in front of him. We were all down-cast to think we would never have his cheery company again and still more to realise what encouragement his death would be to the Atwots. Such thoughts seemed to change the whole aspect of affairs from being a comparatively harmless, if adventurous, cattle hunt into real war with all its horrors. It shocked us into a totally different state of mind. Determined, systematic, ruthless war must now, if never before, be the order of the day and even greater efforts must be made to find out the enemy and subdue him.

The first thing to be done was to recapture the herd that was allowed to go away when Morton was wounded. Whilst making our plans to do this we received glad tidings. Colman had captured 900 of them at Lake Gorinti, twelve miles south of N^oGopp, and shortly after hearing this we got the first sensible message we had ever received from one of our own spies, to say that Dio with a gentleman known as "Moka the Murderer" (because he had recently killed one of the native police) was in hiding at a place called Gar with all his young fighting men and at least a thousand cattle. It seemed as if Providence was going to reward us for our new-born determination.

Next, our old friend Ashwol, looking dirtier and more decrepit than ever, came into the zariba with a present of four bulls and an elephant's tusk. He was in a fearful funk because hostile cattle had been in his territory and he felt we must have found it out. As it so happened we did not know, and so he left us highly relieved.

With Gar as our objective the whole force set off at dawn next day and marched sixteen miles to Majong. Our trackers examined the ground as we went along. They cast to left and

right of our line of march, working exactly like a pack of foxhounds. Little bits of leaf and stuff that cattle had bitten off the bushes and the dung lying about gave them information of how long ago they had passed, but we gathered nothing important enough to deflect us from our line of march. We passed hundreds of white-eared cob grazing off the young grass. The whole plain seemed to be moving with them and I managed to bag a very good specimen.

We rested at Majong during the afternoon and left again at 10 p.m. A company of infantry led the way, followed by fifty local police belonging to the Nyam Nyam tribe. These are short, stocky cheery people who live in a tsetse fly country beyond the Lau River. They have a reputation for cannibalism and certainly are notorious as the only tribe in the Sudan that breeds dogs to eat! They crop their hair very short except for two little tufts sticking up on the tops of their heads which give them a literally devilish appearance! Two M.I. troops came behind leading their mounts in expectation of a hard day in front of us. Led by native guides we moved due west in single file across an open *toich* which was very bad "going" in the dark. The moon was half full and set about 11 p.m., but we were aided by the brilliant starlight. We got into bush country and moved slowly on till 5 a.m. when we crossed the Shambe-Rumbek road. Soon after daylight our guides reported fresh tracks of two men running in the direction of Gar, evidently Dio's spies. My two troops were called to the front and things began to get exciting. I was sent on to do my worst with Dio and his cattle. We trotted till 8 a.m. and reached Gar and there they were! At least they had had their warning and were already on the move and rushing off with their cattle to hide in the fastnesses of the bush. We galloped after them, firing off the backs of our animals. They put up very little resistance and cattle and Atwots fled in every direction. By the time we had rounded up a few hundred cattle Sherwell arrived on the scene with the advanced guard of the column.

At one period, we were so busy cow-hunting that I had sent my personal escort of five men to assist in the good work and was alone with my trumpeter when I came upon an aggressive Atwot



1.—INSPECTOR'S HOUSE AT RUMBEC



2.—DINKAS AND DUG-OUT CANOES



3.—O'MALLEY LABORIOUSLY GLEANING INFORMATION FROM A FRIENDLY (Note the Dinka standing in a typical attitude on one leg)



4.—BUILDING A ZARIBA



5.—TRANSPORT DONKEYS



6.—A BURNING "MARAH"

sitting in a bush twenty yards away from me. The zipp of a poisoned arrow passing close by my head was the first indication of his presence. Then followed an arrow and revolver duel. We must both have shot very badly since neither of us scored a bull's eye and my adversary finally thought better of it and slipped away into long grass and disappeared. Thus we were both spared to fight another day.

Eleven of the enemy had been killed and many more wounded. At 11.30 I got orders to drive my captures to the *marah* at Attiaba. They required little driving; being mad with thirst they galloped the entire way. Our difficulty was to keep them under control. They continually charged past me from behind and in the end 500 of them arrived at Attiaba in front of the troops. Evidently they knew their way about. It was now 3.30 p.m. We had been nineteen hours on the move; men and animals were completely exhausted. Further captures during the day brought the grand total to over eleven hundred.

When at long last we had built a zariba (Photo 4) to hold this mass of cattle the British officers had just enough energy remaining to "crack" a bottle of champagne to celebrate our victory, and prospects of a day's much-needed rest on the morrow, and we even forgot ourselves enough to put on pyjamas instead of sleeping in our clothes.

All was still and peaceful, the column slept and the cattle were quiet and so the night wore on till one o'clock when a shot rang out, fired by a sentry on the zariba. Night guards then fired off Verey lights, to see if anything was really happening outside the zariba or whether it was just the sentry's imagination. The latter had heard a peculiar human call close by. The cattle evidently got restless when they recognised the special call the Atwots use for them. All might yet have been well had not a Verey light, carelessly fired, fallen flaming into the middle of the cattle. They were densely packed in their zariba. The shouts of the Atwots and the fear of the Verey light were too much for them. They stampeded and broke out of the zariba in the pitch dark. Half of them were stopped but five hundred got away. For over an hour we ran around trying to get some coherent account of what had happened. We singled out the

delinquent who fired the Verey light into the cattle and the sentry who first heard the Atwots. There was nothing more possible to do in the dark so we retired to bed till daylight, when I went off with the M.I. and trackers to see where the five hundred had gone. We followed them up all day. The rate they must have been driven was amazing. By the afternoon the dung showed they were still two hours ahead of us; my animals were getting very done up and I had to be back at Attiaba that night. The enemy were evidently making for the Lau River, a good ten miles from the furthest point we had reached. There was a chance that Colman's column might "bump" into them and so I decided to give up the chase. We started back and after two hours came to the conclusion we were hopelessly lost. The country was endless flat bush without any vestige of a landmark. The only comfort was the fact that by continuing due north we would be bound to strike the Shambe-Rumbek road. This we did in the evening, having transversed the fresh tracks of masses of men and cattle moving south as we went along. As luck would have it we came across some transport moving from Rumbek under escort to meet the post-boat at Shambe, and what was still better, a large pond. We ascertained the direction of Attiaba and eventually got back there. In the past forty hours we had certainly covered one hundred miles of trackless bush—not bad going in a tropical country! but my animals were getting into a bad state and I had to begin mounting men on transport pack mules.

How I enjoyed my sleep that night and how I cursed Sewell's hundreds of transport donkeys that made the dawn hideous with their braying (Photo 5). One of them starts a tentative grunt, then another, then one gives a gentle bray, then another, then several bray together, then more, till in the end the whole 250 of them reach a mighty crescendo, each one vying with the next, to uphold the honour of their hateful choral society!

Owing to scarcity of water the column had now to break up into sections and find its way back to the Lau River prior to starting a further plan of action. During this march I had a lively little battle at close quarters with "Moka the Murderer" and we took two hundred cattle off him. He was evidently

trying to be cunning, by driving his cattle northwards and hoping to avoid us after hearing we were moving southwards. Unfortunately for him he came head-on into us. In the course of the fight his son was killed.

Further anxious days were spent trying to glean information and various reconnaissance marches by my M.I. proved fruitless of results. On one occasion we came across some absolutely fresh dung and after over an hour's tracking found we were following a herd of buffaloes! Things began to look completely hopeless once again until one fine day a certain friendly Sheikh named Aiyad came to tell us that Dio had tried to join up with the Agar Dinkas. The latter had had quite enough fighting for the present and would not have anything to do with him, so he had now moved into the extreme western corner of his country beyond N'Gopp and close to a tsetse fly country inhabited by the Jur tribe (neighbours of the Nyam-Nyams). We really felt we might corner him at last since he could hardly be desperate enough to go into a tsetse fly area and risk losing all his cattle from fly sickness. After many days of marching and a long night march we came into a Jur village one morning at daybreak. The Jurs were all in their *tukls*. We pulled one down and made him take us to his Sheikh. The Sheikh was likewise hauled out of bed. He gesticulated violently, beat himself on his chest and talked wildly in Jur language which no one understood; but eventually we gathered by divers signs and pantomime that Dio and his herds had gone through the village six hours ahead of us straight into the tsetse fly country. Had we followed him up we would certainly have lost most of our animals from horse sickness. We swallowed our disappointment and some hard-boiled eggs, biscuits and nuts and went by slow stages back to Sheikh Aiyad's village which we reached in a violent thunderstorm. The rain clouds as they came up were a wonderful sight stretching across the heavens in an unbroken line with perfectly straight edges. Tier upon tier blocking out the bright blue of the sky above. The lower ones grey and those above gradually grading off to jet black; most impressive and awe-inspiring, in their solidity.

The whole place was under two inches of water in a few minutes and tracks became running torrents. Two of the Nyam-

Nyam police were killed by the lightning and another badly burnt. As soon as the rain begins to fall the temperature drops. The hapless Dinkas are then a pitiful sight; they glisten with moisture and become quite paralysed with cold, so much so that they can often scarcely move or hold their bunches of spears. Nearly every Dinka carries three or four of various patterns, mostly with long narrow blades with barbed prongs where the blade joins the shaft. Poor devils. They seem never to have learnt to look after themselves, and many of them suffer from consumption and other diseases of the chest and lungs.

The column next concentrated at N'Gopp where we joined up with Colman and awaited Dio's inevitable return from the fly country.

The very next morning one of Dio's spies was caught hovering on the outskirts of N'Gopp, brought to O'Malley and interrogated. After the usual dire threats he admitted that he had recently left Dio with two hundred fighting men. His herds were hidden in the bush and being driven to water in the Naam River on alternate nights.

We snatched a few hours sleep and left at midnight with supreme determination to surprise Dio and finish off the business. The first set-back was when our advanced guard met two Atwot spies who slipped away before they could be caught. Their spy system was really excellent and it seemed as if it would be impossible ever to surprise him when his herds were at rest.

As before, my M.I. had been leading their animals in rear of the column. We were called to the front and unleashed at dawn. We passed rapidly through a large Jur village and once again into dense bush and soon came upon fresh cattle tracks and some smouldering fires and much fresh cattle dung. O'Malley, who always came with me on these mounted raids, agreed with me that we would "stick to these tracks like ticks to a dog's back," and after going many miles we sent a message back to Sherwell to warn him not to expect us back that night. We had often gone at a rapid pace for long distances but never so far or so fast as we did this time. Something seemed to tell us that it was now or never; that if we didn't do the trick this time we

never would. At long last we came up with some struggling cows and further on the advanced guard began firing and we thought the great moment had come; I went up to the front and found one of my men had a spear wound in his hand but no enemy to be seen and, worse still, practically no cattle. The Atwots had once again broken up into small packets and dispersed in the thick scrub. The tracks proved this and also that there were not enough cattle ahead to justify any further advance, so we scoured the bush to right and left for hours and only succeeded in picking up a few odd cattle. We had trotted almost without a break from 5.30 till midday; our mounts were just about "all in," our friendlies had been left far behind for the pace this time had been too much for them, and lastly, we were completely lost. We made a rough calculation of our direction by the sun and then, weary, forlorn and desperately thirsty, started on the march to rejoin the column, burning some Atwot "marahs" as we went along (Photo 6). During the afternoon we found a dirty well and got enough water out of it in canvas buckets to give the animals something to go on with and take the edge off our thirsts, but it was quite impossibly foul. At 6 p.m. we off-saddled and pegged down and lay waiting for the dawn. O'Malley was violently sick and I had an awful foreboding that he was going to be really ill. Mercifully he had recovered by daylight and we started away again. After some hours we met some Nyam-Nyam police who were going off to form a picket; we got some tea from them and later in the morning we found the column. Everyone had a different story to tell us. Dio, it appeared, was not with the enemy we had been chasing and he was variously reported to be far to the west, in the extreme south of his country, and in fact anywhere except where we hoped he might be.

From that day onwards the rains really "broke" and we were hardly ever dry. The country became one vast bog, and the friendlies became less and less capable of giving the meagre assistance we used to expect from them. They suffered from the cold most cruelly and began to go down with fever. We based ourselves on a stinking waterhole called Kondok and sent patrols and scouts in every direction and to many friendly villages in

search of news. Round Kondok were many "lu lu" trees. They are small trees with bright green leaves and bear a fruit very like a horse chestnut with a big stone. They contain a yellow pulp that tastes like an insipid apricot. The Dinkas ate them all day long and we certainly found them a good deal better than nothing.

The supplies brought with us on the river steamer were intended to last us for three months. The time had very nearly arrived when we would have to start our march back to the Bahr el Gebel or alternatively to go on short rations. Sewell and his transport donkeys had worked wonders bringing us our stuff in all sorts of outlandish places from the advanced base at Rumbek, but something would now have to be done and the question was—what?

Dio, of all people, solved the problem for us in a most unexpected manner!

He sent a messenger to Kondok to say he had been hustled about quite enough; he had lost a lot of his cattle; he was no longer in favour with his people and so could he come in and surrender? On the strength of that message Sherwell decided to shut down operations forthwith and we marched by slow stages back to Lau. Here we saw the seven thousand cattle we had captured during the two sets of operations grazing peacefully on the *toich* guarded by native police from the fort. A cheering sight and a visible proof of our great labours. In the eleven weeks since leaving Shambe my M.I. had, at a low estimate, covered eleven hundred miles.

At Lau we had a general sort-out and clean up and spent four days, during which I wrote up reports and worked at the map I had been concocting. What a joy it was to see our weary horses and mules revelling in the new green grass and to get a chance to really doctor their various ailments. The Shish Dinka tribe who lived here kept themselves continually covered in ash made from burnt wood and cow-dung as a preventative of mosquito bites. Some of them put this ash only on their faces which gave them a very gruesome appearance. Nearly all of them stained their hair a reddish colour with stuff made of

various unpleasant messes they delighted in using. It was supposed to make them look more "chic!"

I have had a good deal of experience of mosquitoes in my life but never can I remember anything approaching the misery of our march back to Shambe. We were attacked incessantly by swarms of huge brown blood-thirsty ones that bit one quicker than one could brush them off. One's face and hands swelled up and ached with the poison, and no words can express the relief we felt when at last we embarked for the return voyage to Khartoum.

The men had been allowed to buy a large quantity of captured goats to take back to their homes. There wasn't anything like sufficient room for them in the barges and the last hour or so before the steamer sailed there was a free fight between the crew, who tried to prevent any more being embarked, and the men who were determined to get them on board by fair means or foul. Several swam round to the back of the boat with goats in their arms and smuggled them on board; a few managed to sell theirs to natives on the bank. During the homeward voyage we were delighted to get a wire to say that not only Dio but also Matiang had given themselves up to the Civil Service at Rumbek.

We called at many places on the return voyage and before reaching Khartoum were no longer an army steamer but a mixed cargo tramp, packed with soldiers, boys, women, cows, donkeys, mules, horses, goats and baggage galore. But all good things come to an end and at long last we reached our peace stations where we were none of us sorry to rest and recuperate after those four most strenuous and eventful months.

Epilogue.

At times it was difficult to avoid the feeling that going all that way and the expenditure of so much effort to capture those cattle, sheep and goats was hardly worth while. Whilst realising that Matiang and Dio had been duly humbled, it seemed that the result should somehow have been brought about far more economically. Little blood had been spilt and the tribes did not seem very much the worse. Even if their chiefs had now been reduced to the level of their followers, with their active brains

and previous experience of leadership they could surely have built up a new herd and a new following. But the "hookooma" (Government) is not so short-sighted as to leave matters at that. The colonizing talent of the Sudan Government civil servant was brought quickly into play. Inspectors, with substantial police forces, were sent into the territories of these two chiefs. Their tribes were gradually coaxed into the Government's orbit. In return for a system of gentle taxation they were given peace, protection and security, also improved communications, medical and veterinary assistance and all the better and more practical advantages of civilization. And thus it came about that they fell into line with other more enlightened tribes of the Sudan, who have been through identical phases. The bordering tribes who found that the fence they had been sitting on was ceasing to exist, stepped thankfully down, and this corner of the Bahr el Ghazal was at rest once again.

There have been literally hundreds of obscure patrols of this kind since the re-conquest of the Sudan; little is heard of them; certainly nothing appears about them in the English papers. Slowly and surely the good work goes on towards the ultimate stage when the whole vast territory of the Southern Sudan will be administered peacefully and quietly by the Sudan Civil Service, surely one of the least advertised and most efficient bodies of men in the whole Empire.

The End.



FRE
EQUATORIAL
OCEAN

300 400
MILES

on of AFRICA, showing, in a circle,

the AGAR DINKAS and
AK ATWOTS_

*BEERSHEBA BEITUNIA BETHHORON, STOPPING
AT BISHOPS STORTFORD.*

READING General Barrow's story of the Judaeen hills in the 5.49 to Newmarket, with some difficulty in the rather faint illumination provided by the L.N.E.R., and dozing in the corner of the carriage, how all that 1917 advance came back to one, rather like sitting half-asleep in a cinema : a series of flitting pictures.

Those two dismal days holding the line next to the mixed vermouths (the French and Italian contingents) thinking we were out of it; the late evening scramble into Beersheba. More holding a line beyond, Evelyn Rothschild's* face when he was told to take the horses ten miles back to water, one man to four horses, 20 miles for a drink.

On again to Sheria riding past the Master of the Bicester† plodding wearily at the head of his battalion. Remembering with a certain sadistic satisfaction that the last time I saw him was when he cursed me and certain other undergraduates for over-riding.

Several weary nights and days moving from the right flank to the sea, and from the sea to the right flank wondering vaguely what if any, was the intention of the higher command.

Late one evening riding on the flank of a weary squadron which stumbled noisily among the stones in the half light, hearing an angry grumbling complaint "where the hell are we going to?" Higher up the column a super-educated voice "There's a divinity that shapes our ends rough hew them how we may." "Who said that?" "Shakespeare sergeant." "Shakespeare did he—well all I can say is that he was never — about same as what we are."

* Major Evelyn de Rothschild—2nd in Command Royal Bucks Hussars.

† Major J. P. Heywood Lonsdale—Shropshire Yeomanry—74th Division.

Passing Huj,* not long after the great charge, seeing the guns pointing all ways and the howitzers staring drunkenly skyward, an inspiring and a saddening story, for there still on the ground covered with saddle blankets, lay so many good friends.

And then on and on, the queer spectacle of a cavalry division riding hard to catch up the infantry. Heaven knows we had not been inactive, our mileage must have been prodigious, but our role had been somewhat varied and our direction somewhat uncertain.

And so to Mughar,† a rather blurred reminiscence for what must have been the most exciting day of my life. It all came too suddenly. My squadron had galloped Yebna in the morning and I was in the outskirts of the village trying to re-organise a badly damaged troop when the orders came. We knew nothing therefore of the situation except so far as it was described in the conventional few lines at the beginning of the orders. When we came to the objective it was much more obvious and not very encouraging. We walked out on to a small mound outside the village and had a look at it. A long open plain covered with barley stubble sloping sharply up to meet the sky line some 2,000 yards from where we stood. Then my orders to my troop leaders ending somewhat sententiously "a rather ambitious programme gentlemen. Get mounted."

We had just time to trot down to the end of the village as the first squadron of the Bucks Hussars produced itself out of the Wadi,‡ like so many rabbits out of a line of hats, a minute of silence before the enemy realised what was happening and then a terrible outbreak of rifle and machine-gun fire.

Perhaps a trifle discourteously we galloped across the front of the Dorsets and took our place as the third squadron in the Bucks advance.

Very few recollections only of the great charge could I produce 20 minutes or 20 years after the event.

* At Huj ten troops of the Worcester and Warwick Yeomanry charged and captured twelve guns and broke the resistance of a hostile rearguard.

† At El Mughar the 6th Mounted Brigade charged a Turkish position over 1,500 yards of open country capturing over 1,000 prisoners, 2 guns and 14 machine guns.

‡ A deep Wadi ran right across the position and parallel to it, in which the attacking mounted troops were able to assemble—the element of surprise so caused was largely responsible for the success of the operation.

Forming line from line of troop columns when the shelling stopped and the machine-guns started, and realising rather late in my military life that there was some purpose in drill.

A thrill of horror at seeing that my nearest companion in this desperate adventure was the officers' mess pack which I had forgotten to fall out, our mess cook leading the pack mule and making every post a winning post. Cargo and man far too valuable for the forefront of the battle.

A few flashes as vivid to-day as then. Fred Cripps'* horse jumping a wadi at the foot of the position clear from bank to bank, after 1,500 yards at top speed, and the wadi wide enough for every one else to go down and through.

As we went up the hill passing a horse and a man lying, the man firm in the saddle, looking for all the world like a tin cavalryman knocked down by a toy cannon.

That was —— my trumpeter said.

Good heavens! That was one of the little boys from the racing stables we kept kicking out of the lines on the Berkshire downs in 1914 until they cried to be allowed to join.

A night on the position, and then the next night, roast goose and sweet wine in a Jewish settlement. Too much roast goose and certainly too much sweet wine to be called to brigade headquarters in the middle of the night to be given the orders for the attack on Abu Shushe.†

That was a hill that was—captured by the 6th Mounted Brigade by the odd process of walking up the low slopes and galloping the rocky summit. We had got rather in the habit of galloping. At the end of the dismounted attack a good fox went away between us and the Turks, quite a notable contribution to the success of this part of the operation. We could see the fox and we did not know about Judas Maccabaeus until we read our Adam Smith.‡

We lost Neil Primrose in that attack, and we knew we should never again see Evelyn Rothschild, terribly wounded at

* Colonel the Hon. F. H. Cripps, D.S.O., Commanding Royal Bucks Hussars.

† The ancient Gezer, a high hill which throughout history had always resisted attack. It was here that the Jews under Judas Maccabaeus repulsed the Romans.

‡ Author of historical geography of the Holy Land.

El Mughar, and many other good men gone.*

So we took Neil down and buried him in the Convent Garden at Ramleh and thought we had done enough for some time.

Poor fools! We thought we had seen enough for the 1917 campaign of what one of the ex-N.C.O. instructors at the Cavalry school at Zeitoun, in a moving lecture on the gap scheme so eloquently described as dead 'uns, dead 'orses, shell 'oles and the 'undred other 'orrors what go to make up the pageant of war.

And so up we went into the Judaeian hills mile after mile scrambling up the rocky paths walking and leading alternately.

General Barrow has described the operations at length, operations of which partly by accident but mainly by design he had a far closer view than is customary for divisional commanders.

His language in describing the difficulties is over-restrained and official.

It was a hopeless task. After a miserable wet sleepless night we set off for our dismounted attack on the hill at Beitunia.† Less horse-holders and with three weeks' casualties culminating in Mughar and Abu Shushe, we had about 30 men a squadron. The hill would have been considered a fair climb on any Scotch deer forest. Fortunately so steep that the ledges of rock provided good cover. We got to within 80 yards of the top, beyond that we could not move.

General Barrow paid a well-deserved tribute to the gallant work of the Hong Kong and Singapore battery. Though, as the critics say of some of the best of our test match bowlers, their length was not always impeccable, they were quite invaluable. The many yorkers were a vast encouragement and the occasional long hops a useful reminder. Along the topmost ridge ran a low stone wall behind which was the Turkish infantry. We crouched under a ledge of rock 80 yards away.

General Barrow writes of the reinforcements from the Yilderim army reserves which were brought up that day. We had somewhat forceful illustration of that movement.

* Captain the Hon. Neil Primrose, M.C.

† A high ridge held by 3,000 Turks with 4 batteries of .77 guns and attacked by the 6th and part of the 8th Mounted Brigades.

Every Turkish soldier as he came up to the wall lent his rifle against it with a most wicked looking bayonet pointing over the top. There we lay all the afternoon some 70 men facing on our immediate front some 500 Turks, right above us and protected by the wall. For all that they only tried one counter attack which gave us our only pleasurable moment of the afternoon.

Then some barbarous humourist on their side suggested rolling hand-grenades down the slope. This playful notion seemed to take on well. The grenades kicked off the top of our ledge and burst in reasonable safety below us. As soon as we realised this helpful peculiarity of the contour for some half an hour a good time was had by all.

But it was a hopeless task and in the evening we dragged our way down and back to Foka leaving some twenty of our miserable handful on the slopes of Beitunia.

At Foka we had quite a pleasant little line until we began to count the men in it. Food was definitely short and we were lucky to be able to buy a couple of emaciated heifers each nearly as big as a six months calf.

The first smiling face I saw was one of my Hotchkiss gun corporals, a mass of blood from head to foot. He said he hadn't enjoyed himself so much since the war started. I found that he worked at Smithfield.

Here we could water the horses and get a little grain for them. They had been seventy-two hours without water and sixty-eight without food. And then we sent them right back. They were only a liability in those rock strewn hills.

There was nothing to do but to hold on as long as we could. Perhaps we shall never realise how much the division owed to the heroic defence of Zeitoun post* by the Berkshire Yeomanry.

It was a maddening experience to sit on the next hill 1,200 yards away as the crow or the bullet flies, but three hours' distant for all practical purposes and with no men to send. To see them shelled to pieces and only to be able to help with rifle and Hotch-

* 3 Officers and 60 men of the Berkshire Yeomanry held this isolated post on a crest in part of the line for nearly 24 hours against 600 Turks with machine guns and strongly supported by artillery.

kiss fire for a few minutes as the Turks came up to, and surrounded the post.

Back came the few survivors and some time after the rest, strolling quietly with a Vickers gun, Williams of the Machine Gun Squadron. A good weight to carry up and down those hills and he had stayed behind to collect the working parts of his other gun. He had been the life and soul of the defence and was still quite unperturbed by all he had been through.

There should be humour in every situation. There was little enough in ours. Only a deputation accompanied by an excited interpreter from the population of Beit Ur El Foka complaining that the shells were coming into their houses—as though one was a range officer at Larkhill. And an order that no supplies being available for the next 48 hours the Division would live on their iron ration, 50 per cent. per day, and Lt. Audrey laffed and laffed and laffed 'cause he knew that parable about foolish virgins. It was some time since our last inspection and of course they were cumbersome and heavy and the war was three years old and they had never been wanted yet.

Still hungry, wet, cold and miserable we pulled through as General Barrow has related, till we were relieved on November 29th by the Seventy-Fourth Division, and off we set to walk back to our horses and a well-earned rest.

There we met our regimental quarter-master sergeant with somewhat disquieting news of the kit we had dumped behind the Gaza line in charge of some of our gallant allies.

Last year, at the height of the Abyssinian controversy, I met him in a country town and asked his opinion upon the political situation. "Well sir, what can you expect? You remember those Bersaglieri and your whisky."

From our second halt I went back for the night, to dine with the military secretary at G.H.Q. The dinner was excellent and no one could have been more charming to a stray junior officer than the commander-in-chief.

Even if the dinner had been bad and the C.-in-C. brutal and inhospitable it would have been a great evening. It has to be a bad dinner to be worse than chlorinated water and the uncon-

sumed portion of a non-existent ration. I told the G.H.Q. batman that I was leaving early next morning. "That's all right sir," he said, "We shall be wanting your bed for the Bishop of Jerusalem." I did not know his Lordship and fortunately I have never met him since. Till then he had probably only a reading acquaintance with the third plague. We had been five weeks in the clothes we stood up in, and Arab villages and old Turkish trenches are not exclusively inhabited by human beings. I do hope that he had a good night. The thought of it almost ruined my evening.



JAPANESE CONSOLIDATION IN MANCHUKUO.

By CAPTAIN O. L. BOORD, M.C., 10th Royal Hussars.

ITALY's disregard for the League of Nations and what it stands for in Abyssinia reminds us in the East of the similar aggression of Japan in Manchukuo five years ago.

It is interesting to visit and see what has happened in this country Japan has claimed as her own virtually in everything but name, and to see if her venture has been worth while.

This new Japanese dominion is definitely acquiring new character. The past is still there but it is slowly disappearing with the super-impositions on it from Nippon.

On arrival in Mukden, or Fengtien, to use its Chinese name, one's first impression is the efficiency of the railways. The new "Asia" Express, Manchukuo's "Imperial Mail" was standing in the Station on its run from Harbin to Dairen. It is the first streamlined train in Asia, and a last word in comfort. It takes the remarkable time, for the wheelbarrow East, of thirteen hours to do the run of just over six hundred miles from Harbin to Dairen—a journey that only a few years ago, used to take over half a day longer. This has been possible through the enterprise of the South Manchurian Railway Company, a Japanese Company, who have not only built the streamlined engines and rolling stock, but practically laid a new permanent way, straightening out the bends and curves, from Dairen to Harbin. It was until quite recently only standard gauge as far as Hsingking and travellers had to change at this station to the antiquated Chinese Eastern Railway.

Mukden itself has been completely transformed. New buildings are going up everywhere financed by Japanese money. In

the old days it was a dimly lit town, but now it is a shower of illumination, the streets sparkling beneath the electricity the Japanese have installed.

Hundreds of motor cars tear about the town at all hours of the day and night with a never ceasing hooting. Busy droskies, inherited from Russian days, trot in a constant stream, mixed with slower moving two-wheeled carts. These latter were noticeably overladen and confined to the muddy sides of the road in order to leave the tarmac centre free for the faster moving cars.

On the outskirts of the city one meets numerous military staff cars, Army lorries, and motor-cycle combinations with be-medalled and sworded officers in their side-cars.

The military barracks are outside the City and stand on high ground where no other buildings have been erected. These barracks were built before the days of the Manchuria incident—not as barracks, so they say—but as the university for Mukden. It is curious that they have been so easily adapted for military purposes. They cover a large area and must house no inconsiderable garrison. No risks are taken as the whole place is surrounded by electrified barbed wire and sandbags.

Close by on the road out to the Manchu tombs one passes what was an isolation hospital but this is also taken over by the military and acts as accommodation for the new Manchukuoan army that is now being recruited. It was very evident that these troops are not being equipped with modern weapons, their rifles were of an obsolete pattern and probably were taken from the old Mukden arsenal of Marshal Chang Tso Ling's day.

A great deal has been made of the financial burden of Japanese military operations, but the charges are much smaller than is generally supposed. The campaign was carried on largely with military equipment seized intact when the forces of the Chinese War Lords retired without any opposition. Since the occupation the original outlay has been several times covered with the former government property confiscated. Mukden Arsenal and the old Manchurian State Banks provided quite a nice little nestegg.

It was very noticeable that although educational facilities are being provided on a large scale for the Japanese population in the new territory, very little has been done for the Manchu or Chinese population. This absence of adequate educational establishments is universally deplored. There are thirty million Manchus in the country and less than one per cent. of the money spent in Japan on education is being spent in Manchukuo.

As in Japan one continually finds parties of young people and children on escorted tours inaugurated by the educational authorities visiting shrines and relics of national importance. In Manchukuo they are being shewn the possibilities of development in the new Empire.

On the trains one finds little groups of enthusiastic young islanders gathering round over a map of this new country, often listening intently to a military officer who has taken an interest in them, his top boots removed and lying under the seat—as he instructs these new arrivals, lectures them on the economic wealth of Heilungkiang, tells of minerals reported there, warns of coming war with Russia, or simply reminisces over some scene of battle during the period of pacification.

In one carriage, a class of visiting Japanese students taking its inspection tour very seriously, earnestly studies its guide books. In another a Rabelaisian Saki Merchant, slightly drunk, courteously offers one a sample of his colourless brew, and like every Japanese about everything Japanese, he is terribly proud of it.

A busy Nippon “adviser” to Manchukuo, comfortably seated on his shoeless feet and dressed in a kimono, pores over the papers taken from his inevitable attaché case, and opposite him several young Japanese girls speculate on the career that awaits them as “café” hostesses in one of these new cities. Every train overflows with eager get-rich-quick humanity.

Japanese laughter, Japanese smokes, Japanese beer, and on it all a grin of Japanese triumph and superiority.

Only very rarely is one aware of the thirty million Chinese, now called “Manchus”—the oppressed masses lately liberated

by these smirking haughty, undersized, energetic, toothy, disciplined but excitable, and not inconsiderable conquerors, the descendants of the Sun Goddess, the Japanese.

Certainly there is a distinctly new curtness and bluntness in the answers one gets nowadays. Gone is the practical politeness and dissimulation of Nippon, and in its place a studied manner of superiority, a curiously naive air of condescension.

It is too early yet to say that the Japanese venture in Manchukuo has been a success, but there is little evidence on the whole to support the opinion that it has been a failure.

There are still approximately seventy millions of acres of the country uncultivated and nearly fifty million acres of woodland. It is difficult to believe that the Japanese will not be able to make some use of this huge potential wealth in creating settlements. So far colonisation of farmlands has not been a success, and this has been borne out by the settlements the Army has made of reservists on the land. These reservists were men who had returned to their farms in Japan, but were enticed back to Manchukuo by offers of assistance in money, arms and seeds, etc., to set them up, not in individual farms, but in comparatively large social units, capable of protecting themselves against physical dangers and also of providing themselves with at least a tolerable subsistence. After a very short time, however, well over twenty-five per cent. of these colonists had deserted and gone back to Japan. The Japanese is essentially a home lover and when abroad always hankers after returning to his native land. Of course it is not only love of his island home that has been responsible for his reluctance to become an agriculturalist immigrant in Manchukuo; there are economic and climatic causes associated with it. Economically he is up against the Chinese who have been tilling the ground there for centuries and who have a much lower standard of living. Climatically Manchukuo is much more severe than Japan being hotter in summer, and in winter very much colder.

In spite of previous setbacks in settling people on the land the Army authorities are still persevering with their colonisation projects as is indicated by their very recent acquisition of

two and a-half million acres of the best available agricultural land for the establishment of Japanese immigrants.

Their plans, it is publicly stated, are only just the beginning of the placing of some of the surplus millions in Japan on the land in Manchukuo.

Meanwhile immigrants are flocking to the great cities on the main arteries throughout the country. Suburbs to all the large towns are growing like mushrooms in the night. They take on a complete Japanese character and are peopled by the educated middle class Japanese whose lot has been made very hard—nigh impossible—in Nippon in the last few years through economic distress.

This colonisation of the cities is most noticeable in all the main railway zones comprising the strategic places of importance. The administration of these "new towns" as in Mukden, and the various public enterprises therein, including education and hygiene, is entrusted to the South Manchurian Railway Company. The New Town of Mukden, with its regular macadamised streets, squares and parks, good water supply and drainage, and other modern public facilities, is a clean healthy town. According to the new city plan, the industrial quarter is located on the West side of the South Manchurian Railway main line where already Mukden Sugar Refinery Co. and the Manchukuo Wool Co., and other factories on a smaller scale are established. The southern part of the town is the residential quarter; the eastern part is the educational circle, where the Manchuria Medical College, the most modern in the East, a middle school, a girls' school and several primary schools are situated for the Japanese colony. The central part is the commercial quarter and the wide main streets are lined with fine stores all recently erected. At night electric signs, red, purple and green flaunt Japanese characters up and down the streets.

Japanese shops, restaurants, business offices, tea houses, hot baths, even undertaking establishments, geisha and demi-mondaines of various descriptions are to be seen everywhere.

In the streets you see Japanese merchants in their morning dress, soldiers, officers, railway officials strutting about against

a background of flowing kimonos, for the women are there, too, and with them their endless children already ensconced in the Japanese schools. The click of the geta is to be heard everywhere, and the sound of the wirelasses tuned in on Japanese jazz broadcast from Tokyo shatters the air.

An occasional droshky driver and his conveyance is to be seen, but his fare is generally a kimono-decked lady and her escort, as few of the Chinese of these parts can afford even a ride in a carriage. The Chinese one sees about are of the pedlar class and beggars, or the lowest of the menial workers. The droshky is gradually being driven off the streets by the scores of new American taxis—mostly made by our friend Henry Ford—with Japanese made bodies, but there are a goodly proportion of Japanese made Datsuns about among them—mysteriously imported without duty—and these are driven by Japanese youths just out of college, offering you a comfortable ride anywhere for 50 cents.

The constructive achievements of the new Japanese military regime are well worth surveying.

Communications throughout Manchukuo have been improved out of all knowledge. The railways have been unified under the expert eye of the South Manchurian Railway Company. About 1,500 miles of new track has been laid down since 1932, including three new strategic lines to the Siberian frontier, the extension of the Taon-Solum line towards the Outer Mongolian frontier and the tracking of the great Inner Mongolian Railway to Jehol City. Rashin, the new port being built on the Japan Sea, is speedily taking shape.

Roads are being extended to all points of importance; six to seven thousand additional miles suitable for motor traffic are in use, and served by modern bus routes. Telephones and telegraph connect all the principal towns, and wireless communications connect the fourteen new provinces into which Manchuria and Jehol have been divided, with the usual Japanese efficiency, as they are giving employment to thousands of Japanese as operators and officials.

The prize that tempted Japan beyond the law of Geneva—the exploitation of Manchuria's resources, proceeds at an equally fast pace. Nominally there are Manchukuo ministries and bureaus in charge of developments. Proper control is, however, more than ever concentrated in Japanese-staffed bureaus found in every ministry. These radiate from a Central General-Affairs Board headed by a Japanese, responsible directly to the Japanese Kwantung Army. The Government is in reality a Japanese Army dictatorship, itself becoming rapidly a giant business organisation holding in managing trust this new dominion for the Japanese Empire.



**A NOTABLE CAVALRYMAN OF THE
FRANCO-GERMAN FRONTIER**

More Recollections of a Prussian Hussar.

By **LIEUT.-COLONEL B. G. BAKER, D.S.O., F.R.G.S.,
F.R.Hist. S.**

SOME of those who visited the battlefields of Lorraine at the turn of the 19th and 20th century, must have heard of the G.O.C. XVI German Army Corps, Fieldmarshal Count von Haeseler. If you knew German well enough to be on colloquial terms with officers of that Corps, you may have heard them refer to him as "unser alter Gottlieb," or as we would put it, "good old Gottlieb." When one who is high up in the military hierarchy is described as "good old" it frequently means that some inherent quality of his raises him above his fellows. This was certainly the case with Gottlieb Graf von Haeseler. For one thing he was old, indeed, if he had lived to see this year he would have completed his century, but wherever he may be now, he is probably glad not to have survived the changes that reft his beloved Lorraine from Germany again. He was old enough to have served in the three wars that built up Germany of the 19th century. When quite a young officer he attracted the attention of that fine cavalry leader Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia. The "Red Prince," as he was called, because he usually wore the scarlet jacket of the "Hussars of the Guard," had his father's gift of selecting the right man for his purpose, and attached young Count von Haeseler to his staff when Prussia, together with other members of the German Federation, set out to the conquest of Schleswig Holstein in 1864. Two years later, as Captain in the General Staff, Haeseler gained

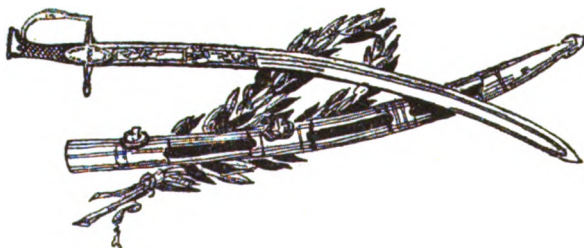
distinction in the short campaign of 1866, and added to his laurels by remarkable reconnaissance work at Gravelotte and the Battle of Beaune la Rolande. Those were the days of extensive reconnaissance in force, the finest opportunities ever offered to cavalry enterprise; no aeroplanes to spoil the sport. After the war of 1870-71, Haeseler rose in the usual way, staff work alternating with regimental duties, and gained a high reputation for the use to which he put his experience won in war. He had his detractors, as all innovators have, they were mostly senior officers whose increasing *avoiirdupois* divorced them from a life in the saddle, Gottlieb von Haeseler's natural habitat. He never allowed his cavalry outline to be blurred by adipose tissue, his lithe, active figure, long legs and short forearm, moved alertly about the streets of Metz or swung itself on to the rather low-standing Hungarian horse he preferred to ride. He was frequently to be seen wearing the "tschapka," the lancer cap, at rather more than the regulation angle. In looks he resembled von Moltke the elder, clear-eyed, clean-shaven; and the two were alike in that simple and sincere courtesy that enhances the quality of great men. Gottlieb would be perfectly charming about giving you something thoroughly disagreeable to do for him, and in this form of generosity he was somewhat "unexpected." A gay subaltern of cavalry, in uniform of course, his work done, on his way to a pleasant *rendezvous*, might suddenly run up against his Corps Commander. No one more gracious and punctilious than Gottlieb in returning a salute, no one more tactful in enquiring whether the present occasion were one of duty or idle pleasure. In the latter case the Corps Commander had an alternative, in fact, he seemed to carry assorted tactical exercises about with him. One of these would be handed to Lothario ordering him to mount his horse and away in order to report on the tactical features of some green hill far away on the blue horizon where stretched the frontier of France. This habit of presenting surprise packets was not confined to individuals; whole units might be favoured by such attention. All officers of cavalry stationed in Metz were assembled on the vast drill ground beyond the "ceinture," wherein Vauban had enclosed the city. The Corps

Commander had bought an old iron bridge, one of those T constructions, and was pleased with his bargain, seeing therein some useful means of instruction. The bridge having been built up, the Corps Commander now called up the cavalry officer who had been the last to pass through the "Pioneer Course"; pioneer equals engineer in our military parlance. This officer was ordered to blow up that bridge; a cavalry patrol with the necessary explosives was standing by. The performance may have fallen short of the artistry that only a born Sapper and Miner can put into a job like that, though the bridge went up with impressive effect. But that was not all, while the little bits of the bridge were returning from their excursion into the welkin still ringing with Gottlieb's latest, the senior officers were called upon to offer remarks, criticism and so on. They were no doubt, expected to be sincere in their expressions of opinion on the performance, but think how difficult that must have been. Most of them had been through a pioneer course and enjoyed it, for it was always regarded as a picnic at which you were positively invited to destroy all you could, such things as railway junctions, locomotives and so on. The course generally ended with a great display in which all the left over explosives were used up at once; it generally left the Pioneer officer in charge much aged and in need of rest and relaxation.

Fieldmarshal Count von Haeseler, the cavalryman, had learned one thing above all others from the experience of his three campaigns, and that was never to lose touch with the enemy when once you have gained it. All his teaching and training took that direction, it meant hard work for some of his senior officers, and those who could not stay the course were encouraged to seek some more restful sphere. It was necessary to his scheme of training that all officers not only the elect of the staff, should know intimately the work of other arms in the field, and so you would find infantry officers riding about at night and in the worst weather, trying to escape Gottlieb or his special emissaries, on some extensive outpost scheme to which they had been invited as to a feast. It was a feast too, for those who were keen on their profession, and indeed most of them were, especially the younger officers, while the rank and file simply

loved "old Gottlieb" because though unaccountable, still he was human and it seemed, had passed a kindly word with every soldier in his command. Legend had it that he knew every officer's horse by name, from the "bit of a blood'un," lately imported by the junior cavalry sub. of the corps, to the infantry captain's horse of all work that can be trusted to mind the baby and fetch the luncheon beer. But then legend grew up apace all round Gottlieb von Haeseler's personality, and this only happens to those single-hearted men who live just beyond the height to which ordinary mortals attain.

There is no doubt that the intensive training Fieldmarshal von Haeseler put into his XVIth Corps, produced an engine of war as perfect as any could be. It became in time a model to others, not without opposition from many of those in high places. It was probably due to this opposition that on the resignation of Count von Waldersee, the appointment to Chief of the General Staff went to General von Schlieffen instead of to Haeseler. When the Great War broke out the aged Fieldmarshal was given permission to ride out with his old command over the rolling uplands of Lorraine, which as he always averred, the Good God had specially ordained as training ground for troops. His fighting days were over; from the saddle he watched them marching into the west, horse and foot, artillery to which he had devoted much care, pioneers whose work he thoroughly understood and for whose efforts he always had a word of encouragement, marching to put to the test what "unser alte Gottlieb" had taught them.



THE KNIGHT.

By FLETCHER PRATT.

No figure in all military history has been the subject of so much misconception as the medieval knight. On the one side he has been the victim of cavalry enthusiasts presenting him as an impossible paragon of military efficiency and novelists drawing him as an insufferable virtuous prig. On the other he has been subjected to an equally violent debunking process from which he emerges as a useless and overbearing desperado in a tin shirt.

The truth, as is not uncommon, lies somewhere in the unexplored middle ground. The medieval knight was simply a professional soldier, a practical cavalryman, whose arms and equipment were the product of the conditions under which he worked. In normal circumstances, he was the controlling factor in medieval war because no force that was his equal in a strategic or tactical sense could be brought against him. Not until the arrival on the scene of the hand-gun firing an armour-piercing bullet (some centuries after the invention of gun-powder) enabled the infantryman to keep him at a distance, did he disappear from the battlefield.

Infantry had been the decisive arm in the classical period as it became in the modern, but this was, in a sense, by default. The Romans and Greeks had an "infantry tradition" of such thorough grounding that they never willingly mounted on a horse's back for fighting purposes, and they were the only ancient people possessing the requisite technical skill to produce a good suit of armour for a cavalryman. And their infantry never met cavalry of knightly quality; had they done so,

they would have been overthrown as rapidly as any other force of footmen who allowed armoured horse to get within close range.

Such medieval battles as Crecy, Aljubarotta and Morgarten are apparent contradictions to this statement, but on close examination, these contradictions disappear. The battles in which English archers riddled knights were the most phenomenal exhibitions of bad tactics (on the part of the leaders of the knights) in history. In every case the knights were called upon to make a long frontal charge against a prepared position on a narrow front that was swept by a particularly accurate cross-fire from both flanks. To complete the picture, they were put in piecemeal (so that the enemy always had superiority of numbers at the point of contact) and without support. The battles in which the Swiss beat forces of knights were not dissimilar, in a tactical sense. In one case the horsemen were nipped in a narrow defile the head of which was held by a dense mass of infantry; in the other they had to charge across a marsh which took all the zip out of their attack, and on emerging, encounter pike-armed infantry in close order, well supported by missile-weapon men. When medieval heavy cavalry was given a ghost of a chance, it always won, no matter what it had to face.

The medieval knight came into being as central and southern Europe's reply to two forces which seemed destined to overwhelm it at the beginning of the eleventh century—the Vikings and the Magyars. Both were forces of high mobility—the Vikings had ships, the Magyars horses; both threatened to destroy civilization by pin-pricks in the form of tip-and-run raids that ruined a town or district. The Vikings were infantrymen who fought in tight formation and with hacking weapons; axe and two-handed sword. The Magyars were horse-bowmen, who sometimes came to close quarters with a one-handed sword, but without any attempt at shock action. They had the military quirk of always preferring to fight with a marsh or river at their backs.

The knight evolved in the natural course of events as normally as a new race of animals. The greater industrial skill of

the civilized parts of Europe permitted the defence forces to be better armoured than the attacks; therefore, he was armoured. He had to possess a strategic mobility as great as that of his opponents; therefore he was mounted. He had to attack the Viking infantry from a distance sufficient to be beyond the reach of an axe-blow; therefore the lance was his primary weapon. He had to meet the Magyar at close range after the first shock; therefore he was equipped with other weapons beside the lance.

The first knights were the members of the bodyguard of a king or local count, whose duty was to defend some part of the land or water frontier. They were the standing army which formed the rallying point for the militia of foot. They were not knights in the proper sense at all; "knight" is a title, and untitled cavalymen of the Middle Ages were called "sergeants." These sergeants were widely different from the knight as one usually sees him pictured. Their armour consisted only of a kind of leather smock, falling to the thighs, and sewn over with fish-scale plates of metal; their helmets were conical steel caps with a nose-piece projecting in front; the shield was a round wooden target covered with leather and studded with metal nails; the lance a six-foot, broad-bladed spear which was employed rather like a bayonet, if you can imagine a bayonetteer on horseback.

But they did the job for which they had been called into existence. One force of them defeated the last of the Viking raids at Stamford Bridge, and another caught the whole force of the Magyar nation with the marshes of the Lechfeld at their backs and ruined them for ever.

This left the knight in possession of the field, and he ruled it until the battle of Pavia in the 16th century. As he came in contact with different forms of infantry and others of his own kind, his equipment and training underwent a steady evolution culminating in the knightly figure as illustrated in books or seen in museums. But it must be remembered that this figure represents the knight at the end of his evolution, and is not the typical horseman of the Middle Ages. It is difficult to describe a typical knight of any period but the last, but his evolutionary course was something like the following :

In armour, chain mail, made up of small triple links about half an inch in diameter and linked hexagon fashion, speedily drove out the old fish scales. Then came plate mail, beginning with a breast-plate and gradually spreading over the body. The conical steel cap became a helmet that came down over the face, developed a visor that could be lifted and then became a double helmet. The shield changed form and size and developed parabolic curves; mailed gloves and shoes and horse-armour were added.

In offensive weapons the spear gradually became the ten-foot lance, four or five inches in diameter at the base; the sword changed into a one-handed cut-and-thrust weapon, and various other offensive weapons were added, including particularly the mace and the guisarme, a long weapon with a spear-point and a broad axe-blade, with which a terrific blow could be dealt. The whole mass of this equipment gradually became so heavy that it was not assumed till the moment before battle, and a couple of extra horses become necessary to carry it around, with a squire and page to wait on the knight.

In his final and most formidable state, the knight was equipped something as follows: over his underclothing he wore a heavily-padded close-fitting suit to deaden the shock of blows and keep arrows out. Over this again, a long shirt of chain mail, light in weight and very flexible, with sleeves to the wrist and tails to mid-thigh. Over this again, the full suit of plate mail, of plates that would be rated anywhere from 12 to 20 gauge, rendered flexible by joints on the system of a lobster's carapace, a more successful device than one might imagine. On the right breast a projection was riveted to the breastplate. This was the lance rest in which the lance was placed in position for the charge.

A big plate flared up over the left shoulder and collar in a concave parabolic curve to deflect the lance-point of an enemy knight. The helmet was also composed of concave or convex parabolic curves, meeting at the point in front of the nose, and was furnished with vision and breathing holes which had to be too small to catch a lance-point. The shield, worn on the left

arm, was not a bit like the kite-shields of the pictures; it was composed of a number of concave parabolic curves and when in position, joined on with the curves of the left shoulder plate. The hand-guard of the lance was also carried out in a wide flare to perform a similar office on the right side. The sword was worn behind the shield on the left side, girt to the knight's belt; the other weapons on the right side in sockets in the saddle. The saddle itself was faced with iron and carried up in the same wide curves as the rest of the equipment.

The reason for all these curvatures was, of course, to shed the force of the hostile knight's lance-stroke. One of these armoured cavalymen, mounted, and with his lance in rest became in effect a human projectile, who distributed the reaction of the blow he delivered through the lance, lance rest, armour and saddle, to his horse's legs and thence to the ground, the whole combination, thanks to the conformation of the armour, forming a perfect architectural unit of somewhat the form of the Eiffel Tower lying on its side and delivering a blow with its peak.

The force exerted by a knight in a charge was something prodigious; a little calculation shows it to have been in the neighbourhood of 69,121 joules ($69,121 \times 10^5$ ergs). The force of a modern express bullet from the French service rifle is only about one-thirtieth of this figure. Naturally, anything that was hit fair and square by a lance-point with this punch behind it was either transfixed or went down. It is this tremendous amount of energy exerted by the charging knight that accounts for the failure of the best infantry of the Middle Ages, even when perfectly drilled and armoured, to withstand the charge of knights. At Marignano, the whole front ranks of the excellent Swiss infantry collapsed as though they had been shot under the weight of such a charge. Their long spears splintered uselessly off the curves of the knight's armour, and their own heavy armour and shields could not stand the strain. The only chance an infantryman had against them was to bring the knight down before he could deliver his blow.

Dealing with infantry was easy for the medieval knight; it was when he was called upon to meet others of his own kind that his skill and training were really called into play. Thanks

to the devices of the armourers, there were only one or two places on the whole equipment where the point of an opposing lance could exert its force without being caught in one of the deflecting curves. The largest place of this kind was in the centre of the shield. Now if two knights charged each other and one succeeded in avoiding his adversary's lance-point, at the same time delivering his own blow squarely, that adversary received the full weight of the 69,000 joule force, plus the speed of his own charge, and something had to go. Generally it was the saddle-girths, but sometimes man and horse together rolled on the ground, and in any case after one such shock, the recipient was through for the day.

If both the chargers delivered their blows correctly, each got something of the other's charge and something of the reaction of his own, but he was saved a good deal of this shock by holding himself in his saddle in such a position that it was transmitted through his armour to the saddle, the horse, and the ground. An inexperienced knight did not know how to do this; thus, at a spear-running, he might break one lance correctly, but the shock left him dazed so that at the second spear, he could no longer hold his lance just so, and went whirling over his horse's crupper.

Thus manoeuvring with the lance on horseback formed the most important part of the knight's business and training, for hitting a spot of some three or four inches square with a spear from the back of a galloping horse is far from easy, particularly if the spot is on an opponent who is also moving at a more or less irregular rate. It seems that most medieval knights worked at it for hours every day. Most of this training took the form of tilting at wooden figures mounted on pivots and fitted with an arm in such a fashion that they spun around to fetch one a smart crack on the side of the skull if not struck in the right place.

A tourney was nothing but a kind of practice session for trying out what one had learned; a war game, a cavalry manoeuvre. Under the usual tourney rules, some three knights of known ability "held the lists" for a day or more; that is, pitched tents at one end of the tilt-field and met all comers. All

the young bloods from miles around would come to try a bout with them.

Three spear-runings constituted a bout unless one of the opponents were unhorsed or badly damaged beforehand. The *melée*, or general free-for-all tourney (as described in "Ivanhoe") was comparatively rare.

After a body of medieval knights had delivered their charge, they seldom made a second one. For one thing, good tactical control was lacking; the problem was a good deal like that of modern tanks in action. For another, a good many of the lances shattered under the impact of the first contact and a second charge on the same basis would have been impossible. This inability to deliver more than one charge, vaguely felt by medieval tacticians, without being clearly realised, was met in various ways. Tactically, the knights were usually formed in several squadrons or "battles" which charged in succession, thus attaining a repetition of shocks. And after the charge left the knight in contact with the enemy's ranks, he dropped his spear, and went to work with mace, sword or guisarme.

The mace was by all odds the favourite arm. Wielded from stirrup-height, it could deliver a smashing blow that would crack in anything but the very best and heaviest of helms on the head of a footman or break the visor of an opposing knight's helmet. The sword was less good; it frequently failed to bite on helmet or shoulder plate, thanks to the curvature. Nevertheless, training in the use of the sword was an essential part of the knight's equipment, as it was the preferred arm for use when he fought on foot, where it was used with an increasing emphasis on the thrust. When the knight was on foot, by the way, he usually discarded the ponderous concave tilting shield, and used a smaller kite-shaped or round affair, which could be employed to stop a thrust or turn a stroke. The guisarme and its cognate, the battle-axe, were for use on horseback against other knights, on account of the great reach and the leverage that could be obtained on a stroke with a swing of its long pole. Sword and guisarme training was done by hacking at wooden posts crudely carved into human form, or a mock combat with blunted weapons.

In the famous judicial duels, or ordeal by battle, there were two methods of procedure. In either case, the combatants were shriven as for imminent death and entered the lists in full kit. In one type of ordeal by battle, they thereupon fought it out, go as you please, till one of them was killed or had enough. Naturally, they usually started with lances, but it was not uncommon for the battle to end with both opponents on foot using swords. In the other type of single combat, the two ran three spears against each other; then stood side by side on horseback and took a specified number of mace or axe-strokes, the knight being struck at being allowed only to ward the blows. Then they got off their horses, and went through the same procedure with sword and mace. A judge of the lists kept tally on them, one or the other being judged the winner on each exchange, and the ultimate victor being decided on the number of rounds won—provided one of them was not killed before that. Quite a modern procedure which patrons of boxing would find familiar.

As the equipment of the knight became heavier and more clumsy, his entourage, at first consisting only of a squire, increased. In the final period of knighthood, an army was reckoned rather by "lances" than individuals. A "lance" consisted of a fully armed and armoured knight in all his ponderousness; two or three squires in armour slightly less heavy and good, who rode behind him, forming a second line when his squadron charged; a page to care for each of these; a couple of archers or cross-bowmen; and two or three servants who, armed in steel cap and leather jacket, formed part of the camp guard, or lined up with the infantry in battle.

In this later period of knighthood, a man did not attain the rank of a full knight before his thirty-fifth or fortieth year, the intervening time being spent as a page or squire and in the practice of weapons. The knights thus formed not only the best armed force in the army, but the veterans who had seen the most service and training and had come through a rather stern test.

But by this time the end of the knight was already in sight. Increasing power in firearms and increasing tactical skill in

the use of the long-bow (the knight's most formidable enemy till the introduction of mechanical weapons) had forced the armourer to load him down so that he became a pretty helpless individual after his first charge. In one of the battles in Italy during this late period, the only casualties were half a dozen knights who fell or were knocked off their horses and stifled to death in their armour. And about the same time the armour became so heavy as to deprive its wearer of mobility; and when a cavalry force loses this, it ceases to have any reason for existence.



OLD CAVALRY RECRUITING POSTERS

By J. PAINE.

THE recruiting poster is a document which needs no introduction. Its message is invariably short and to the point and, with its coloured pictorial features, is a great contrast to the old type of poster issued by individual regiments. Those circulated by Regular cavalry regiments over a century ago are of particular interest since only a few examples are known of and, furthermore, there is usually a reference made in these alluring invitations not only to the class of man wanted, but also to the type of horse the recruit would have the honour of riding.

The regiment which now figures in the Army List as the First King's Dragoon Guards was either sadly below strength or in need of an additional troop when, at the beginning of the last century, it issued the following poster : " First or King's Dragoon Guards, Commanded by General Sir William Augustus Pitt, K.B. A few Dashing Lads are now wanted to complete the above well-known Regiment to a New Establishment. Any Young Man who is desirous to make a Figure in Life, and wishes to quit a dull laborious Retirement in the Country, has now an Opportunity of entering at once into that glorious State of Ease and Independence which he cannot fail to enjoy in the King's Dragoon Guards. The superior Comforts and Advantages of a Dragoon in this Regiment need only be made known to be generally coveted. All Young Men who have their own Interest at Heart and are fortunate enough to make this distinguished Regiment their choice, are requested to apply immediately to Sergeant Tibbles at the Angel Inn, Honiton, where they will receive The Highest Bounty and all the Advantages of a Dragoon. As recruits are now flocking in from all quarters,

no Time is to be lost. And it is hoped that no young Man will so far neglect his own Interest as not to embrace this glorious Opportunity without delay. N.B.—This regiment is supposed to be mounted on the most beautiful, fine, active black Geldings this Country ever produced.—The Bringer of a good Recruit will receive a Reward of Three Guineas.”

If ever anyone deserved a reward and a few of the Bounties too, it was the man who thought out that poster. The regiment on whose behalf the appeal was made was employed many years later in quelling riots and thereby gained for itself the extraordinary nickname of “The Trades Union.” The name of the Colonel of the regiment which graces the head of the poster recalls that other Pitt, who, seventy years previously obtained a cornetcy in the King’s Dragoon Guards and afterwards achieved fame as a War Minister. A feature of almost all regimental recruiting posters of those days was the inclusion in bold letters of the name of the officer commanding the regiment and, in not quite such bold letters, the name of that non-commissioned officer who, since the appearance in 1706 of George Farquhar’s “The Recruiting Officer,” has invariably been referred to as Sergeant Kite.

In the latter part of the 18th century The Queen’s Bays issued a hand-bill asking for recruits for that “old and respectable Corps, the Queen’s Regiment of Dragoon Guards, Commanded by the Most Noble the Marquis of Townshend.” Prospective candidates were told they would “enter immediately into liberal Pay and excellent Quarters; they will be capitally clothed and mounted on some of the best horses in England, etc.” The position was summed up in a nutshell by finally announcing that “The Situation of a Dragoon in this excellent Regiment is most enviable and needs only be known to be coveted.” The Field Marshal referred to in this bill had been Colonel of The Bays since 1773. Eleven years later he secured for his regiment black facings in place of buff.

Recruiting notices were at one time features of local newspapers and very often would be torn out and displayed in a conspicuous position in the type of refreshment house likely to be frequented by men of the humbler classes. Such an announce-

ment as that asking for "Young Men of Good Character and Figure, ambitious of serving his Majesty, in the Third or Prince of Wales's Dragoon Guards," which appeared in the Ipswich Journal in 1770, would bound to have been exhibited in the numerous inns of Colchester, Ipswich, Woodbridge and Beccles, to name the four places where recruits were told that they could apply to officers of the regiment. Apparently they did not mince matters in those so-called good old times since the notice just referred to concluded with the following brazen announcement: "N.B.—Any Young Man, troubled with Inquietude of Mind, from Connections with the Fair Sex, or any uneasy Circumstance whatever, may, by enlisting in this Corps, find a Release from his Cares, and enter on a Life of Ease and Jollity." It is unnecessary to quote the whole of this particular appeal but it is interesting to note that those who read it were informed that to "save unnecessary Trouble none need apply whose Character and Figure are not unexceptionable." The regiment desirous of gentlemen with these qualifications was amalgamated fourteen years ago with The Carabiniers (6th Dragoon Guards) and became the 3rd/6th Dragoon Guards, only to be changed again to the 3rd Carabiniers (Prince of Wales's Dragoon Guards) which is the title it now bears. One of the best stories ever told about a cavalry recruit concerns a lad whose heart was set on a career in the Carabiniers. He appeared one day at the old recruiting office at the back of the National Gallery and opened out at once, "I am going to be a soldier, but I want to join the Cavaliers." The officer, a Captain Brownrigg, said, "I am afraid you are a bit late. Cromwell cleared most of them out, and what he did not kill he sent to America." "That is strange," said the youth, "because I saw one last week."

"Really, and what did he look like?"

"Well, he was wearing a blue jacket, blue trousers with white stripes."

"Oh, perhaps you mean the Carabiniers?"

"Yes," was the reply, "that is what I want."

The 1st The Royal Dragoons still possess one of the original regimental recruiting posters exhibited in 1764, two years

following the victory at Wilhelmstahl. Reposing in a frame this relic has hung for many years in the officers' mess and, though much spoilt by having been previously folded, its message may be read quite easily. Unlike some of the other posters this one seems worthy of reproducing at length :—

“Wanted Volunteers for His Majesty's 1st (or Royal) Regiment of Dragoons Commanded by General the Earl of Pembroke. All Young Men, willing to serve in the above-named Regiment, shall immediately enter into present Pay, and good Quarters, by applying to the Commanding Officer, at the Head Quarters in the City of Exeter, or at Axminster, Ottery St. Mary, Newton-Bushell, or with a Recruiting Party stationed at *the Devizes, Wiltshire*, while each Volunteer will receive His Majesty's full Bounty of Two Guineas and Half; with an addition of pay, and a Crown to drink His Majesty's Health; also a good Horse, Arms, Cloaths, and Accoutrements with every Thing necessary to complete a Gentleman Dragoon. Young Men wishing to be entertained as Royal Dragoons must be well made, and well looking, perfectly sound and healthy, having no bodily Infirmary whatever from the Age of Sixteen to Twenty-one Years, and from five Feet eight Inches and a Half, to five Feet eleven Inches high. No Tramps or Vagabonds need apply, nor any Seafaring Men; likewise Militia Men not having served their Time, or any Apprentice whose Indentures are not given up; nor will any Man be entertained that is not known something of, as it is the Intention of the Regiment to inlist none but honest Fellows, that wish to serve their King and Country with Honesty and Fidelity. God Save the King.”

One trusts that The Royals, after having gone to the trouble of launching such an appeal as this, were well satisfied with the results. It was just about this time that the regiment was ordered to be mounted on long-tailed instead of nag-tailed horses. A poor opinion of the system of horsemanship then prevalent in the Service was held by Henry Herbert, Tenth Earl of Pembroke and Seventh Earl of Montgomery, who was the first British officer to compile and publish a book on military equitation and who is depicted in the uniform of The Royals in the portrait painted of him by Sir Joshua Reynolds. A photo-

graph of the recruiting poster on which one notes his name appears was reproduced in a pre-War number of "The Eagle," the regimental journal of The Royals, and forms one of the many interesting illustrations included in "A Short History of the Royal Dragoons," published in South Africa in 1914 and compiled by Lieut.-Colonel (afterwards Brigadier General) Ernest Makins, D.S.O., who dedicated the booklet to "The Gentlemen Dragoons" of the regiment he then had the honour to command, and of which he is now full Colonel. It will be noticed that the expression "Gentleman Dragoon" is used in the old recruiting poster just referred to. Then in a Norwich poster of 1773 one reads of "Gentlemen Volunteers" wanted for the 4th Regiment of Dragoons, now the 4th Queen's Own Hussars. The type of recruits wanted, according to this poster, were those "whose inclinations are above slavery and whose hearts beat high at the sound of the trumpet." They were asked to "repair to Sergeant Fell, of the said regiment, at the Sign of the Valiant Dragoon."

Taking the regiments in the order of their precedence, the 7th Queen's Own Hussars would appear to be the next regiment with a recruiting poster worthy of notice. Though now an English regiment, the 7th is of Scottish origin and has as its regimental march, "In the Garb of Old Gaul." It particularly distinguished itself in February, 1814, at Orthes, the first battle fought by Wellington on French soil, and on its return home a few months later issued a recruiting poster which, by way of a start off, introduces the regimental nickname. "The Old Saucy Seventh, or Queen's own Regiment of Lt. Dragoons, commanded by that gallant and well-known hero, Lieut.-General Henry Lord Paget. Young fellows whose hearts beat high to tread the paths of Glory, could not have a better opportunity than now offers. Come forward then, and Enrol yourselves in a Regiment that stands unrivalled, and where the kind treatment the Men ever experienced is well-known throughout the whole Kingdom. Each Young Hero on being approved will receive the largest Bounty allowed by Government. A few smart Young Lads will be taken at Sixteen Years of Age, 5 feet 2 inches, but they must be active and well limbed. Apply to Ser-

jeant Hooper, Nag's Head, Norwich." It will be noticed that a public house was invariably the official headquarters assigned to the recruiting sergeant of those days. The cream of this particular poster lies in what immediately followed, "N.B.—This Regiment is mounted on Blood Horses and being lately returned from Spain, and the Horses Young, the Men will not be allowed to Hunt during the next Season more than once a week." But before the commencement of the hunting season of the following year the regiment found itself fighting at Quatre Bras and Waterloo under the eye of its Colonel, the illustrious Marquis of Anglesey, of whom so many portraits have been painted and whose name adorns the head of this recruiting poster. A framed photograph of this poster, presented some years ago by General Sir R. Biddulph, to the Royal United Service Institution, may be seen in the Museum belonging to that institution.

Thirty-one years prior to the exhibition of the last-mentioned appeal for recruits, the same regiment inserted a notice in the "Ipswich Journal" promising a bounty of Three Guineas to men who had been discharged from the recently reduced Light Dragoon regiments and who were anxious to take up soldiering once again. They could apply at Newbury or Colchester, where they would be "kindly entertained." The bounty money was a guinea less if the applicants were "very fine young lads" who had not served before and who were between the age of seventeen and twenty-four.

No discussion on old cavalry recruiting posters would be complete without mention of the two issued between 1803 and 1812 by the regiment which, prior to the post-War amalgamation of certain mounted units, was known as the Fourteenth King's Hussars. Just picture the poorly paid clerk, the son of brutal parents, the workshop-weary mechanic, the hen-pecked husband and numerous others desirous of a change, standing in an East-end street over a century ago, before a poster bearing the following words: "A Horse! A Horse! My Kingdom for a Horse! Now my lads for the 14th Light Dragoons or the Duchess of York's Own. All you who are kicking your heels behind a solitary desk with too little wages, and a pinch-gut master—

all you with too much wife, or are perplexed with obstinate and unfeeling parents may apply to Sergeant Hammond, Rose and Crown, Whitechapel. You are quartered in the fertile County of Kent, where you have provisions remarkably cheap. Luxurious living, to the brave and ambitious mind, is but a secondary object, else thousands would repair to the Standard of the gallant 14th, could they obtain the honour of being received. Those of address and education are sure of preferment, your comforts in this Service surpass all clerks or mechanics, an hospitable table and capacious bowl of punch that will float or sink the little Corsican Chief. N.B.—Four Farriers are wanted and a Master for the Band. God Save the King.” Regarding the allusion of repairing to the Standard, it should be noted that the year 1834 witnessed the discontinuance of the carrying of Standards in Light Dragoon regiments and the Fourteenth, in common with other Hussar and Lancer regiments has ever since had only its Drum Banners on which to display its hard fought battle honours. The kettle drums which these Banners used to cover in pre-War days were borne on one of the famous Royal cream horses, the gift of King Edward the Seventh to the regiment. When one bears in mind the time of the circulation of the above poster, the identity of “the little Corsican Chief ” is easily recognisable.

The Colonel of the regiment would appear to have been forgotten in the poster just referred to but one is made aware of his existence in the other poster issued by this brave old corps about the same time. It was worded as follow : “A Horse! A Horse! My Kingdom for a Horse! The 14th Light Dragoons or Duchess of York’s Own Regiment, Commanded by Lieut.-General John, Earl of Bridgewater, Wanted a few young men of high character for this gallant Corps. You have the exclusive right of wearing the Black or Imperial Eagle of Prussia; your horses are of matchless beauty; your Cloathing and Accoutrements highly attractive, and smart young Britons inspired with military ardour whose noble and warlike minds are repugnant to the control of unfeeling relatives and friends, have now the glorious prospect of speedy preferment, as two additional troops are to be raised. Application to Sergeant Hammond, Rose and

Crown, Whitechapel, who belongs to this brave and invincible legion. A liberal Bounty, and a plentiful bowl to drink His Majesty's health and the downfall of his enemies. N.B.—Smart young Irishmen taken. God Save the King." It will be remembered that the same sergeant, to say nothing of his same headquarters, figured in the other poster of this brave and invincible legion. The note regarding the sons of Erin recalls an interesting fact in the regiment's career. Raised in 1715, the Fourteenth, between this date and the year of the outbreak of the Boer War, spent on and off no less than ninety-five years in Ireland! Little wonder the great novelist, Charles Lever, should have immortalised this particular regiment in his famous yarn, "Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon." Then there is the reference to the Prussian Eagle, "the exclusive right of wearing" which, happily, has been dispensed with since the late War for a reason which is only too obvious. This Imperial Eagle of Prussia so proudly alluded to in the poster had served as a badge for the regiment since 1798, the year of the adoption of the designation 14th (or Duchess of York's Own) Regiment of Light Dragoons. It should perhaps be added that the lady in whose honour this title was adopted was, prior to her marriage to the Duke of York seven years previously, Her Royal Highness the Princess Frederica Charlotte Ulrica Catherina, Princess Royal of Prussia. Hence the Fourteenth's distinctive badge, an emblem which is conspicuous in the headdress held by General John William Egerton, afterwards Earl of Bridgewater, in the portrait painted of him in 1805 by H. Eldridge. The subject of this old painting is entitled to mention since his name appears on this same recruiting poster. The son of a clergyman, he was appointed to the Colonelcy of the Fourteenth in 1797, a position he held till his death twenty-six years later.

It is interesting to note that this same Earl of Bridgewater was serving in the Twentieth Light Dragoons in 1781, two years before its disbandment. The present 14th/20th Hussars is an amalgamation of the Twentieth Hussars and the regiment which circulated the two posters just mentioned. Each was living its own separate and happy existence up to 1922. The former regiment, the fourth cavalry regiment to be numbered 'Twentieth,'

was not embodied till 1861 but it was granted permission to bear the Battle Honours gained by the old Twentieth Light Dragoons, a corps raised in 1791 and disbanded four years after Waterloo. Three years after distinguishing itself at Talavera, this regiment set up a recruiting office at Charing Cross for the benefit of young men anxious to make their "fortunes." Sergeant Kite's office on this occasion was advertised as being "opposite to the rich and flourishing house of Drummonds the Bankers, where there is more gold than in all France."

Unfortunately a recruiting poster of the Fifteenth (The King's) Hussars, issued after the Seven Years' War and still preserved in the Officers' Mess of the 15th/19th The King's Royal Hussars, is not wholly decipherable. One can, however, still read the following: "The King's Regiment of Light Dragoons, Commanded by General Eliott. To all Young Men of Spirit who love their King and Country. We hereby invite you to join your Countrymen in a Regiment which always distinguished itself in the most eminent Manner on every Occasion during the last War, so as to Merit the particular Favour of our Sovereign; who in Consideration of our good Services, was graciously pleased, in Person, to create Us a Royal Regiment, and to Name Us The King's Regiment. Young Men of good Character and Appearance who are willing to enter Volunteers may depend on the greatest Encouragement and the highest Bounty. You are desired to apply" The remainder is almost impossible to follow save for a word here and there, but it winds up with "God Bless Their Majesties." The general whose name figures in the poster, George Augustus Eliott, First Lord Heathfield, raised the Fifteenth as "Eliott's Light Horse" in 1759. He had a most distinguished career and is best remembered for his stubborn defence of Gibraltar. His portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds in the National Gallery is one of the nation's masterpieces. In a recruiting card issued by the Fifteenth in 1804 one reads that "The Highest Bounty will be given For a few Heroes now wanted to complete this gallant regiment and that applicants would be "genteelly treated and have many advantages pointed out to them" if they called at

certain named inns in Oxford Street, the Borough, Little Chelsea, and Croydon.

The fact that the previously mentioned Earl of Bridgewater was promoted in 1782 to the Lieut.-Colonelcy of the Twenty-First Light Dragoons, a regiment disbanded in the following year in consequence of the termination of the American War, must bring to the minds of many the three other Cavalry regiments which at different times have been numbered as the Twenty-First. The first regiment so numbered was raised as a corps of light horse in 1760 by the celebrated Marquis of Granby, the warrior of public house signboard fame. There is little to record about the regiment, but it is known from recruiting instructions issued in 1762 that no applicant was eligible if under 5 feet 5½ inches or above 5 feet 9 inches. There was also the extraordinary stipulation that "they must be light and straight, and by no means gummy." Then there was the all important matter of the bounty money. This was not to exceed three guineas and a crown, but officers were supposed to make every endeavour to secure recruits for less if possible. The recruiting centre was at Acton, but the regiment's early recruiting activities were carried on in the neighbourhood of Windsor Great Forest, a circumstance which accounts for the regiment being known as the Twenty-First Light Dragoons, or Royal Windsor Foresters. The military career of those attracted by its recruiting advertisements was short lived for the regiment was disbanded at Nottingham in 1763. The last regiment to bear its number, the Hussars (afterwards Lancers) of Omdurman renown, became the 17th/21st Lancers in 1922 on its amalgamation with the Seventeenth Lancers (Duke of Cambridge's Own). One of four historians of the last mentioned regiment, D. H. Parry, mentions a recruiting poster issued in 1768 which apparently was used in several regiments, the authorities leaving blanks for the name of the corps and its commanding officer. Since some of the many regiments not mentioned in this discussion would in all probability have used this exact or similar form of address when setting up recruiting centres, it will not be inappropriate to give a transcription of this curiously constructed appeal: "To all aspiring heroes bold, who have

spirits above slavery and trade, and inclinations to become gentlemen by bearing arms in His Majesty's regiment, commanded by the magnanimous, let them repair to the drumhead (tow, row, dow), where each gentleman volunteer shall be kindly and honourably entertained, and enter into present pay and good quarters—besides which, gentlemen, for your further and better encouragement you shall receive one guinea advance; a crown to drink His Majesty King George's health; and when you come to join your respective regiment, shall have new hats, caps, arms, cloaths and accoutrements, and everything that is necessary and fitting to complete a gentleman soldier. God Save their Majesties, and success to their arms. Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!" Who wouldn't enlist after taking all that in?

Visitors to the exhibition of Colonel C. de W. Crookshank's collection of military prints held at the Guildhall Art Gallery in 1931 were much interested in a recruiting handbill of the Sussex Light Dragoons. It was an attractive coloured etching and its appeal must have been irresistible to many patriotic youths. "All those," it began, "who prefer the Glory of bearing Arms to any servile mean Employ, and have Spirit to stand forth in Defence of their King and Country, against the treacherous Designs of France and Spain, in the Sussex Light Dragoons, Commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel John Baker Holroyd, Let them repair to Where they shall be handsomely Cloathed, most compleatly Accoutred, mounted on noble Hunters, and treated with Kindness and Generosity." Four cavalry regiments have at different times borne the number twenty-two, and the Sussex Light Dragoons was the second one to bear this number. It was raised in 1779 and disbanded four years later. Its Commanding Officer, the worthy gentleman mentioned in the recruiting bill, afterwards became First Earl of Sheffield.

Enough examples have been given to show how the Government obtained its cavalrymen in the so-called good old days. The wording of the various posters appears strange to us now, but a century hence the discovery of a 1914 poster bearing the now familiar words, "Your King and Country Need You," may appear equally strange.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

By ERIC WAKEHAM.

“WHEN you’ve seen one, you’ve seen the lot,” say the old Salts, referring in their sweeping statement to sea ports in general. There are few bigger liars than old Salts; and in this statement they exceed their own propensities. Docks are docks all the world over; a steam crane at Singapore may well resemble its brother at Seattle; but of the towns or cities behind them not one is identical, not one resembles another in character, aspect, soul or even smells.

Hamburg, as some writer has justly remarked, smells of bad beer—if you can imagine such a thing; London of mud, smoke and sea mist mixed; Cowes of that subtle aroma peculiar to Victorian withdrawing rooms; and Vladivostock of cod liver oil. Bombay smells of damp laundered clothes and frying fat, with a dash of cow byre added to taste.

As our taxi threads its way past bullock carts creaking on their unoiled wooden wheels, past tram cars clanking over points, we shall notice other points of difference. Here the massive bull of Shiva perambulates with nonchalant gait, holding up Rolls-Royces as he ambles majestically down the middle of the street, or blocks the pavement as he stops to munch at a wayside grain stall. None may say him nay; no one may thwart him, for he is holy to Hindus and appears by his behaviour to realise the fact. It is as if one of the more domesticated members of Whipsnade were to be found wandering down the middle of Bond Street in the busiest hours of the day. Nor is the prerogative exclusive to the Brahmini bull. Donkeys laden with diverse paraphernalia meander through the traffic; blue-black water buffaloes, with

a nudity of skin which almost revolts, drag ramshackle iron refuse carts and take their place in the vehicular procession of motor cars and rumbling dustbins. The more modern aspects of civilisation and of age old conservatism rub axles and pass upon their ways. Above our heads the air mail roars its way through a cerulean sky southwards to Madras.

The traffic is directed by a policeman dressed in blue smock, shorts, putties, sandals, and a discus-shaped headdress like a yellow plate. For protection from the sun and rain he wears an open umbrella, the shaft held up by his belt and shoulder straps. For protection against rioters and other ill-intentioned members of society, he wears a truncheon, hanging from a frog upon his belt. Under the self-supporting shade of his official gamp, both hands are free to direct traffic with gestures in the best tradition of the Metropolitan Police.

His is a varied existence. From the orderly round of normal routine he may at any moment be called upon to aid in quelling riots in the mill area, to remove from the tramlines hordes of political demonstrators who, to express the view point of their leaders, paralyse traffic by the simple expedient of lying inert in rows upon the ground. Tact will be required for there will be women amongst these passive resisters, and whatever the policeman does you may be sure he will be villified by his antagonists; and his family, in times of political agitation, ostracised in their village by their compatriots. Truly his lot is not a happy one, and it is to the imperishable credit of the Indian policeman that despite all the forces of disorder working against him he remains, and has remained, true to his duty and allegiance, worthy of his salt, and a fitting product of the system originated in a western land so long ago by Sir Robert Peel.

Surging round this island of law and order are members of all classes and creeds of this vast sub-continent and some, indeed, of foreign lands. Here is a gentleman swathed in the thinnest of white muslins, the podgy calves of his legs displaying to the public gaze a pair of bright blue suspenders to which are attached socks of a purple hue normally viewed only in youthful nightmares. Under the umbrella which he carries as a mark of

distinction his jet black hair glistens with oil in the refracted sunlight. He is from Bengal and can probably quote Shakespeare in English with a greater facility than most of us, albeit with an odd, clipped intonation and in cadences unfamiliar to the western ear. The requirements of commerce and of education are responsible for his migration from the easternmost Presidency of India to this most westerly sea port. He is the clerk *par excellence* of this illiterate country.

An Arab, in the flowing robes and headdress of the desert, moves haughtily along, swinging in one hand an amber rosary. Aloof and inscrutable, he beckons a taxi and directs it to the racing stables where a fresh batch of ponies, lately imported from Basra, awaits him.

Swaggering down the middle of the road are two men of magnificent physique. Dressed in voluminous white trousers, red and gold embroidered waistcoats, and with dark turbans wound jauntily round a golden skull cap, they march along, moving with the self-assurance of the hill man, with love locks curled coquettishly and a flower poised behind one ear. They are Pathans from the northern mountains. Frailer men shrink aside from their path and mutter prayers that they may escape from the hillmen's grasp. For these are the local Shylocks, who lend at exorbitant interest and enforce payment by the right of might and of fear. Our policeman will know them well. They form yet another problem with which he may at any time be called upon to deal.

It is not only the variety but the numbers of humans thronging thoroughfares, bazaars, open spaces, everywhere that strike the western observer. The place is teeming and every hovel even has, it appears, more than its quota of children and babies. When it is realised that, apart from the percentage of mature marriages, there were, in India, at the 1931 census, five and a-half million husbands and twelve and a-half million wives all under the age of fifteen, this is hardly a cause for wonderment. Bombay is an island and it seems that with an ever-growing population its limits of horizontal expansion will soon be reached. In two or three generations we may expect to see an

outline of sky-scrapers confronting the visitor and the striking seaward facade of the Taj Mahal Hotel dwarfed by the indigenous equivalents of the Woolworth Building. Such an outline would make a striking background to the approach by sea. If the growth of a mere sixteenth century fishing village into one of the first cities of the Empire is any criterion we may be certain that progress will continue. And that progress will be upwards.

The history of Bombay is interesting. If we walk to-day along the sea wall at Colaba we shall see descendants of the original inhabitants of the Bombay marshes plying their nets and catching fish which when dried produce that odd garnishing to curries—Bombay duck. The forebears of these swarthy fishermen, sole inhabitants of Bombay until the sixteenth century when Sultan Bahadur Shah of Gujerat ceded Bombay to the Portuguese. It was not until 1611, when a permanent British factory was established at Surat, that Bombay had any relations with the western Power which was eventually to acquire her by diplomatic alliance. In 1661 Bombay was ceded to England as part of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza on her marriage to Charles II and seven years later Charles II made over the town to the East India Company to be held at an annual rental of £10 gold “as of the manor of East Greenwich, in the county of Kent, in free and common soccage”—whatever that may be. The place at that date was a mere collection of islands, malarious mud flats and marshes, the habitat of fishermen. It was notoriously unhealthy and the local saying went that “two monsoons were the life of a man.” Owing to Portuguese intolerance, the place was shunned by the respectable Indian and Parsee communities in Gujerat and it was not until the British administration had taken charge that these communities entered.

Of them the most interesting are the Parsees, these followers of Zoroaster and descendants of Persians who migrated from Yezd when the Arabs overran their country in the eighth century. Though one of the smallest communities, numerically, of Bombay they are certainly the most prosperous, owning the larger proportion of the city and its environs. The Parsees

have a highly developed brotherhood, strictly secular, in which organised philanthropy allows of no beggar in the community. They enjoy an enviable reputation for business integrity and acumen, and it is to the Parsees that Bombay owes in large measure her progress and prosperity. One can easily recognise members of this community. They are fairer of complexion than the normal inhabitant, their young women often being quite lovely, judged by even western standards; and their menfolk wear a peculiar form of headdress, grey or shiny black, in the shape of a bishop's mitre.

Humility, in order to rise to higher spheres both in this world and the next, is the basis of the Parsee religion. The Parsee is born in the lowest room of his house and to this ground floor room he returns in death, thence to be transported to those grim Towers of Silence standing midst trees swarming with vultures awaiting their gruesome meal, on the highest point of Malabar Hill. The Parsee venerates the elements. Fire was worshipped by his ancestors in Persia and is still too highly regarded to allow of its pollution by burning the dead. Water and earth are almost equally respected. The Parsee has therefore devised a singular method of interment by which the fowls of the air pick clean the bodies of the departed and the bones of rich and poor alike crumble into dust and mingle together in a central well thus carrying out literally the teaching of Zoroaster that high and low must meet in death.

No conscientious cicerone will allow the visitor to omit a drive to the Towers of Silence however much the visitor may baulk at intrusion into the mysteries of the religious rites of others. As one sits in the quiet, peaceful garden surrounding these towers the mind, in unprejudiced detachment, reflects that perhaps the difference between worms and vultures is at the most merely comparative. Here, at any rate, the surrounding cypress trees point allegorically heavenwards as, indeed, do the five gruesome towers themselves. If the way is different the goal is the same.

Let us, however, cease from morbid speculations. Time is short and if we are to catch the mail northwards this afternoon,

no opportunity now remains for us to bathe in the Lidoesque surroundings of Breach Candy, nor, regrettably, to join the local European community for cocktails on a wave-lapped club lawn. We can but picture them in our mind's eye—parchment-faced from the moist and enervating climate (not that they will admit any slight on their appalling hot humidity), mute examples of the energy and efficiency which have for so long refuted the statement that "two monsoons were the life of a man," and have, indeed, by the aid of industry and science made the statement false. As our train rumbles northwards we cannot help thinking that it is these and others in various parts of India like them who have made our present journey even possible. They and their predecessors are worthy of our gratitude.

Bombay, city of our first impressions, *au revoir*! We shall return to you as we do to our first loves and, like the merest Paget M.P. or like the official retiring after years of intimate association, give you a valedictory blessing from the stern of a retreating liner.



ISMA-EEL SHOT THE FIRST ARROW.

Migrating—Hunting—Raiding with the Bedouin.

By CARL R. RASWAN, author of "The Black Tents of Arabia."

IN the past twenty-two years during which I have lived with the nomad of Arabia, participating in migrations, hunting, raiding and fighting, feasting and starving with him I was always happy when listening to his proud recital of his long line of ancestors ending with Isma-eel who was the first to speak Arabic "The language of the Angels." Isma-eel was the first to shoot an arrow from a bow, and the first to capture a wild mare which was in foal, in the red sand dunes of the Nufud, Central Arabia. Isma-eel not only rode this mare, but by inter-breeding with her colt, raised those foals which laid the foundation of the two hundred and forty strains and families of the Arab horse. No-one knows if there is a true base to this legend, but it is a fact that all light saddle horses anywhere in the world to-day can be traced back to Ishmael's Arabian Desert horses, the most famous of which are the Darley Arab, the Godolphin Barb, and the Beyerley Turk, the sires who founded the present-day British thoroughbred.

The Bedouins claim to be descendants of Isma-eel, son of Abraham and Hagar, an Egyptian slavewoman, and during my travels amongst nineteen different tribes in all parts of the Arabian desert, I have never met a more powerful, more warlike people than the Ruala, a great camel breeding tribe of 35,000 people with 350,000 camels and 7,000 war-mares.

The late Captain G. E. Leachman, who joined the section of the Shammar Bedouins (whom I happen to know very well, being the friend of various Shammar chiefs, and having migrated with the tribe in different parts of the desert) was in 1911 attacked by the Ruala. He escaped, but he had seen the united

tribes of the Ruala and described them as follows: "Looking from an eminence, the desert as far as the eye could reach was a moving mass of Arabs—while in the middle on a picked dromedary was the 'Markah' of the Ruala. This consists of a frame covered with black ostrich feathers, in which a maiden from the sheik's family rides in battle, exhorting the combatants to deeds of valour." ("A Journey in North Eastern Arabia" by Capt. G. E. Leachman. "Geographical Journal," Vol. XXXVII., London, March, 1911.)

Migrating is life—it is the pulse of the desert, it is the purifying fire of the healthy and strong in men and beasts. The migration of the tribes is a continual process of natural selections; the weak die off, so that the strong may live.

Once, however, a tribe gives up the great migrations and becomes a semi-settled people, living within a hundred or two hundred miles of cultivated country or the fertile lowlands of rivers, they lose their strong and healthy characteristics as nomads. Stagnation takes the place of migration. Diseases and sickness prevail. Ancient customs of honour, chivalry and morality are abandoned. They become a despised people, outcasts of the wilderness. They have to sell their camels and horses and buy sheep, goats and asses. Their sons and daughters mix with peasants (and the peasants of the Near East are not like our farmers in Europe). The men look for work in villages and cities or become soldiers. The late world war and the political changes in the Near East after this great calamity, have entirely altered conditions among the great tribes of Arabia. Inaccessible before the aeroplane and automobile appeared in the desert—these wandering Arabs are now at the mercy of the Mandated Powers. While I do not regret these controlling forces I deplore the way wealthy chiefs of the Bedouins have armed their slave body-guards with modern rifles and even machine guns and fleets of automobiles. Not only do they in this manner terrorise their enemies and their own clans and sub-tribes, but they are in the habit now of making regular trips with their friends, relations and slaves into the large towns in Iraq, Hejaz, Syria, Transjordan and Palestine and

there indulging in that immoral life of the Near East which is the curse of three continents. They return to their family and tribe with empty pockets and sick of heart and body, spreading terrible diseases among their own desert people. Respected chiefs have become despised by their tribesmen. Add to this the political influence after the war—the new border lines of Iraq, Transjordan and Syria, the great oil pipe-lines, the projected railway through Northern Arabia, the many automobile caravan routes and other modern “improvements” which may be most beneficial and of great advantage to our western world, but certainly inimical to the ancient honourable life of the migrating Arabs, and the future dangers may be envisaged.

Such spectacular scenes of an assembled tribe as Captain Leachman and a few others have witnessed will soon be practically impossible. I therefore look back gratefully to my years of wanderings in the wilderness of Arabia from which I have been able to bring back photographic documents of the real Bedouin life. As the Indians of North America have vanished with the passing of the buffalo from the plains of the West, so the Bedouins will disappear from the high pasture lands of the Hamad and Nufud deserts of Inner Arabia. The camels are being substituted increasingly by automobiles, lorries, railroads and even aeroplanes and tractors and the breeding of pack and saddle camels hardly brings any profit. The Ruala tribe (for example) formerly sold every year from seventy thousand camels upwards, to-day they can hardly dispose of a few thousand. Such tribes, already split by political influences, will soon succumb to economical conditions, they will have to settle near cultivated land or rivers, sell their camels and become sheep-breeders or peasants.

Twice during my life in Arabia I have seen the greatest of all tribes (the Ruala) assembled all together, marching twenty miles abreast through the desert with over three hundred and fifty thousand camels. At least one-fifth of the camels were loaded with tens of thousands of tons of tent curtains, provisions and other paraphernalia. Thirty-five thousand men, women and children, who day in and day out marched every morning,

strike their seven thousand black goat-hair tents and raise them again every afternoon or evening in a new pasture or near fresh rainwater pools.

One Spring we left the neighbourhood of the red Nufud desert. In fact some of the clans were still in the el-Labbe, the Eastern section of this red sand-dune world. After crossing the deep basin of Wadi Sirhan our tribe moved on to the undulating highland of Biyaz and into the gravel desert of the Hamad (which stretches from Wadi Sirhan into the neighbourhood of Tudmur in Syria, and East from Transjordan and Syria almost two-thirds of the desert towards the Euphrates and the Tigris).

The Ruala were on the war-path. The wife of Mijhem ibn Meheyd (chief of the Fid'an) had died. She was a sister of my blood-brother, Amir Fuaz of the Ruala. Mijhem asked for the hand of Tarfa, the youngest sister of the prince. But Fuaz had refused to marry this girl to his brother-in-law, stating in public that Mijhem's fifty-five years were not a match for his seventeen year old sister. The offended Sheik of the Fid'an was enraged and sought revenge for this insult. He had already two tribes on his side: the powerful Saba' in Syria and the still more powerful and warlike tribe of the 'Amarat in Iraq. In a short time he was able to attach six other tribes which were more or less hostile to the Ruala.

As the Ruala had advanced through the Hamad minor skirmishes had taken place between raiding parties and also there had been some more serious attacks by enemy automobiles. But we were also facing another, much more terrible enemy—famine! There had not been a cloud in the heavens for weeks. It was a most unusual Spring. By the time that we had passed Jabal Umm Wual (the very centre of the Hamad) we began to feel the effects of the poor, withered pastures and many dried up rainpools. Entering Syria we were making enforced marches, losing upwards of two thousand camels a day. The position became desperate. We strived to reach the range of hills that stretches from Damascus to Deyr-es-Zor (on the Euphrates river). The wells scattered along the

MNAHI (Chief of the Prince's Bodyguard), MATAR (Secretary of the Chief).



MIJHEM IBN SHA'LAN.

AMIR FUAZ.

RASWAN.

THE "MEGLIS," THE ASSEMBLY OF THE CHIEFS IN THE GREAT TENT OF THE RUALA CHIEF IN THE HAMAD DESERT.



Saddles and Stirrups have recently been introduced by chiefs, but plain headstall and nosechains are still preferred.



ARABIA—AT THE WATER HOLE.

foot of those hills, at Tudmur, Arak and other places and beyond the hills the upland of Nothel would save us. Here we found beautiful pasture grounds as we went by automobile on a scouting tour over a hundred miles ahead of our migrating tribe.

The settled as well as the nomadic population of Syria warned the French Government of the imminent danger which arose with the approach of this powerful and warlike Ruala nation. Tribal feuds and pasture disputes with the hostile Arabs in that territory would cause a general uprising and the French trying to pacify the two warring sections might be regarded as enemies by both of them.

The Ruala had made up their mind to enter the pastures of the enemies without asking for permission, as it was actual war between the Fid'an (and their allied tribes) and the Ruala with their only confederates the Wuld 'Ali.

The French, however, decided that the road between Tudmur (Palmyra) and Baghdad should be the boundary line and the northern limit for the Ruala. This arrangement allowed the Ruala to water their camels along the foot of the hills, but it did not allow them to pasture beyond the hills. When I approached the French officials in Tudmur, they told me that if the hostile chiefs came to a peaceful settlement amongst themselves (in regard to the pastures in Nothel) they (the French) would raise no objection. Returning to Amir Fuaz I pleaded with him to seek an understanding with his enemies, but in vain—he was too proud, and pride has been often the cause of the greatest calamities in Arab history. I offered to take matters in my own hands and meet the enemy chiefs to arrange peaceful conditions. After long arguments I was allowed to leave. Large numbers of the Ruala had already reached "The Road of Death" (as they called the northern line of their limited migration) and began to set up their tents in the very tracks of this historical caravan route.

I had left in an automobile and safely reached the war-camp of the allied chiefs. And a "miracle" came to pass.

Mijhem ibn Meheyd and his allied tribes agreed to make peace and retire with their forces and allow the Ruala to occupy

the rich pasturelands beyond the hills during the summer months.

"There shall continue war between the chiefs," Mijhem said, "but the people of our tribes shall live in peace and pasture wheresoever they like."

No matter how I tried—there remained war between the Shiyukhs (Sheiks) though the tribe at least enjoyed peace.

It was a wonderful sight as the Ruala continued their migration towards the promised land!

". . . they came with their cattle and their tents—and they came as grasshoppers for multitude . . . they and their cattle were without number . . ." (Judges 6, 3-5).

In the centre on a picked dromedary was the "Markab," the "Abu Duhur," the "Father of all Ages," the Ark of Ishmael! The ancient symbol of the tribe. It is a light wooden frame, covered with feathers of the wild ostrich. A maiden rides within this emblem of the tribe when the Ruala are on the war-path and approach their enemies. The "Spirit of God" moves this sacred banner and wherever the strong camel is led the warriors will follow and defend to their last breath the beautiful woman on her lofty throne.

Now, however, it was peace—and the sacred banner did not move in the midst of picked warriors, but with another guard of honour—the crescent-shaped camel-litters of the chief; women and children surrounded it. They were marching into the hills and beyond, into the fertile meadows, thick with a luxuriant growth of herbs and flowers.

The chiefs and their body-guards however continued their raids upon each other and it was in one of the four automobile fights in which I took part that I lost (besides some other good fellows) the best friend I ever met among the Arabs: Faris ibn Naif, the young Shammar chief, who's family "tented" with the Ruala on account of a blood feud amongst nobility of their own tribe.

SPIRIT OF SERVICE.

By MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JOHN MOORE,
K.C.M.G., C.B., F.R.C.V.S.

WAR may rightly be said to disclose the brutal side of human nature generally, but it shows up in fine perspective many individual instances of real heroism, patriotism, self-sacrifice, and a desire to do all that may be possible for one's country at a time of national peril and emergency. Though war, and the rigours of war, are more in keeping with virile youth, and it is usual to fix a limit of age in the enrolment of volunteers for active service, yet one of the most pleasing and exemplary features of the Great War was the fine spirit of service shown by men over the prescribed age and by those who from some physical disability were not altogether equal to the strain of front line service, but who wished to serve in some capacity. The easier times of Home Service or on Lines of Communication in theatres of war suitably befitted those of advanced years and disability classes. If they had a knowledge of animals they found place in Remount Depots and in our large Veterinary Hospitals where men from varying walks of life formed happy communities and rendered most praiseworthy service.

I call to mind a good many instances of the fine spirit and determination of elderly men to do their bit in their country's cause. One in particular I should like to quote. No. 13 Veterinary Hospital with a strength of 386 officers, N.C.O.'s and men was sent out from home to France in 1915, and was temporarily located in a meadow near Boulogne until its permanent location could be arranged. One day while visiting the Hospital, I noticed a man of advanced years in the uniform of a private in the Army Veterinary Corps and with a hunting crop in his hand,

driving the hospital water-cart. I asked the Commanding Officer who he was. He told me that he was a retired Indian Civil Servant. I asked for him to come and speak to me, and this is the substance of the conversation that ensued. "What induced you to join the A.V.C." "Well," said he, "I thought I must do something, even at my age and I am fifty-seven, and as I had come in touch with officers of the Civil Veterinary Department in India, and the Civil Veterinary Hospitals in Madras, I thought my services could be best utilised in your Corps, and here I am." "But," said I, "don't you find it a bit rough and uncomfortable sleeping so many in a bell tent." "Not a bit," said he, "I can rough it with the best of men, but I don't call this roughing it at all, and besides my tent companions are all nice fellows." "Well, I said, "I think I can better your lot. I want to select as many as 1,500 men for appointments as 'Sergeants A.V.C.' to place with units at the front, brigades of infantry, batteries of artillery, sections of divisional ammunition columns and so on, to be a connecting link between the unit and the Veterinary officer in charge; how would you like one of these appointments?" "Whatever you ask me to do, I will do," he replied. After a little training in the use of first-aid veterinary equipment, he was attached to a Brigade of Guards with whom he served through dirty and troublesome times, rendering most helpful and efficient service for eighteen months, so much so that he was mentioned in despatches with a recommendation for the distinction of a "Military Medal." After this period of time it was suggested to me that it might now be possible to make his lot easier by advancement to commissioned rank. I consulted the Quartermaster-General, who instructed me to approach the Brigade of Guards as to whether appointment as a battalion transport officer in the brigade would be acceptable or whether a Railway Transport Officer would be more suitable. The General Officer replied that the latter would be much the better appointment, and specially asked me to try and effect it. He was accepted by the Director of Railway Transportation, and I next saw him at Havre Base wearing the uniform of a commissioned officer. He was subsequently transferred to

General Headquarters 2nd Echelon as Railway Transport Officer there, and even continued with the Army of Occupation at Cologne after the cessation of hostilities. On one occasion when I met him I asked him how he liked his rank and new duties to which he replied "very well, but I always like to look back on the days when I was a private in the A.V.C." After the armistice he wrote me recalling his having been mentioned in despatches while with the Brigade of Guards and saying that he understood that he had been recommended for the Military Medal, but that he had not received the latter. Could I make enquiries as to the reason. I did so, and ascertained that the award of the Military Medal had been struck out on the assumption that it was hardly in keeping with his social standing. This was unfortunate, for it was his pride to have served his country as an ordinary soldier, and the award of a distinctive medal given to non-commissioned ranks in the field would also have been a source of great pride to him.

I may mention a few other instances which came under my notice. One, serving as a Horse-keeper (rank of private) in a Veterinary Hospital, and certainly not less than fifty-eight years of age, on being interviewed by me with a view to being selected as a "Sergeant A.V.C." for a field unit, was asked his age. "My official age, sir," said he, "is forty-five." "Pass friend," said I, "All's well," and he was confirmed in his appointment to a unit at the front. Another, who held the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel B.S.A. Police, retired list, brought a draft of A.V.C. men out to France in the rank of Acting-Sergeant. When the draft documents came before me for confirmation of acting rank, and I recognised an old South African friend whom I had not seen since he lay wounded after the action of Ramutsa on the western border of the Transvaal, north of Mafeking. I immediately went to see him and to ascertain why he had joined the A.V.C. as a private soldier. He explained to me that he had offered his services to the War Office in any suitable capacity without result, and as he wished to do something, he was advised to get out to France. Being used to horses he joined the A.V.C. I told him that I thought his place

was in command of a South African Labour Company, several of which were serving in France, and that I would speak to the Director of Labour on his account. This I did, and he was transferred accordingly to a sphere where he would prove most useful. Another, whose name is borne on the list of Peers served as a Sergeant in the A.V.C. until he was transferred to a Labour Company of Chinese in France, having had experience in China and in Chinese ways.

These are but a few examples of that spirit of service which inspired men in the hour of their country's trial. It is certain that the same experiences were met with in all other branches of the Army.

"Such was their choice—a humble place,

"What mattered dignity, or race,

"If they could serve their country's need

"Counting themselves as naught; heroes were they indeed."



LONGEVITY IN HORSES.

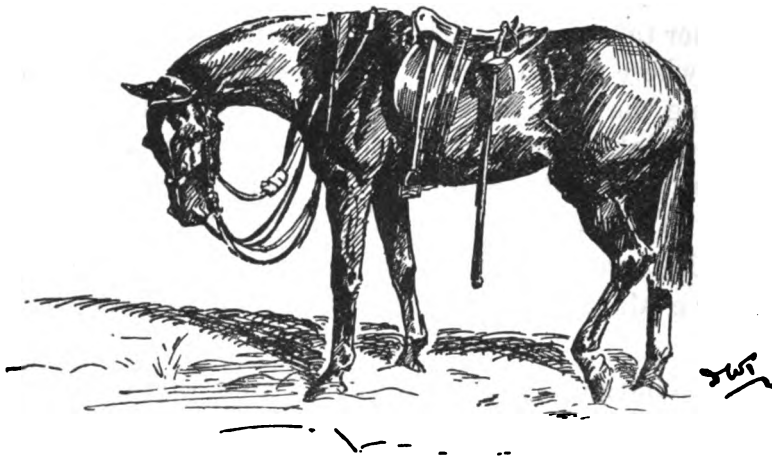
By MAJOR-GENERAL SIR NEVILL SMYTH, V.C., K.C.B.

THE Cavalry Journal in 1933 gave an account of the Australian 42-year old brood draught mare. Your readers are sure to be interested to learn of her being still alive. After foaling 34 foals, only two of which died young, she ceased to breed after 1932. She is now 46 years of age and her owner Mr. H. Fred Lampe, at Nebea, Coonamble, in the highlands of New South Wales, says she is in splendid condition and sends a photograph of her taken after a trip of fifty miles over rough country to Tumut where she winters. He says that he mouthed her, when taking the photograph, and found her teeth quite sound, except one slightly defective. She is still quite active, but is unbroken except that she was taught to lead, thus she has the advantage of never having been forced to work in harness.

The oldest age claimed for a horse was, also a draught horse, used on the Manchester Canal, which died in 1822, aged 62 years.

Among chargers, Frederick the Great's English half-bred "Tall Grey" lived to 35 years. The Duke of Wellington's chestnut "Copenhagen" died when 28. Sheridan's famous charger "Winchester" only lived to 20. Lord Roberts' grey arab "Vonolel" died at the age of 29. The writer last saw "Vonolel" at Queen Victoria's Diamond jubilee procession in 1897, wearing on his breastplate the Afghan Medal and Star which the great and good Queen had given him. Australia presented two horses to General Baden-Powell in the South African War, one of which was the typical charger "Black Prince," which lived to 30.

The following statement was published in the *Manchester Courier* in 1788: "A grey horse of the very uncommon age of forty-eight died last week in Manchester. He was brought there from Scotland by the rebels in 1745 and has since been in daily use drawing a milk-cart about the town so that his extreme age is within the knowledge of most of the inhabitants."





THE 46 YEAR OLD BROOD DRAUGHT MARE. MARCH, 1936

"TENDWABHAI."

By CAPTAIN R. K. M. BATTYE.

HOT weather in a small civil station in the Central Provinces. It is noon, and the punkah over the Forest Officer's table swings lazily. Outside in a peepul tree a little green barbet strikes up its midday chime.

"Tonk—tonk—tonk."

A chuprassi approaches the office door and after a word with the punkah coolie enters: he raises his hand to his forehead.

"Dipti Sahib salaam deta hai."

Rigby the D.F.O. reached for his topi and stick, and putting on his Crooke's glasses walked across the kutchery compound to the Deputy-Commissioner's office, followed by his bull terrier Bonzo.

"Look here, Rigby, old man, take a pew," began the Deputy-Commissioner, "I've just had a report from the Tahsildar at Taghalab that two nights ago a panther entered the village of Bastipur, climbed on to the roof of the headman's house and killed the unfortunate fellow! The report says that the animal was seen by the deceased's wife who was heard by the chowkidar to scream, and the latter almost immediately afterwards saw the animal bound over the fence out of the village."

"H'm—" murmured Rigby. "That's victim number eleven in that tahsil during the past three months, if I'm not mistaken. Any of the corpse consumed this time?"

"No, just throat torn out as usual. Must be the same animal, always satisfied with a drink! I can't make it out at all."

"N'more can I, because panthers don't as a rule drink their victim's blood—that's all a fallacy. By the way, have you had any applications from sportsmen to try for this devil since it's been proscribed?"

"Not yet, the advertisement was published in the Gazette in March after there had been five human kills. I'm considering putting up the reward to Rs. 600/-."

Rigby thought for a moment—"Let me see," he began, "What's it now? May 20th—that means there's still about three clear weeks before the rains break. I was thinking of touring in the Taghalab Range in the autumn, but I don't see why I shouldn't do a little preliminary inspecting there now. I've a good mind to go down next week for a fortnight. It'll be stinking hot in a tent, but still. What, did you say you were putting the reward up to Rs. 600/-?"

"Yes, I think the fellow who rids Taghalab of this menace will deserve a good Rs. 600/-."

"Right, then I'll go down and combine work with pleasure. By the way, can you let me have copies of all the reports you've received about the other ten?"

"By all means, I'll send them along. Or rather, what about coming round for a spot of dinner this evening? The Policeman is taking pot-luck with me anyway, and we can go through the reports afterwards and discuss them together."

"Thanks, I'd love to."

Nine o'clock saw the three men seated round a dinner-table on the Deputy-Commissioner's lawn. The host, Bradshaw by name, was a man of about thirty-five, tall, fair and intellectual, with a slight drawl. He had completed his education at Oxford and except for the first four years had done most of his service in the secretariat.

Hobbs, the Superintendent of Police, had been in the Indian Army during the war and had joined the Indian Police on being demobilised. He was of middle height with dark hair and a moustache, and the colour of his complexion was like that of French vermouth. A shrewd man who knew his job and he always had a twinkle in his eye.

"Well," went on their host towards the end of the meal, "I've read through all the reports again and it would appear that the menace confines his depredations to villages within a 15 mile radius of Taghalab itself."

“ Who were the other unfortunate victims besides the ‘lumbadar’ of Bastipur?, ” put in the Policeman who had recently returned from leave ex-India.

Bradshaw reached for the file on a small table by his side.

“ Here’s the list, ” he went on :—

“ (1) On February 23rd, at 9 p.m., while passing through the Dharkhora ravine 3 miles from his house, Fateh Chand, bunniah—throat torn out! (2) On February 25th, at 4.30 a.m., while making his way to a field near Pipri, Chain Singh, zamindar—throat torn out! (3) On March 1st, at 11 p.m., on the Nagpur Road, 6 miles from Taghalab, taken from a bullock cart, two women—Necks broken and bodies badly mauled.

And so on, total 2 bunniahs, 3 zamindars, 2 women, 1 revenue accountant, 2 wood-cutters and lastly a village headman : and all killed during the hours of darkness! ”

“ And the last state of that panther would seem to be no better than the first, ” put in Hobbs, “ as it has eaten none of its victims. I can’t understand its mentality at all. It must make human kills for the sheer delight of pitting its wits against those of man, while in the meantime it actually feeds off hares or wild pig. I ask you—imagine the brute entering a village, clambering up on to the roof of a house and working its wicked will up there in the moonlight with the victim’s wife not 3 yards away! It’s almost incredible! ”

“ Almost uncanny, ” corrected Rigby. “ I’m not relishing the prospect of a fortnight’s camping in that neighbourhood in the very least, but it ought to be damned exciting if I do get on the brute’s tracks. There’s a Yogi who lives by himself somewhere on one of the hills in the Taghalab Range : I’ve a good mind to invoke his assistance. They say he’s very much venerated by the people round those parts as he has a peculiar influence over animals. I’ve forgotten what he’s called—some name like Tendwabhai or something. They say, too, he’s a bit of a shikari in his own way. ”

At 11 o’clock the party broke up. Rigby had decided to leave the following morning and make an early start, and he still had some odds and ends of packing to complete.

"Well, good night Rigby and good luck to you, and mind you don't get eaten yourself, you'd be the first ! Let me know how you get on sometime."

"Good night Burra Sahib, and thanks for the dinner. 'Night O,' Hobbs old boy, I bet you're as sick as mud you're not coming too, eh ?"

"Well, I wouldn't mind a bit of excitement. Life on leave at home is very tame, but I've got a lot of arrears of work to catch up. Good night."

* * *

Soon after 10 a.m. the following morning Rigby's car boiled its way up through the Dharkhora, past some sacred stones smeared with red paint, and on into Taghalab. There the D.F.O. was met by the Range officer and some forest guards. The car was then parked in one of the tahsil godowns, while the kit was packed with a couple of tents into two waiting bullock carts.

The camp was to be pitched some 4 miles further on among the hills where the sal jungle was dense and there was a certain amount of tree marking to be inspected. A convenient trickle of a stream flowed past the camp site out of the hills : it had its origin in a spring some two miles further up, and it was near this spring that the ascetic Tendwabhahi abode. Rigby sent one of his Forest guards to summon him as soon as the camp was pitched. Bonzo, bull-terrier, amused himself sniffing round his new environment, while his master spent the time between tea and sundown studying his maps, made enquiries from the local people as to whether any fresh pug marks had been seen in the neighbourhood and generally getting his equipment sorted.

At 7.30 p.m. the Guard returned with the news that the Yogi was not to be found in his usual dwelling by the spring. It was known that he had a small sanctum in a cave somewhere higher up among the rocks, but as the man was not sure of the place he had left a note in Hindi asking the ascetic to come down to the Jangli Sahib's camp early on the morrow. He had also left six mangoes with the note as a token of veneration and esteem.

It was a stifling hot night with a moon in its second quarter casting gaunt, sombre shadows on and around the camp. Rigby had his bed placed outside the tent door and Bonzo lay on the dhurri by the bedside. An owl flew noiselessly by and alighted in a tree behind the servants tents : the under-current twittering buzz of crickets had ceased and all was quiet save for the occasional drone of mosquitos and the drumming of a tom-tom which throbbed through the night from some distant village. After midnight Rigby slept like a log until dawn.

At 6 a.m. came Abdul with a tray of chota hazri. Bonzo was wont to share it with his master, but this morning there were no paws on master's bed at 6 a.m. Where could Bonzo be ? Rigby whistled but in vain : a search was instituted by the servants but not a trace of the bull terrier could they find. Rigby cursed himself for not chaining the dog to the leg of his bed and eventually resigned himself to the thought that Bonzo must have strayed during the night and been seized by some wild beast. Poor Bonzo !

“ Your Honour sent for me,” said a voice from the tent verandah.

Looking up from his plate of grape-nuts Rigby saw an almost naked fakir standing outside the tent grinning towards him. The man's tawny hair was long and dirty and reached to his shoulders which were powdered with ashes. His eyes were fierce and intelligent, almost malevolent. He had no front teeth and when he grinned his gums and eyeteeth showed. In one hand was a string of brown beads and in the other a pair of long metal tongs.

“ Oh, are you Tendwabhai ? ”

“ At Your Honour's service.”

“ Well, just wait a few minutes till I've finished my breakfast will you ? And then I'll see you.”

“ Koi hai ! Abdul, take this fellow behind and offer him a mug of tea.”

Ten minutes later Rigby was seated in a Roorki chair outside his tent, with the Yogi in the lotus attitude on the ground in front of him.

"To get down to brass tacks," Rigby began—"I want your assistance in trying to rid this neighbourhood of a panther which has for the past three months been the terror of Taghalab. You must have heard all about it. It is believed that the animal lives somewhere in these jungle-clad hills. And I first of all want to know if you can put me on to any particular nullah or section of the jungle where you think we are likely to be successful soon. Of course you will reap a very handsome reward if and when we do bring the creature to book."

Tendwabhai sat silent for a moment fingering his beads, then he looked up and said :

"Among some large boulders at the top of a certain nullah which runs down steeply into the Dharkhora there are some caves. In these caves there sometimes dwells a panther, a female: she has been barren now for the past 6 years and is extremely cunning. Whether it is she or some other animal that is responsible for all these ghastly crimes this hot weather, who can tell? Your Honour's humble servant can but advise and assist the 'caretaker of the poor' in trying to bring about her destruction. I venture to suggest that it would be useless trying to beat or smoke her out in the daytime, for she is much too cunning for either of these common methods to succeed. The only way will be for Your Honour to take up a position just before sundown to-night in a place that I will disclose. I will have arranged by then for a goat-herd to graze his flock of goats quietly up the nullah past the panther's lair. One of the kids which has previously had a rope fastened round its neck will be tied quietly to a bush or small tree in front of where Your Honour will be in hiding. The panther is certain to be watching the progress of the flock and, if the goat-herd is clever, she will not perceive him slip the end of the rope quickly over the stump in passing. The flock will pass on and the kid will be left unheeded and alone, and when all is quiet save for an occasional plaintive bleat then will the panther come noiselessly forth and spring on the innocent creature. And then Sahib, may Your Honour's aim be true and may your humble servant's reward be in accordance with whatever is considered fitting."

“ Well, there’s no harm in trying out this plan anyway—very good idea Yogi-ji. You will, of course, sit in hiding with me? I feel that with you by my side I am certain to see the panther.”

“ Your Honour will see her anyway,” replied the ascetic. “ I will be close at hand to see that all goes well, but there is only room for one man’s frame in the place in which Your Honour will be hiding.”

“ Very well then, you had better start off now and arrange about the goats. I will ride over in the afternoon and meet you at the top of the Dharkhora at half-past five.”

Rigby arrived at the trysting place a little late. Leaving his horse on the main road with his orderly, he silently followed the ascetic through the jungle along a narrow winding path which led right up out of the Dharkhora. On reaching the top they bore right-handed and soon came to the head of a dry but rocky water-course with a little withered grass and a few stunted corrunda bushes growing up between the boulders.

“ In here,” whispered Tendwabhai indicating a broad fissure between two rocks screened by a low bush growing up just in front, “ this will be the best place in which to hide. And there in front is the stump over which the kid’s rope will be slipped. Now I will go back by the way we have just come and start the herd grazing up the nullah. I think it would be best, provided Your Honour has no objection, if I stayed below with the horses, as once the panther hears the goats coming she will be on the alert and may notice me return here.”

“ All right, buzz off and start the show, and you might do a bit of poojah while you’re about it.” said Rigby loading up his double-barrelled .400 bore rifle.

The sun had set and the sound of tinkling bells mingled with the bleating of the goats was wafted up the nullah on the evening breeze. Presently a nanny came in sight nibbling at the odd tufts of grass and standing up on her hind legs here and there to reach some succulent acacia leaf. The tinkling became louder as the herd approached. A small boy was leading a kid by a short rope on the end of which was a loop. As the herd

sauntered past, the boy unostentatiously slipped the noose over the appointed stump, and the herd grazed on.

Dusk, and a lonely kid! The tinkling bells were far away. From a cleft in the rocks, and over the top of a low bush a rifle pointed towards the tethered animal, now lying down resignedly. All at once it rose to its feet, and stared fixedly for a few moments at the higher rocks to the left of and behind the place where Rigby sat hidden. Then, giving a plaintive little bleat it lay down once more. What had it seen or imagined?

It was getting darker and Rigby was beginning to wonder if the moon would give sufficient light for him to shoot by if the panther delayed its arrival much longer.

Then suddenly, a grey form glided stealthily up the far side of the water-course: it paused for an instant behind a rock, then, with a blood-curdling and ghoulisn hiccough it hurled itself on the unsuspecting kid.

Rigby's heart thumped loudly, missed two beats then settled down again to its normal course. Slowly he raised the rifle to his shoulder, steadily he took aim, but the target presented was only the animal's hind quarters, not a good shot to take. And, surely, that tail,—it was much too short and bushy for a panther! gradually the rifle was lowered. "Yes, I thought so, high withers, low quarters, bushy tail, what else but a hyena, blast the brute!" Rigby was just about to raise the rifle again when the animal whipped round and stared in the same direction and manner as the goat had done five minutes earlier. Then with another fearsome cackle it bolted!

Rigby followed the direction of its gaze over his left shoulder, and there, silhouetted against the opalescent evening sky with the moon light shining on its glossy spotted coat and looking down at him from a distance of 15 feet crouched a panther, just about to spring! Rigby lost not a moment in swinging the rifle to his shoulder, but in that instant the animal turned and sprang back a yard or two; he was just in time, however, to draw a bead on its hindquarters and fire before it disappeared among the rocks and jungle behind.

There was nothing for it but to get back to the horses and camp and do the ‘ follow-up ’ next day.

Rigby scrambled down to the road where his orderly and the horses were waiting. The former on being questioned regarding the Yogi replied that he had gone down the road half an hour before to do ‘ poojah ’ at the red stones 5 furlongs down.

“ Oh well, I suppose he’ll find his own way back home when he sees we’ve gone on,” murmured Rigby, “ he must have heard the report and will guess there’s a wounded panther about so will avoid the jungle.”

The following morning Tendwabhahi did not put in an appearance. The party consisting of Rigby, the Ranger, 2 Forest guards and a tracker set out prepared to follow up the wounded panther and arrived at the Dharkhora thinking the Yogi might perhaps join them there, but not a sign of the ascetic could they see.

On top of the rocks overlooking the remains of the kid was a splash of blood. The party searched around and presently the tracker came upon some more, quite a trickle on a flat stone. They followed the direction of the trickle over hard ground. More splashes on grass and leaves were found. The trail led up hill and away from the Dharkhora then along the top of the range. On and on it went, here a smear on some dry grass, then a few spots on the ground. One mile—two miles—then it started to get fainter; and finally the blood gave out altogether.

It was 3 o’clock in the afternoon. Rigby decided to make a short cut for camp, have some tea and perhaps continue the search in the evening. One of the Forest guards and the tracker were sent back to bring the horses round to camp while Rigby, the Ranger and the other guard walked on together. After about twenty minutes the party came to some large boulders, black volcanic rocks that stood out stark from the surrounding jungle. Two hundred feet below was the source of the stream that flowed past the camp.

“ It is among these rocks, Your Honour, that the Yogi Sahib is supposed to have his summer dwelling,” volunteered the Forest guard—“ his main abode is down below by the spring half a mile on.”

"Well shout for him and see if he's about anywhere. I don't know why he has deserted us all day; perhaps he is offended that we went home without him last night."

"Yogi-ji! Ai-Yogi-jee! Ai Tendwabhai Yogi-jee!" shouted the guard.

No answer.

Then once again —.

All listened. A faint subterranean bark was heard!

"What was that?"

Again a hollow muffled bark.

"Bonzo—by God!"

The party searched among the boulders, following the direction of the barks.

"In here," said the Ranger at last, "somewhere under this rock. Look, here's an opening."

They all crowded round and peered in. It was dark inside. Rigby lit his petrol lighter and squeezed in. Underneath there was more room and he could walk in a stooping position.

"Bring in some dry grass and we'll make a torch," he shouted back to the Ranger outside. "Bonzo, you devil, where are you?" The torch came and lit up the interior of the cavern which went on ten yards then turned a corner. The three men proceeded with caution. A plaintive whine came from the depths and they hurried on.

"Hullo, what's this?" Something bright was leaning against the side of the cavern and shone in the torch-light. It was a pair of flat metal tongs kept in place by two large stones, and, tethered to it by a piece of hide, was an unhappy Bonzo!

As his master untied him he squirmed with delight, then, without waiting to be patted or caressed he bolted out into the sunlight with his tail between his legs!

Round the corner they came on it: lying on its back, dead, with a terrible bullet wound in the stomach, its dirty tawny hair smeared with blood, its eyes staring up at the cavern roof and its upper lip drawn back in a fiendish snarl over an expanse of gum and two long pointed eye-teeth—Tendwabhai, ascetic and man-killer!

HAND-TO-HAND WITH A BOAR.

By "HINDU HORSEMAN."

THIS is a tale of the boar, of three Subalterns of Horse, Len, Beau, and Addige, and of a very memorable hunt.

In the year 19—, the Lucknow Lancers were quartered in the large civil and military cantonment of Poona, in Western India. Poona was, in those days, a first-class sporting centre, which embraced almost every kind of activity, including hunting, polo, and pig-sticking.

All these could be enjoyed at prices within the limited means and light purse of the average young officer. The Subalterns of the Lucknow Lancers were, as might be expected, particularly keen on pig-sticking. The cream of the hog-hunting country lay between Poona and Dhond, a large railway junction about forty miles east of Poona, along the banks of the Bhima River. The Madras and Southern Mahratta Railway, which threaded the jungle between Poona and Dhond, was the key to the area. The railway afforded cheap facilities for the transport of men and horses, and the tiny wayside stations formed centrally-placed bases from which to conduct operations against the wild boar.

One week-end towards the end of March, a meet of the Tent Club, as these organisations are styled in India, took place at the railway station of Khedgaon. Seven "spears"—hunters—turned out for this meet, including the Doctor and three Subalterns of the Regiment, Len, Beau and Addige. Though young, they did not lack experience and had served a strict apprenticeship at the sport under older officers, who were themselves veteran hunters.

Camp was cosily pitched under the shady trees near the station. After dinner, plans were made for the next day's sport, the evening ending up with the old hog-hunting songs and "The Boar's my theme, the mighty Boar," sung in rousing

chorus. But on these occasions, "early to bed" is the Golden Rule, and they were soon tucked-up and asleep in their camp-beds.

Called by their Indian servants while it was yet dark, the hunters swallowed a cup of hot tea, swung into the saddle, and rode off, spear in hand, to the meet. Here about a hundred beaters were assembled under the command of "Buldhoo," the crafty old head-*shikaree*.

To an unaccustomed eye, the beaters presented an odd appearance. Clad only in a loin-cloth, with their heads swathed in voluminous coloured *puggarees*, they were equipped with staves, tom-toms, and primitive fireworks, and accompanied by lean wolfish-looking hounds. Although not much to look at, however, they are brave men and keen sportsmen who will toil all day in the hot sun for a few pence and the hope of a good meal of hog's flesh at the end of it.

The arrangements for the hunt were soon made. "Doc," said Len, "take your heat over there to the small '*tope*' of trees and look out to the east, while Addige, Beau and I lie-up in that clump of rocks and watch to the south. 'Buldhoo' will beat down the *nullah* as we arranged last night."

These movements were soon carried out and the hunt began. Walking slowly in an extended line, the beaters combed out the *nullah* and its banks, to the accompaniment of loud shouts and the beating of tom-toms. The varied life of the jungle flew or scuttled away before them including crows, pigeons, mynahs, hawks, mongoose, or an odd iguana. But not a sign of a boar. For the waiting hunters, it was a time of trial. The sun rose steadily higher and its rays grew fiercer. The rocks began to radiate heat and were soon too hot to sit on or to touch. Rivers of sweat ran off the watching "spears" as they waited silently in ambush.

Suddenly Addige jumped to his feet and pointed with outstretched spear. "Hog, hog!" he cried, "Gone Away!, Ride! Ride!" Leaping into the saddle, he crashed off like a tornado, while Beau and Len followed him at full split, whooping and cheering with excitement.

Away in the distance was the boar, a lumpy, grey object—looking not unlike a small donkey—and moving at deceptive speed. At first, the hunters, although pushing their horses to the utmost, could make no impression. The going was terrible and was pitted with deep black cotton holes, any one of which would bring down horse and rider in one fearful crash.

Everything was forgotten, fatigue, heat and danger, in the mad passion of the chase. Suddenly the pig seemed to look larger; they were gaining on him yard by yard.

Addige drew up level with him and prepared to get first spear, but the wily old boar gave a sudden “jink” and dodged clear. Spotting a nearby cover of high cactus, the pig made for it at his highest speed, but not before Len closed with him and gave him a rousing thrust, which however, did not inflict a crippling wound.

The cactus was thick, thorny, and high, and afforded complete cover to the pig from the attacks of mounted men. If he was to be killed, other and more dangerous methods would have to be employed. The possibility of firing the cover, and thus forcing the pig into the open, was discussed. This idea, which seemed at first attractive, had to be turned down owing to the danger of the fire spreading and destroying a native village, which was close at hand.

It was then that the idea of going in on foot took root. It had been done before and with success. In the rough Deccan country, it was not an uncommon method and the rules for it were well understood. Beau, Len and Addige in that order from left to right, linked arms and, with spears held forward and downward, forced their way slowly and painfully along a very narrow opening into the heart of the cactus. What was expected to happen, and what had always happened before in similar circumstances, was that the boar, on hearing the near approach of the “spears,” would throw himself savagely on to the spear-points in a furious frontal charge, and die a fighting death.

This time, however, things worked out very differently. Either the pig was not on the direct line of advance of the

"spears," or, on hearing their approach, he made a detour to avoid them.

Hearing a rustling noise to the left, and seeing the cactus waving, Beau saw the pig on his left charging through the undergrowth and almost upon him. There was no time for the three "spears" to change front and face to the left. It was in any case impossible to do so, for the opening was so narrow that the spear-points could not be brought down to meet the new attack without the butts getting entangled in the cactus stems.

Beau struggled desperately to get his spear round, but had to drop it and meet the charge with his bare hands. "Woof! Woof!" grunted the boar, as he crashed in to take his revenge. The next few seconds seemed an eternity—a moment when the wheels of time stood still—to those engaged in that life-and-death struggle.

Beau grasped the boar by the snout and endeavoured to prevent him striking up at his stomach and tearing out his vitals. Len and Addige tried desperately to push their spears through the tough, leathery flanks of the boar, but without success. There was not room for sufficient leverage, and the spears hardly penetrated. One shaft broke. Nevertheless, the steady pressure exerted by the two men on the pig's body kept him from closing with Beau and finishing him off. No men could have fought more heroically or done more than these two.

Beau was, by this time, in a bad way. The pig, his red eyes blazing, squealing with rage and pain, was striking with his curved razor-like tusks again and again. Beau's right hand had slipped from the boar's hairy snout, and the pig had seized it with his teeth and was chewing it. One slashing cut from the boar's tusks had punched a gaping hole in his left arm and had severed the main artery, the blood from which was spouting like a fountain.

At this moment, when grim death stared him in the face, Beau remembered his revolver. In the Western India Club, where he used to spend odd evenings of his leisure reading, he had come across some old volumes of the "*Asia Sporting Magazine*," printed in Calcutta in the days of long ago, and

describing the ancient sport of "Hog-Hunting" as it was pursued in those days. The top-hatted ancients strongly recommended that sportsmen, while pursuing the hog with the spear, should always carry a short horse-pistol in case of a sudden emergency. Beau had adopted this idea and, in spite of some light-hearted chaff from his pals, used to carry a short-barrelled .450 farrier's revolver, loaded in five chambers.

Wrenching his right hand from the pig's mouth—the hand, although much mangled, was still warm and serviceable—he drew the pistol from its holster and clapped it to the boar's head, giving him all five rounds. The pig fell lifeless to the ground, and poor Beau's knees gave way and he, too, fell senseless on the top of his mighty adversary.

At this moment the cactus, dry as powder from the fierce tropical sun, and fired probably by the flashes from the revolver-shots burst into a roaring furnace of flame.

Len and Addige jumped for Beau and, in a trice, dragged him into the open to safety, where they made him as comfortable as they could, with a tight tourniquet in two places on the left arm, to stop the artery. The Doctor, who was posted on the far side of the cover to intercept the boar should he break out that way, rushed to their assistance and, with his field emergency-outfit, made a really good job of poor Beau, and certainly saved his life.

Putting him into a bullock-cart lined with straw, they escorted him slowly and gently to the railway, where they stopped His Majesty's Mail in full career by standing on the line and waving coats and helmets.

A telegram was wired on to the hospital and a motor-ambulance was waiting at the station for Beau when he arrived, shortly after midnight. The surgeon gave him an injection of anti-tetanus serum and set to work at once on his wounds. Beau was in an awful mess, drenched in blood, full of cactus thorns and wounded in three places. However, after several months of skilled and devoted treatment from doctors and nurses, he was able to leave hospital in sound health and fit for work, though he will bear the scars of that terrible encounter until his dying day.

A BLACK PANTHER

By COLONEL F. A. HAMILTON, late 3rd Cavalry, I.A.

It was the hour of the siesta, the afternoon was hot, the flies were pestilential, the monotonous crescendo of the Brainfever bird alternated by the metallic tonk, tonk, tonk of his colleague in feathers, the Coppersmith, rendered sleep, so badly needed after a late night in mess and an unusually early morning parade, spasmodic and fitful. Looking out on the garden from the verandah of an Indian bungalow the aspect was anything but cheerful. The garden boasted only a few emaciated and tired-looking marigolds and not another green thing. The hot weather wind, sometimes known as the "Loo," rustled the dried leaves hither and thither round and round the drive until finally, tired of the monotony, they combined with scraps of paper, pieces of straw and other rubbish in a "dust-devil," a colossal wraith-like column of wind and matter which spiralled some hundreds of feet skywards swirling sideways until it struck the house and passed over and through it with a long drawn out peevish whine, carrying all before it and leaving havoc and chaos in its wake, more particularly amongst the photographs and papers on my writing table. This unpleasant effort of nature is by no means uncommon during an Indian hot weather.

Lying hot and dusty on my bed I was furtively wondering why we had ever gone to the trouble and expense of conquering India and still more so why we retained it, when out of the hot wind came a voice, respectful and dignified. "Hozoor, hozoor (Lord), it is Maloo the Shikari, great news Hozoor." The gist of the conversation that followed was, that a panther, and a black panther at that, had killed a buffalo calf near a village some 10 miles away. It was reported to be lying up in the rocky

hills near by. Would I come quickly, for such a chance happened perhaps once only in a lifetime. Could the "Cherisher of the poor" come this evening and sit up to-night over the kill; all arrangements had been made, there was a "Machan" ready in a tree close to the remains of the calf, only the presence of the Sahib was wanting to ensure the death of the Kalabagh (black panther), and the undying fame of Maloo the Shikari.

It was indeed good news and I knew that Maloo's information was usually reliable; a black panther, one of the most valued of trophies of the big-game hunter; I must go soon or it might be too late. Now my stable companion, he who shared the bungalow with me, was King-Harman, of the Royal Horse Artillery, as keen a shikari as I, and a great friend. He also had been disturbed by the dust-devil and having overheard our conversation was now standing at the foot of my bed.

"By Jove, that's topping, I'll come with you old boy," said he, "two guns are better than one on these occasions; hasty treacherous things panthers at any time and black panthers in particular at least so I have read in Rowland-Ward. You simply can't tackle him alone!"

"All right, come along, better be quick," said I. "Maloo, call my bearer and get us a good fast tonga, we'll take you out, starting at half-past three, sharp. I'll go and interview the mess-cook and fix up the food arrangements. Get the mess-rifle K.-H., its a double-barrelled, high-velocity, and safer for panther than our magazine rifles. We'll take them as well, of course."

I to the cookhouse, where followed a long altercation with the mess-cook, one Ramasawmy, a fat and oily individual "of fair round belly, with hot curry lined," who with many gesticulations objected to my suggestion that he should include a large tin of Pate-de-fois gras in the provision box.

"Extra charge, extra charge, sahib," he wailed. "I am very poor man, and this is contract mess, all sahibs wanting too much Inglis' stores, what I can do!"

"Look here, Ramasawmy, I'll bring you back the panther's whiskers and you can pound them up and make a beautiful love potion."

This had the desired effect, for natives believe that the whiskers of the panther contain very valuable medicinal properties.

We will not tire the reader with a description of the tonga journey in the heat of the afternoon; let it suffice that it was horribly hot, but what cared we for discomforts in those days when there was a chance of adventure? Arrived on the ground in due course, we inspected the remains of the kill and tossed up for the use of the Machan. The lot fell on K.-H. I had to be content with an improvised place of concealment between two large rocks from which I could see not only the kill, but the Machan as well. At five-thirty the vigil began and lasted until the early hours of the next morning, but no panther came. As the night wore on and the moon rose, every bush seemed to take shape and move, giving us false alarms and momentary thrills. The mosquitoes gave us no rest, the tree-frogs and crickets kept up a weird continuous twittering not easy to describe. In the early hours of the dawn came Maloo and roused two sleepy sportsmen. He had been reconnoitring and brought the news that the panther had left his hiding place of yesterday, but had not come our way.

"He may be amongst the rocks on the hill or he may be hiding in that rocky ravine where the water holes are, when the Sahibs have had some tea, let one try the hill and the other the nullah (ravine) and see if we come on him quietly," said Maloo.

We drew lots, the hill fell to K.-H., the ravine to me. I went with Maloo and his son went with K.-H. We "goomed" around until we were tired and thirsty. I sat down to rest for a few minutes choosing a rock from whence I could see the surrounding country, and looking through my glasses took stock of the wild rocky ravine. I could see nothing but rocks and jungle, not a moving thing except the vultures in the distance circling over the kill.

"Come on, Maloo, let's be going back to Camp," said I.

As we retraced our footsteps disappointment not unmingled with despair filled my soul. The news had been too good to be true, I thought, I don't believe there was any black panther, probably no panther at all! I was just about to express my

thoughts to Maloo in this vein, when he caught me violently by the arm and whispered in a voice full of subdued excitement.

"Look, Sahib, what is that black thing over there?"

I put my glasses and looked in the direction that he was pointing. A thrill went through every fibre of my body, my heart gave a jump. Yes, there, about half a mile away, lying on a rock between the ravine and the hill, was a very fine specimen of that rare and graceful animal, a black panther. We marked the rock carefully and also another rock higher above it, from which we fancied we could see him and get a shot at him before he saw us. After half an hour's careful and strenuous stalking we reached this rock. I crawled up and lifted my head to have a look and oh! yes, crouching on a rock under a shady tree not 20 yards from me, was the panther. He was looking in my direction, his ears laid back and his glossy back slightly curved. I could see his green almond-shaped eyes sparkling, his white teeth were showing as he snarled. He seemed to realise that some danger was imminent. For one moment I thought of the wonderful trophy that lay before me, then I raised my rifle to take aim just behind his shoulder. I held my breath as I commenced to press the trigger, when "crack," something struck a rock just above my head with a plop which I had heard before in different circumstances and could not mistake, with a roar and lightning swiftness a shining black streak bounded out of sight amongst the rocks. I heard a loud "d——, missed him," from K.-H., who had been on the same errand as myself, but from the opposite direction. Poor Ramasawmy had to go without his love potion; and I! What more can I say? "Kismet?"



NOTES.

Extracts from the Minutes of the Annual General Meeting of the Cavalry Journal Committee, held in the Council Room, Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall, at 3 p.m., on November 17th, 1936.

Present Lieut.-General The Lord Baden-Powell, G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., K.C.B., D.C.L., LL.D. (in the Chair), Field-Marshal Sir P. W. Chetwode, Bt., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., K.C.M.G., D.S.O., General Sir G. de S. Barrow, G.C.B., K.C.M.G., Major-General T. T. Pitman, C.B., C.M.G., Brigadier E. F. Norton, D.S.O., M.C., Major-General J. Blakiston-Houston, D.S.O., Brigadier C. A. Heydeman, M.C., Lieut.-Colonel T. Preston, M.C., T.D., Colonel R. Chenevix-Trench, O.B.E., M.C., Lieut.-Colonel Z. G. Burmester, O.B.E.

1. The Minutes of the last meeting were read and signed.
2. The Statement of Accounts for the year was examined and passed. The Account shows a Credit Balance of £669 2s. 5d., an increase of £9 14s. 11d., as against a loss of £80 12s. 9d. last year.
3. Field-Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode drew attention to the paucity of articles dealing with present and future developments in military training and equipment, and suggested that efforts should be made to obtain such articles.

CHANGE IN DESIGNATION.

His Majesty the King, A.O. 182, 1936, has been graciously pleased to approve of the designation of the 4th/7th Dragoon Guards being changed to the "4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards."

NOTE.

A regimental history of the 9th Queen's Royal Lancers is in course of preparation and the author would be most grateful if any available material in the way of diaries, descriptive

letters, sketch maps, photographs, etc., could be lent for this purpose. Records or information about sporting events would be particularly useful, they would be carefully preserved and returned when finished with. They should be sent by registered post to Major E. W. Sheppard, Gothic Cottage, Sandhurst, Camberley, Surrey.

HUNTERS' IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.

Sir Robert Spencer-Nairn, Bart. (Vice-President) presided at a Council Meeting of the Hunters' Improvement Society, and announced that the Hunter and Thoroughbred Show would be held on March 9th, 10th and 11th, 1937, at the Royal Agricultural Hall, London.

The schedule of classes for the Hunter section was passed for press, and would be available to all enquirers within a week or so. It comprised 13 classes for Hunter young stock and ridden horses, and three classes for Jumpers. The total prize money amounted to £875, and a special prize of £25 would be offered to the stallion siring the first prize group of three young animals by the same Thoroughbred sire, if such sire was one exhibited for a H.I.S. Premium at the 1937 London show.

The following ladies and gentlemen would kindly officiate as Judges :—

Young Stock Classes.

Major J. W. Bishop and Lieut.-Colonel Brian W. Robinson, M.C.

Riding Classes.

Major V. D. S. Williams.

Ladies Hunters.

Mrs. Oliver Gilbey.

Jumping Classes.

Mr. P. E. Blackmore, Capt. Alec. Campbell and Major A. Sowler.

Mr. L. St. Bel Golledge, M.R.C.V.S., of Sherborne, would act as Chief Veterinary Inspector, with Mr. W. Hughes, of Caerwys, Holywell, and Mr. A. Miller, M.R.C.V.S., of Bishops Stortford, as his assistants.

The price of admission on the Tuesday and Wednesday would be 3s., and 2s. 6d. on the Thursday. After 3 p.m. on all three days the price of admission would be 1s. 6d.

Premium Stallions. The Council had learnt with pleasure that grants for Premium stallions had been granted by the War Office and the Racecourse Betting Control Board. It had been decided to increase the value of each premium from £125 to £150 and therefore in 1937, 60 premiums would be offered in England and Wales, as compared with 65 this year. In addition there would be four premium stallions travelling in Scotland during 1937.

The Council further decided to award 14 special premiums of an extra £50 (making an inclusive premium of £200 each). These would be awarded to the winner of King George V cup, and to the Reserve Champion stallion, 8 to stallions, 10 years old and under on the 1st January, 1937, and 4 to stallions, 11 years old and over. The Council hoped that this increase of premiums would induce owners to purchase suitable young stallions and exhibit them for a premium. Early notice is therefore being given so that purchases can be made at a time of the year when suitable horses are likely to be on the market. The full schedule indicating the allocation of the premiums to the different districts will be available to stallion owners very shortly.

Brood Mare Scheme. The Committee in control of the Society's Brood Mare scheme reported that the Society had now 264 mares located with suitable custodians for breeding purposes, and that since the start of the scheme 408 mares had come under their control. 117 brood mares had been located during the present year, of which 109 had been purchased and 8 donated. There were a further 30 mares in course of location. 206 mares had been served this year, 14 not served for reasons accepted by the Committee, and 44 had been put out too late for service. Of the 134 mares which had been served during 1935, 75 had produced foals and 59 mares had proved barren. The Council considered this report very satisfactory.

Members were to be asked to use their influence with any local shows with which they are connected, to induce these shows

to include local district classes or confined classes for brood mares and young stock in their schedules.

ALLENBY MEMORIAL FUND.

To the Editor.

SIR,—Last May, Field-Marshal Lord Allenby, an outstanding character and a great servant of the Empire, passed over. His end came suddenly and quietly—just as he would have wished.

Above all his long services to his country, the Palestine campaign stands out—a model of perfect combination between the sea, land and air Services, and one of the most complete victories in history.

His successful campaign came at a time when the Allied cause was most in need of encouragement and, by eliminating the gallant Turkish Army from the field, it raised the standard of the Cross once more in that land, which for so many millions holds the most Holy Places in the world. It marked the beginning of the end.

No man sought the lime-light less, few men have been forced into it more. It is exceptional for commanders of note to escape hostile criticism, but even the sourest critic found little to disparage and much to praise in Lord Allenby's work in France and his campaign in Palestine.

When he died, there was, at once, a widespread demand that some form of National Memorial should commemorate his outstanding services and his successful command of the Army in Palestine, which included troops from all parts of the Empire.

The Committee formed for the purpose consulted Lady Allenby, who cordially agreed that there was ready to their hand an object beyond doubt suitable to the occasion which would have met with the enthusiastic approval of her husband, namely, The Allenby (Services) Club and Veterans' Association, Bedford Row, London, originally founded by Mr. James A. Malcolm and the late Major Haggard.

Lord Allenby was deeply interested in the welfare of Ex-Service men of all three Services, and had worked untiringly to

promote the success of these Institutions of which he had become President.

He knew that nothing detracts so much from the popularity of our voluntary system of service as the difficulty our men find on return to civil life in obtaining employment, and having some place, especially in London, where they can live temporarily in comfort and congenial surroundings, and obtain advice regarding the prospects of employment.

The Allenby Club provides for this, and is much used and appreciated. The cost of building and maintenance has been heavy, and Lord Allenby had hoped to raise fifty or sixty thousand pounds to put it, once and for all, on a permanent financial basis—not as a memorial to himself, but as a tribute which he knew the nation owed to the men of the three defence Services and their work for the Empire.

His Majesty the King has graciously given his sanction to the scheme. Field-Marshal H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught has become Patron of the Appeal which has the fullest support of the Service Authorities.

The Committee hope that the public of this Empire, despite the many claims on its generosity, will enable them to carry through this scheme for the benefit of Ex-Service men, which was so near to the heart of a great soldier and faithful servant of his country.

Donations should be sent to the Honorary Treasurers, 47, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

Yours, etc.,

ARTHUR, F.-M.

BEATRICE.

PHILIP W. CHETWODE, F.-M.

CARISBROOKE.

THE NATIONAL HORSE ASSOCIATION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Major H. Faudel-Phillips (President) occupied the Chair at a Meeting of the Council of the National Horse Association held in London to-day (Monday, September 28th), when 126 new

Members, including H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, K.G., were elected. This brings the membership to well over the 1,000 mark.

It was reported that the new publication "Where and How to Ride in and around London" produced under the Association's auspices had met with phenomenal success, the demand for copies far exceeding expectations. Other editions will be issued shortly embracing the Southern Counties, the West of England, the Manchester and Liverpool area, the North of England and Scotland and the Midlands.

Arrangements were in hand for the 1937 edition of the Horse Owners' Reference Book, another publication much in demand. The new addition will be as comprehensive as those already published and organisers of all fixtures in which Horses and Ponies take part are invited to communicate the dates, etc., to the Association at 12, Hanover Square, London, W.1.

Imported Horses. A most interesting Report had been received from Major James Paterson of the well-known firm of Messrs. Carter, Paterson & Co., regarding the suitability of Polish and South Russian horses imported into this Country. This indicated that, in the general opinion of purchasers, if the surface worked upon is hard and the pace fast, the animals have not the lasting qualities of British-bred stock. The imported animals are of hardy constitution and are temperamentally docile, their weak point being that their bone is not so hard as British-bred stock so that concussion renders them much more liable to ring and side bone, navicular disease and secondary and foot troubles.

In connection with imported Horses generally, it was reported that the Import Duties Advisory Committee were nearing completion of their investigation into the question of a duty so that their recommendations would soon be known.

In connection with the Association's offers of Medals at Country Shows this year, some 48 Silver Medals had been offered in Children's Riding Classes, 20 Silver Medals for the best-prepared foot under the Shoeing Scheme with 12 Silver and Bronze Medals for best-shod animals.

Horse Transport in London. A Report was approved in connection with the action taken by the Association in opposition to the Minister of Transport's proposals to restrict the use of certain streets to other than horse-drawn traffic. The Association is in touch with 91 Societies interested in the use of the Horse and upwards of 4,000 communications had been made. The Minister had agreed to receive a deputation representing the Association and the National Farmers' Union upon a date yet to be determined. Valuable expressions of opinions had been forthcoming from many firms and individuals, and especially from the Society of Coal Merchants and the Gas Light & Coke Company. These important organizations had expressed views which would be submitted to the Minister. The Gas Light & Coke Company were very much concerned at the effect which would be caused to their coke delivery services, while the Society of Coal Merchants had suggested that the price of coal would be affected if their Members had to undertake the purchase of expensive and, in their opinion, unnecessary motor vehicles. There was also the question of the hardship which would be caused to many drivers of horse vehicles who, being unfitted for other work, would be thrown out of employment.

Bravery Awards. Under the Association's scheme for recognising bravery in attempts to save the lives of horses, the issue of certificates to various Police Constables and private individuals was authorised. The cases related to rescuing horses from burning stables and stopping a runaway at great risk to life and property.



Obituary.

SIR FITZROY MACLEAN

By LORD BADEN POWELL.

THE 13th Hussars has lost its grand old veteran, Colonel Sir Fitzroy Maclean, Bart., who died recently at the age of 101. He had joined the 13th Light Dragoons, as we then were, in 1852. He served in the Crimea but was on the sick list on the 25th October and so did not take part in the Balaclava Charge, though he was present at the fight at Buljanak and at the battle of Alma and other scraps.

He afterwards rose to command of the Regiment in 1871 and retired in 1873. So there are not many now alive who served with him but I have been fortunate in getting a few notes about him from Mr. Fred Tuffield, one of the oldest members of our Old Comrades' Association. (Tuffield was trumpeter of the Guard, when I did my first turn of Orderly Officer in Lucknow so long ago as 1876!).

This is what Tuffield has told me :

“Our late Chief had a very deep affection for the Regiment down to the humblest trooper in it. His father had risen to command it and he in his turn served for twenty years in the 13th and commanded it.

He was with the Regiment in Canada when it was sent to cope with the outbreak of Fenian rebellion. I remember Sir Fitzroy telling me that a Canadian friend took him out shooting one day and when driving home in a dog-cart they were held up by a picket of rebels. As the men approached to question them his friend whispered “Wrap up your feet in the rug.” After

they had been allowed to proceed his friend told him that had the rebels seen his boots (which were evidently English and not Canadian), they would probably have shot him.

Tuffield also related to me an incident of the time when the Regiment left York to embark for Canada.

This was on the 11th September, 1866 (just ten years, to a day, before I joined). While getting the horses into the train Captain Joyce, the Adjutant, and his batman, Allen, joined hands to push his charger into the box. The horse lashed out, killing Allen and cutting Captain Joyce's head open. Sir Fitzroy was present and Tuffield said: I saw tears in his eyes and I think from that moment I loved him."

On the march to Montreal the Regiment stopped to water and feed and Sir Fitzroy ordered Tuffield to sound "Feed" and then to go into the restaurant and get some food and drink for himself. He always had a kind thought for the men.

On one occasion when the Regiment was on the march for Edinburgh the Colonel suddenly stopped the band playing and said "Trumpeter sing us a song." Tuffield writes: "I did so thinking it rather strange that he should prefer a song and chorus to the band music but no doubt the singing of the chorus all down the ranks linked his happiness of heart with his beloved old regiment."

Sir Fitzroy rode a big charger, over sixteen hands, bay with black points and not a speck of white anywhere. His trumpeter was riding a chestnut but he quickly selected another horse for him—a good-looking bay to match his own.

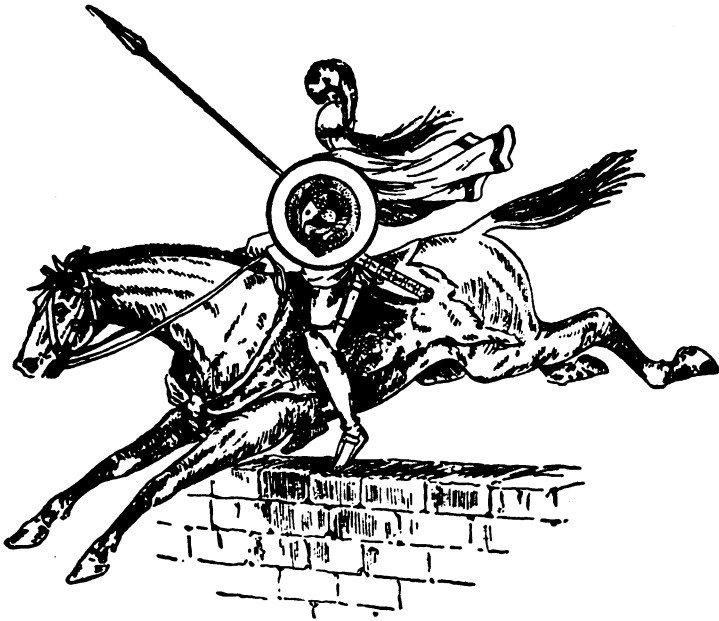
When the Regiment arrived at Lucknow they were inspected by General Olpherts, V.C., a splendid old soldier. It is reported that when he saw them he cried "My God! If we had only had such a body of Cavalry in 1857!"—meaning that it would have put an end to the Indian Mutiny.

I think the Regiment has always kept up the good name it then had, and I have often been asked by Sir Fitzroy in the past few years whether the 13th still deserved old Olphert's praise—and I have always been able to say "Yes indeed."

He was glad to keep connection with the Regiment through having a grandson among its officers in Mr. Cordy-Simpson.

Apart from his interest in the 13th Sir Fitzroy was Chief of the Maclean clan. He rebuilt their old stronghold, Duart Castle in the Isle of Mull and lived in it as a typical Highland chieftain beloved by his clan.

And there he quietly died in his sleep the other day at the ripe age of 101.



HOME AND DOMINION MAGAZINES.

The "Army Quarterly" has two admirable articles on the recruiting problem. One, by Lt.-Col. Graham Seton Hutchison, advocates a revival of the Militia and the institution of young soldiers' battalions in addition to the Regular and Territorial Army. The other, by an anonymous recruiting officer, says that the real crux of the matter is that the physically fit country population is on the numerical down-grade, and the townsmen do not come up to the required physical standards. There are two good historical articles on the last two German offensives in France in 1918 (a resumé of the French Official History) and on the capture of Vimy Ridge in 1917, as seen from the German side. Lt.-Col. Baird-Smith criticises the critics of the Army in an amusing diatribe.

The October "Fighting Forces" has an admirable account by Capt. Tuke of the amphibious manœuvres in Dorset last August, which he considers to have been most instructive and well worth their cost, though he regrets their premature termination at an interesting stage. Two articles deal with criticism of the Army and its leaders, but neither take up the standpoint of the "Army Quarterly" writer that there should be no criticism from outside (the War Office sees to it that there shall be none from inside). Lt.-Col. Burne in this number deals with the tragic series of blunders that led to the fiasco at the Dujaila Redoubt in Mesopotamia—the lesson of which he finds to be that a battle can be so over-organised as to lose a fleeting and unexpected but golden chance of victory.

Lt.-Col. Burne has another admirable article in the "Royal Artillery Journal" on the catastrophe that befell the guns of the French 17th Corps at Bertrix on August 22nd, 1914. Lt.-Col. C. O. Head defends the memory of Sir Hudson Lowe, the gaoler of Napoleon at St. Helena, without a full enough know-

ledge of the authorities to make it convincing to those who know the subject. An interesting article by Lt.-Col. D. D. Haskard describes the use of the newly designed portable landscape model for indoor tactical instruction, and there is an anonymous description of the formation of the first brigade of the new Indian artillery.

The "Royal Engineers Journal" has two timely items on anti-air-raid defence—the one by Col. Garforth dealing with the general principles of protection as regards civilians, the other with the work of anti-gas defence, with special reference to the R.E. There is an anonymous paper on the preparation of R.E. exercises without troops, including an example, worked out in considerable detail, of a scheme based on the crossing of the Marne by the B.E.F. in September, 1914.

The "Royal Army Service Corps Quarterly" contains some useful notes on preparation for promotion examinations, and on the keeping of war diaries, among a number of questions of primarily Corps interest.

The "Journal of the United Service Institution of India" has as one of its best features an article by Brigadier Dickins "How's the Empire?" which pleads for greater Imperial unity, not only for defence purposes, but also in the task of establishing world peace. Capt. Richards goes fully into the question of the defence of tanks in battle, which he considers will lie in speed and use of ground, bad visibility, and effective covering fire, rather than in armour, which can always be countered by anti-tank gun development.

In the "Royal Air Force Quarterly" the lengthy essay on air strategy by Lt.-Gen. Golovine concludes with a discussion of Army and Navy aircraft and a general summing-up of the author's recommendations. Major Pemberton has two articles on success in examinations and British foreign policy since Waterloo, and there are two articles on Collective Security. According to these salvation from war and the ruin of civilisation is to be found in a living League, with the British Empire as prime mover, and an international air force ready and strong enough to enforce its decisions at need.

E. W. S.

FOREIGN MAGAZINES.

The United States "Cavalry Journal" for September-October is principally occupied with two topics: first, the co-operation of cavalry and infantry at the summer manœuvres of 1936; secondly, the participation of the United States cavalry in European horse shows during the past year. Under the former heading are two articles which reproduce various situations that arose during the recent exercises. These ranged from the tasks incumbent on a "squadron against squadron" to the duties of a "regiment attached to a provisional division." The whole of the exercises were really reconnaissance problems. To each squadron in the lesser exercises was allotted a section of scout cars with radio, one pack radio set, together with medical and veterinary detachments. The whole object in view was to render the cavalry capable of self-contained action. In addition, during the brigade exercises pigeons were used so as to give the units instruction in the possible uses of the birds. A special "free" exercise was planned so as to afford a cavalry regiment an opportunity of showing how far it could delay an infantry regiment. The result was held to show that a cavalry regiment, properly handled, could by stubborn resistance effectively delay an infantry regiment. The entire series of the manœuvres seem to have been thoroughly well thought out. The umpires laid particular stress on the necessity for scout cars being equipped with radio; they also strongly deprecated the tendency to use these scout cars for communication rather than for reconnaissance purposes. Another separate exercise was designed so as to set the 6th Cavalry (Regiment) against motorized infantry supported by light tanks. The idea inspiring the cavalry action was founded on the belief that the tanks would not dare leave the motor-borne infantry; con-

sequently by holding up the combined infantry the tanks would be checked also. This was put into execution in very thick, close country. The cavalry would appear to have had little difficulty in avoiding the tanks and then managed to attack the infantry vehicles at short range. In the very thick country the tanks failed to detect the anti-tank guns with the cavalry. It was concluded that in this nature of country the infantry would have advanced quicker by abandoning the vehicles and marching on foot. There is a deal of information and careful thought behind all these exercises.

Another article of some interest is one by Captain W. P. Withers on a circular tour carried out in the Island of Luzon, Philippines. Little was really known as to the state of the east-west roads in the island, although north-south roads were pretty well familiar. Consequently when the scout car platoon and transport platoon of the H.Q. of the 26th Cavalry started on this tour they were really venturing on a journey of discovery. This indeed proved the case, for the cars were faced with several difficult passages and rivers by means of totally inadequate bridges that had to be strengthened, or by means of rickety ferries. It turned out to be a valuable exercise which greatly strengthened the confidence felt in the "T7" scout car. First Lieutenant F. H. Briton analyses the work of the 1st squadron of the 26th (Württemberg) Dragoons of the German 7th Cavalry Division during the period 7th to 17th September, 1914. The squadron was sent out from Ath in Belgium on 7th; it was active between Amiens and St. Quentin. The author states that the squadron was able to locate the French cavalry movements in the vicinity of Amiens during those days, and then return with a loss of only 19 men and 13 horses. He maintains that a modern cavalry squadron with up-to-date weapons and communication outfit can still perform such missions of reconnaissance in the future.

Major Alden H. Waitt of the chemical warfare branch, considers the question of landing on an open beach against a "chemical" defence. He maintains that the question has not been properly examined, but needs careful consideration should

such an operation be contemplated. His reasoning appears well based on knowledge.

The French "Revue de Cavalerie" devotes much space to an anonymous study of the use of cavalry with motorized infantry divisions. The writer begins by commenting on these motorized formations:—their establishment is 16,000 of all ranks; the road space for the 1,600 vehicles amounts to no less than 45 miles; the second line transport takes up 27 miles. Even if spread out over 3 or 4 roads this represents a formidable extent of ground, and must be highly vulnerable to air attack. The command of such a mass is extremely difficult, particularly as to the selection of the moment for debussing. The chief difficulty is the question of security reconnaissance; this grows extremely important. Patrols and advanced guards need some weight; they must move by bounds; and when engaged must be strong enough to hold their ground until the support of the main body becomes available. Nevertheless this task has to be carried out by small sections of motor-cyclists and motor-borne machine guns. Some authorities do not like these motorized formations at all. Still, since they exist, it is necessary to take them as they stand and to study the possible use of cavalry in conjunction with them.

What then are the tasks likely to fall to them? Their tactical use is, of course, of little interest in this connection. Once debussed, the motorized division acts just as any other infantry division. It is in the strategic sphere that the problem requires far more study. The strategic tasks appear to be three-fold. Firstly, the motorized division, when kept back in rear, can be used to reinforce any point of the front at short notice. Secondly, it can be utilized to exploit any gaps that may arise in the enemy's front, or conversely to hold in check an enemy advance into a gap. Thirdly, and more probably, it would be used for a widely enveloping movement: in this case it must be employed in conjunction with a mass of aircraft.

The first hypothesis has little bearing on the question at issue. A motorized division would be thrown away on such a task. Now consider the use of motorized divisions in filling or holding gaps. A gap of any size would require two or three motorized

divisions for exploitation purposes. But to push into a gap of this nature, the available reconnoitring elements of the motorized divisions would appear to be inadequate in strength and numbers. Besides which cross-country capacity on such a task is essential. Protection of armoured vehicles is also needed, whilst delaying capacity in retreat is equally desirable. Motorized cavalry seems to answer both these requirements.

Similarly in outflanking manœuvres, it is obvious that speed is the first condition to success. Mechanized forces, strongly supported by aircraft are clearly the arm to carry out such missions. But when the entire effort of fast-moving arms gravitates to the outer flank, the right place for cavalry should be to work on the inner flanks, while the more highly mechanized formations will unquestionably be working on the outer and exposed flank. Either type of formation is capable of reinforcement by infantry from the motorized divisions.

The gist of the matter then is : the motorized division, i.e., motor-borne infantry, may need all the motorized reconnaissance units it can summon to itself; and it will assuredly need more. But the motorized division is already a huge and even perhaps complicated unit. A cavalry division, as now constituted and reinforced with armoured cars and the like, may yet be found the best weapon to secure the full efficacy of the motorized division, by correct co-operation with it.

The "Berliner Monatshefte" for September concludes the series of articles on the various mobilizations of 1914 with a well-written account of the British mobilization. The larger half of the article deals with the naval mobilization. The military part of the article is correct in fact and moderate in its criticism. It begins with a calculation of the military strength of the British Empire which it sets as high as over 1,250,000 men. As we know that imposing total was merely a paper strength, if always given in official documents. There is no need to comment on the rest of the article, which closes with Mr. Lloyd George's phrase printed in the "Sunday Express" of 29th March, 1936, "God preserve us from military contacts. Their definition may be technical, but their consequences are

tragic." The few critical comments are full of praise for the way in which the military mobilization was carried through, and kept secret.

The "Militär-Wochenblatt" for 25th October devotes some space to an anonymous article on the relative importance of terrain to tank and cavalry formations. "Tank-proof" terrain, it is maintained, will only rarely be found, that is the teaching of war; country that is really "tank-proof" can only be (1) very broken mountain country, (2) extensive marshes, (3) thick forest, (4) ground cut by deep and broad water courses—canals most important, (5) thickly inhabited industrial or mining areas. In most countries these obstacles can only be regarded as being local or partial. The French, indeed, agree, since they prescribe tank support for infantry in wood and village fighting; hence the urgent necessity of creating obstacles in such localities.

Now, it is too often stated that "tank-proof" terrain is the ideal country for modern cavalry formations. Except in the matter of crossing rivers, however, cavalry is little superior to the armoured vehicle in country such as is enumerated above. The comparison of cavalry and tanks in this connection is consequently fallacious. Cavalry, nowadays, fights by fire effect just as infantry. It is probable that infantry in "tank-proof" country will actually suffer from the missing support of tanks. So will cavalry when it lacks the motorized elements so important to enhancing its fire-power.

The true value of cavalry lies elsewhere. It will be found in the skilful use of ground—not necessarily "tank-proof." Cavalry should hold its own, if properly led, against any motorized unit, on most natures of terrain.

The conclusion is (1) that a study of ground is all-important in tank-warfare, (2) the expression "tank-proof" ground needs careful qualification, (3) cavalry should never be sent into a "tank-proof" area merely because of that denomination.

The Austrian "Militärwissenschaftliche Mitteilungen" for November contains a long article on equitation and its teaching by General O. Bendt. The gist of this article is the condition that the pre-war system of equitation gave good results, but has no

longer the same value. This fact is largely due to the shorter time available for the training of the man.

On the other hand, there exists to-day some tendency towards setting an abnormally high standard owing to the influence of competitive horse shows. This fact also leads to a tendency towards "spit and polish." All this is exaggerated; just as much as the idea that every cavalryman has it in him to become a rough-rider or horse-breaker. Cavalry has other things to do now-a-days. The article should be worthy of study by those who are primarily interested in equitation.

The Swiss "Schweizer Kavallerist" publishes an article concerning the new Swiss Defence Loan, in which it is strongly urged that the Swiss cavalry needs the expenditure of money in order to bring it up-to-date. It is too much the arm of the "better-to-do." In the Swiss defence schemes cavalry must still play an important role.



RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

"Some XII Royal Lancers." (Gale and Polden.) 15s.

This book is a collection of stories collected by Lt.-Colonel G. W. Hobson, C.M.G., D.S.O., and very good stories they are too, dating from the raising of the regiment in Berkshire and Buckinghamshire in 1715, to these days of mechanization. There is mention of Phineas Bowles who raised the regiment, and of officers in those "olden days" from which Charles Lever drew his characters. There was Tommy Oakes with his repartee to H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge; if not courtier-like it was very much to the point. Major Barrow records his reminiscences of thirty years service with the Regiment, during which great changes took place in the British Army. But this did not cause any decrease in the number of "characters" among those whose life was with men and horses; of these riding masters and veterinary surgeons are the subjects of some excellent tales.

There are as is only natural, a good many hunting and racing reminiscences, stories of polo and pig-sticking, through all of which there runs a strong current of "cameraderie" to reinforce sportmanship. This former is illustrated particularly happily by the accounts of help rendered by officers and their wives too, on occasions of distress and trouble amongst subordinates. Then again the account of actions in the South African War may help those of us who took part in it, to a better understanding of events which still seemed wrapped in mystery, as for instance the affair of Sannah's Post.

Throughout all this pleasant book there moves that spirit without which no body of men could hold together for over two centuries as the XII Royal Lancers have done. It is that simple devotion to duty, and this in its turn may account for the fact that to use the author's metaphor, this regiment "cradled" the

batons of three Field Marshals, the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Cambridge, and Sir William Birdwood. Then again by action and reaction continuity is established and maintained. Major Barrows mentions Sergeant Quarles of his regiment, "a tall splendidly set up, good-looking soldier, and a most accomplished man-at-arms." Quarles was descended from the Major of that name of whom Nehemiah Wharton a subaltern in the Earl of Essex's army, wrote, when telling of the fight at Edge Hill in 1642.

Then again by way of continuity, comes the meeting of the XII with the 1st Battalion Oxford L.I. when the regiment was marching in Ireland. The Oxfords turned out to meet the Lancers, had food waiting for all, and then groomed all the horses and cleaned the saddlery and kit. Why? asks the author and answers "because we came to their relief and pulled them out of a hole in the Peninsular War, and so the old traditions were kept alive."

In this we may find contentment among the changes that are going on all about us, and take comfort from the words with which the author concludes his happy work. "In these days of mechanization it is sad to think that no longer does 'Boot and saddle' mean what it did to the Regiment. People ask why they still call themselves Twelfth Lancers. Let them ask."

"Cannot the old Lancer spirit survive, whatever implement of war he is asked to use? As long as it does, so long the Regiment survives with its long years of tradition and of service to King and Country." This book is published by "The King's Stone" Press, Long Compton, Shipston-on-Stour, and dedicated to "Every XII Lancer, Past, Present or Future." B.G.B.

"Marlborough, his Life and Times." Vol. 3. By The Right Hon. Winston Churchill. (Harrap.) 25s.

Mr. Churchill's life of his great ancestor continues on its stately and magnificent course. This volume carries the story down to the end of the wonderful campaign of 1708. It includes the victory of Ramillies, a chef d'œuvre of regular formal 18th century warfare, the triumph of Oudenarde, the portent of the

flexible manœuvre form of battle to come in the future, and the siege of Lille, at the time the most admired feat of arms of all. When the volume closes, the power of France is broken and the victory of the Allies assured.

But Marlborough's position at home has been fatally undermined. National government has given place to party faction; his Duchess has lost her power with the Queen; and his enemies are plotting his downfall in the near future.

Mr. Churchill spreads the whole dramatic tale before us. Warfare on land and sea, party strife at home, the play of personalities—kings, queens, princelings, statesmen, great ladies, allies, and foes—so that we can admire, sympathise, and understand. His art shows no sign of flagging; his grasp of things military, political and diplomatic, is as sure and wide as ever. An immortal biography of an immortal warrior and a great man—such must be the verdict of the reviewer and the reader, as it will be of posterity.

“The Nation at War.” By General Ludendorff. (Hutchinson.) 8s. 6d.

This important work has unfortunately been very ill-served by its translator, whose unfamiliarity with simple military and naval technical terms is so great as occasionally to make its meaning quite unintelligible. The purpose of its distinguished author is to propound a new theory of war as waged by a Totalitarian State, the main end of which, according to him, should be militaristic “Warfare is the highest expression of the national will to live, and politics therefore must be subservient to the conduct of war.” Thus he takes his stand against Clausewitz's famous theory that war is only a continuation of policy by other means.

The commander-in-chief in war must therefore hold first place, as did Frederick the Great and Napoleon—though Ludendorff slightly dismisses the latter as “a toy in the hands of the Freemasons,” who, like Jews and Catholics, are among his pet aversions, as owing allegiance to some international authority. As to whether the occasion will cast up the man qualified to

bear the burden of authority and responsibility of a modern war of nations—a burden infinitely greater than that of Frederick the Great or Napoleon—which seems as if it ought to be the crux of the question—Ludendorff merely remarks that “War alone will show.” A nation deserves to have a great general when it places itself at its service, that is, in the service of the totalitarian war which is waged for its existence. Otherwise the general is wasted on the nation.” But unless it be assumed that the nation that deserves a great general will always obtain one, is it not at least as probable that the nation may be wasted on the general? One has an uneasy feeling all through this book that the veteran author, who led the German armies to defeat in the Great War, is casting himself for the part again. Germany will deserve to suffer the same fate once more if she allows herself to be deluded into such a choice, and she will be little less misguided in entrusting her whole fortune in war to the Austrian ex-corporal whom she has already raised to the rank of a semi-divinity.

E. W. S.

“History of the Eleventh Hussars (Prince Albert’s Own) 1908—1934.” By Captain L. R. Lumley, M.P. (The Royal United Service Institute, Whitehall, S.W.) Price 21s. net.

The history of the Eleventh Hussars, first raised in 1715 as Honeywood’s Dragoons, has already been recorded by Capt. G. T. Williams in his book the Historical Records of the XI Hussars published in 1908.

Captain Lumley has now produced a continuation which is in reality a story of the Great War. The book is quite unlike any other of its kind, it reads like a novel. The whole story of the war in France and Flanders is given in a graphic manner, and the way in which the various regimental episodes are woven into the main story is extremely clever. Regimental histories as a rule, are seldom read by those not connected with the regiment, but here is a book which no one who starts to read it, will put down until he has finished it, while for the benefit of those who served with the regiment there are a set of appendices with every detail of the regiment’s work. The maps and illustrations

are excellent and the style of writing is far above the average. Captain Lumley has mistaken his vocation in going into Parliament.

T.T.P.

“Mother Country, Fatherland.” By Lt.-Colonel A. G. Martin. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd.) 15s.

There has always been good feeling between British and German cavalrymen. This is in the first instance due to the horse that civilizing factor, secondly to the fact that a certain freemasonry exists between all cavalrymen, and in this particular instance, because many Britons have served in German cavalry dating their ancestry back to the days when English knights rode with the German knights of St. John to break a lance for Christendom against the pagan Prussians of long ago. Until the outbreak of the last war in South Africa there were a number of Britons holding commissions in the German cavalry; it will be remembered that the first officer killed on the German side in 1870, was Winsloe the Baden dragoon, whose name suggests the spacious Wiltshire downs. An aged Alsatian peasant, years ago, gave the writer a dramatic description of that event. All these Britons not only served well the country of their adoption, but helped the cause of good feeling between the two nations by the comradeship that binds all good horsemen in one common interest. The same good work was done, is still being done, by those of Anglo-German origin, by those who have ties in both countries, and the latest among these to “pass on the torch” is Colonel Martin, late of the 6th German Dragoons, who is British by birth and one-third English by blood. It is noteworthy that the German High Command was at pains to prevent Colonel Martin from having to fight in any sector of the front held by British troops. This is surely an act of fine consideration with which few in this country would have credited the august body that ordered the destiny of Germany’s armed forces.

Colonel Martin has written his experiences of life in the German cavalry in perfect English, clearly and with a pretty wit. There is something of the gaiety that informs the dragoons depicted by Charles Lever, indeed the author

declares that Charles O'Malley aroused in him the desire to be a dragoon. But there is a good deal more in his book. To those who know nothing of the hard training which went to make a German cavalry officer or weed out weaklings, the description of his peace-time years in pleasant garrisons will be a revelation, as also the light-hearted merriment of the Mess, proving that the Prussian officer could "unbend." The reader will also find the author's opinions expressed with no uncertain voice and on subjects which many would consider as taboo to a German officer. This enhances the value of the work.

Colonel Martin's actual war experiences alone would justify this work of his. First the western front, then the Russian front where he was taken prisoner in a disastrous action. He was commanding an infantry unit at the time, and his presence seems to have been resented by the officers of that arm with whom he had to work. Then two ghastly years as prisoner of war in Siberia, alleviated only by a never failing sense of humour. Exchanged for a Russian prisoner-of-war in German hands, and then to the western front again. Back again to Russia and seething anarchy, and finally the unkindest blow of all, the dissolution of that fine army which was life to him.

This book should make a strong appeal to cavalrymen though it does not tell of cavalry action, it should make appeal to wider circles still by virtue of its sound sense, good humour and literary merit.

B.G.B.

"General Grant's Last Stand." By H. Green. (Scribners.)
12s. 6d.

This book has been occasioned, the author tells us, by the discovery of a series of notes written by Grant in his last illness to his doctor and friend Douglas. It is well known that at a time when he had lost all his money, and was suffering from an agonising and incurable cancer of the throat, Grant set himself to pen his memoirs in order to provide for his wife and family. He wrote close on 300,000 words in a few months, though he could hardly speak, eat or move, and this work tells the great

General's and President's career, as it must have appeared to him as he looked back upon it for the purpose of his memoirs. There is not much here that we did not previously know about Grant the soldier, but the letters to his doctor, which are all given in full, often in facsimile, give us a new and ennobling view of Grant, the man. It is impossible to withhold one's sympathy and admiration for the lonely gallant sufferer, steeling himself to his last task, "with the throttling hands of death at strife," and refusing to desist or die till it was done. It was indeed Grant's last stand, his greatest fight, and his greatest victory.

"The First of the League Wars." By Major-General J. F. C. Fuller. (Eyre and Spottiswoode.) 10s. 6d.

The first and best part of this book is an admirable account of the Abyssinian campaign, based partly on the author's experiences with the Italian army in the North. General Fuller lays stress on the aeroplane and the road and its transport as the deciding factors in the Italian victory, and the use of these to expedite the conduct of operations, so as to defeat the slow strangulation of sanctions. Such, he opines, will be the means used to ensure quick victory in the war he foresees as the fruit of the inevitable clash between the world doctrines of Communism and Fascism, in which, if things go on as at present, the whole world will be involved, and ourselves among the rest. He hopes for and foretells a victory for Fascism by these quick means, but fears the possibility that the result may be, as so many others have foretold and fear a general collapse of civilisation and universal anarchy. Salvation can only come, he thinks, from a drastic reorganisation of Europe on a basis of equal corporate States, and he ends with an explanation of the Fascist philosophy and the sketch of a new and better world order on these lines. Not all his readers will follow and agree with him in this; but few will read him without being induced to deeper thought on, and comprehension of, the mighty issues at stake, and the grave dangers that menace us all to-day.

“How is the Empire?” By Captain F. P. Roe. (Pitman.) 6s.

Captain Roe's new work is well worth study, not only by those who are preparing for promotion and Staff College examinations, but by all who have the welfare of the Empire at heart, or who are entrusted with a part to play in its organisation or defence. He deals in detail with such questions as the various forms of government and organisation within the Empire: the possibilities of emigration and settlement; mandates and trusteeships; the special problems of India, Africa, and the Far East; and the Empire's role in collective security under the League of Nations. The book is up to date and packed with facts, figures, and sound thought and reasoning. Few readers will fail to learn much from it.

“Episodes of the Great War.” By John Buchan. (Nelson.) 8s. 6d.

In this book a selection has been made from the four-volume history written by Lord Tweedsmuir fifteen years ago, so as to give a bird's-eye view of the World War. The author's brilliant style and great narrative power make his pages a delight to read, but it seems a pity that the chance of republication was not taken to revise the story where fresh light has been thrown upon it, as it has in so many directions, since the larger work appeared. Consequently the book cannot stand comparison as a history with the work of Captain Liddell Hart and Mr. Cruttwell, though it may be perused with pleasure for its purely literary merits.

E. W. S.

“Lord Kitchener.” By Arthur Hodges. (Published by Thornton Butterworth.) 15s.

An admirable work which no soldier, with aspiration to higher command, should fail to read. The book shows how a young officer with ideas of his own and a strong character can gradually work his way to the top of the tree. Mr. Hodges' sentences are in some cases inclined to be confused, but the general style is good and the book is easy to read. Many new facts about Lord Kitchener's life come to light and the study of this very

remarkable career make you long to read more about one who was probably the greatest of all those in whose hands lay the destiny of the Empire during the critical period of 1914—1918.

“The Lonsdale Library on Polo.” Edited by the Earl of Kimberley from contributions by Brig.-General Beresford, Major-General Geoffrey Brooke, Lt.-Colonel Gannon, “Marco,” P. Vischer, and Brig.-General Ricketts. (Published by Seeley Service and Co.) 25s.

This is the XXI publication of the Library which has already produced so many valuable volumes on sport of all kinds. We have only to look at the names of those who have contributed, to see that the book is compiled by all the best authorities. The illustrations are excellent and well described in the text. Our readers will find this work a pleasure to study and those who wish to go deeper into the various aspects of the game from early practice down to high-class tournament polo, will certainly find this the most comprehensive volume yet published on the subject.

T.T.P.

“Rolling into Action.” By Captain D. E. Hickey. (Hutchinson.) 10s. 6d.

This is a welcome addition to the tank literature of the war. The author, who is an accomplished and practised writer, fought with the Tank Corps from Passchendaele to Amiens, and he gives a vivid picture of the work, the anxieties, and the responsibilities of a tank section commander in those days of the infancy of the new weapon. He shows too what manner of men were those who first had to handle these new weapons, the human qualities they needed, and the novel methods of training and discipline utilised to get the best out of them. And these lessons in these days of increasing mechanisation throughout the army, are of importance to all of us, and not least to the cavalry arm, which has now begun to set forth on the road traversed by Captain Hickey and his fellow pioneers of twenty years ago. Major-General Fuller stresses this point in his highly appreciative introduction to the book.

"Forty Centuries Look Down." By F. Britten Austin.
(Thornton Butterworth.) 7s. 6d.

Mr. Britten Austin in this volume continues the life of Napoleon in fictional style, which made such an auspicious start in his "Road to Glory," with its tale of the Italian campaign. Here he tells the story of the campaign in Egypt, and this time with a map to illustrate it. The scene is beheld through Napoleon's own eyes, and the author's admirable use of his authorities, and great knowledge of his subject is in full evidence in every page. The one-sided love affair of Napoleon and Josephine is an important side-issue in the story, which ends with the *coup d'état* of Brumaire and the young general's seizure of power in France as First Consul. It is a brilliant piece of work, upon which the author is to be heartily congratulated.

"The Adventurous Life of Count Lavalette." By Himself.
(Lovat Dickson.) 10s. 6d.

Lavalette's memoirs, which have long been out of print, form one of the best of the huge mass of volumes forming our sources of Napoleonic history, and this re-issue is welcome. A subsequent volume is to carry the story beyond the establishment of the Empire, where it now stops, to the end of the regime after Waterloo. The writer was one of the earliest friends of the young General Bonaparte, and went with him to Italy and Egypt. Of these campaigns he gives a vivid eye-witness account. He was a great admirer of the Emperor, and gives an attractive and kindly view of him both as a ruler and a man, while his position on his personal staff gave him many chances not only of seeing the great man at close quarters, but also of coming into contact with many of the other prominent personalities of the time, such as Pichegru, Kleber, Desaix, Barras, and Carnot, of all of whom he gives character sketches. This is a most readable and fascinating book for anyone interested in Napoleon and his times.

"Air Power and Armies." By Wing-Commander J. C. Slessor.
(Oxford University Press.) 10s. 6d.

This is a study, not of the whole role of air power in future warfare, but of the influence of the air arm, properly used and fully exploited, in a land campaign of massed armies. Basing himself on the experiences of the Great War in the West, and in particular on the part played by the R.A.F. at the battle of Amiens in August, 1918, the author comes to a series of interesting conclusions. He believes that a massed army on the 1918 lines could not safely rely in the face of air power on being able to feed and maintain itself, especially if it had to rely on a single line of supply. He sees the strategical concentration of such an army at the opening of hostilities being seriously interfered with and delayed, even in areas with a good net-work of communications, and possibly prevented entirely in a less well-provided theatre. Forward movements from the area of assembly can no longer be conducted in great masses, but the columns must be widely dispersed, while rapid rail moves of large bodies from one sector or theatre to another will no longer be practicable operations of war. In battle, air forces can do much to isolate the area chosen for the offensive from all reinforcement and supply by the defence, and can assist to throw a strain upon the hostile communications which will be beyond their power to bear. So we shall require a new model army in the future—permanent forces for home and base defence, mobile armoured forces for counter attack, and air forces for long range offensive work.

Every word of this book deserves the closest study by all soldiers, and the task will be an enjoyable one, as well as profitable, for the author writes as attractively as he thinks, clearly and persuasively.

E.W.S.

"The Man I Knew." By The Countess Haig. (Published by The Moray Press.) 18s.

In 1917 Douglas Haig wrote to his wife "Regarding the story of my life, it is you that will have to write it." Lady Haig has carried out his wishes by producing this interesting life

story of our greatest cavalry leader. Those who have read the Official History of the War and Mr. Duff Cooper's "Life of Lord Haig," will welcome the chance of getting to know more of the inner life of one, who had a host of admirers but few really intimate friends. We can now see the other side of his character, how duty always came before everything, even the welfare of his wife and family. Throughout the Great War his first thought was how he could beat the Germans. Douglas Haig was convinced of the essentiality of co-operation with the French, but never lost his sense of responsibility for the British Army. Loyal to the backbone he did his best, sometimes under very difficult circumstances, to carry out the wishes of those who were responsible for the conduct of the war as a whole. When he had made up his mind on the best solution of any problem, his next consideration was the welfare of the troops which he had the honour to command.

From General to Private no one was forgotten, and his work after the war was ended, will be remembered as one of the finest achievements of his life.

"Wild Life in the Highlands." By Dugald Macintyre. (Published by Philip Allan and Co.). 12s. 6d.

The author is said to be a "Highland Gamekeeper." The average gamekeeper in Scotland is extremely intelligent and well read, and many of them are lovers of nature, but Mr. Macintyre would appear, from his style of writing, to be quite superior to those usually met. His descriptions of animal life are charming to read and he introduces many interesting personalities with whom he has come in contact. Those who enjoy the highlands of Scotland will be delighted with this most interesting book.

T.T.P.

"The Maltese Cat." By Rudyard Kipling. (Illustrated by Lionel Edwards. (Macmillan & Co.). 7s. 6d. net.

"Good Wine needs no bush" and this certainly applies to Kipling's renowned tale of "The Maltese Cat"—the famous flea-bitten gray, that was instrumental in winning for his team

the hard-fought Polo Final of "The Upper India Free-for-All Cup."

This short story has now been published as a separate volume with some excellent illustrations by Lionel Edwards, who has "painted the picture" of this exciting match in colours, and in black and white. It is incumbent on every polo player and on every follower of the game, to read this book and to memorize the sound and famous advice of "The Maltese Cat" on how "to play the game."

"Sport in Wildest Britain." By H. Hesketh Prichard.
(Philip Allan & Co.). 10s. 6d.

This interesting volume is a reprint of an "edition de luxe" (published in 1921) by that well-known writer Hesketh Prichard, who has been so aptly described as "Hunter, Explorer, Naturalist, Cricketer, Author, Soldier." The book recounts the experiences of many happy days spent by the author amidst the wilder parts of Britain, where the habits of some of our rarer birds and animals were studied. Perhaps the most interesting part is the description of the various methods adopted by birds to protect the main bodies from their enemies. In some cases it appears that "the Sentinel Bird" is regularly relieved as is the case with the sentry in the army.

The average sportsman and perhaps naturalist, does not realize the potentialities of our northernmost islets and rocks for the pursuit and study of birds not commonly seen in the rest of the country. The author has dealt with Seals (both grey and common), Geese, Curlew, the rarer Ducks and Widgeon, Capercaillie, Ptarmigan, and the more common Snipe. The stalking of many of these requires skill equal to that required for the better-known game animals of the British Empire.

"The History of Hunting." (Lonsdale Library. Volume XXIII). Written by Patrick Chalmers. (Publishers Seeley, Service & Co.) With forty illustrations. 21s. net.

The Lonsdale Library needs no introduction to sportsmen or Cavalry Journal readers and "The History of Hunting" is well up to the high standards set by previous volumes.

Many foxhunters of to-day are ignorant of the origin of their sport, the methods of the past, and the course of its development into present-day customs. The solutions to these problems are given in this volume, which describes fully the evolutionary stages through which hunting passed until the Golden Age of Foxhunting was reached. That age may have indeed passed, yet Hunting, in spite of the difficulties created by wire and modern transport, will certainly endure. It must be remembered that Hunting is one of the oldest employments and for this reason alone, it should survive for many generations to come, although hunting countries may become more and more restricted. This Lonsdale volume is a book for study and should form part of every sportsman's library as well as of every Mess library.

O.J.F.F.

The following have also been received :—

- "A.B.C. of Foxhunting." By D. W. E. Brock. (Philip Allan & Co.) 12s. 6d.
- "A Guide to the Classics." (Faber & Faber.) 3s. 6d.
- "Runaway Mike." (Peter Davis.) 7s. 6d.
- "My Sporting Life." By The Rt. Hon. J. W. Hills, P.C., D.C.L., M.P. (Philip Allan & Co.) 12s. 6d.

SPORTING NEWS

THE AMERICAN NATIONAL HORSE SHOW.

The Cavalry team which left the School of Equitation last month to represent British Cavalry in the jumping competitions at the American National Horse Show at New York, has had great success.

The team won the principal prizes, including the Individual Military Championship, the International Military Trophy, and the Brooks Bright Challenge Cup. Officers and "other ranks" at the School at Weedon (Northamptonshire) celebrated the team's triumph in the traditional manner.

Major A. L. Cameron, Chief Instructor, School of Equitation, was the team captain. The other members were Captain R. G. Fanshawe, 16th/5th Lancers; Captain Sir P. Grant-Lawson, Royal Horse Guards; and Lieutenant J. A. Talbot-Ponsonby, 7th Hussars.

The winning of the International Challenge Trophy was an outstanding triumph. The team tied with the Irish Free State (represented by their usual formidable jumping team), Chile and the United States. At the first jump off Chile was eliminated. The other teams had eight faults each.

At the second attempt, with the jumps raised, Major Cameron and Lieutenant Talbot-Ponsonby succeeded without faults of any kind. Captain Fanshawe's horse ran out at the last jump and was penalised three points, and a penalty of four points was recorded against Sir Peter Grant-Lawson, whose bay gelding "Baby" caught one of the obstacles.

The British team won the final by beating Ireland by one point. Ireland had four faults and the United States team seven faults, Lieutenant Talbot-Ponsonby established himself as the best rider in the show, and Sir Peter Grant-Lawson's "Baby" won a reputation as the highest jumper of any in the military events.

JUMPING SUMMARIES

| <i>Rider and Horse.</i> | GREAT BRITAIN | | | | | | <i>Faults.</i> | | |
|--|---------------|----|----|----|----|----|----------------|-----------|-----------|
| | | | | | | | <i>a.</i> | <i>b.</i> | <i>c.</i> |
| Capt. Fanshawe, Norah, br. m. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 0 | 0 | 3 |
| Major Cameron, Blue Dun, ch. m. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 0 | 4 | 0 |
| Capt. Grant-Lawson, Baby, b. g. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 13 | 4 | 4 |
| Lieut. Talbot-Ponsonby, Kineton, b. g. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 0 | 4 | 0 |
| Total | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 0 | 8 | 3 |

IRISH FREE STATE

| <i>Rider and Horse.</i> | | | | | | | | <i>Faults.</i> | | |
|---|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----------------|-----------|-----------|
| | | | | | | | | <i>a.</i> | <i>b.</i> | <i>c.</i> |
| Capt. Daniel Corry, Red Hugh, ch. g. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 0 | 4 | 0 |
| Capt. Cyril Harty, Duhallow, b.g. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 0 | 4 | 4 |
| Capt. John Lewis, Limerick Lace, ch. g. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 | 8 | 4 |
| Capt. Fred Ahern, Gallow Glass, ch. g. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Total | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 0 | 8 | 4(d) |

UNITED STATES

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|--------------------------------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|---|---|------|
| Capt. H. Matteson, Ugly, b. g. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 0 | 8 | 0 |
| Lieut. J. O. Curtis, Ansonia, br. g. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 0 | 0 | 4 |
| Lieut. R. W. Curtis, Don, b. g. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 0 | 8 | 3 |
| Major Cole, Dakota, br. g. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 0 | 0 | 4 |
| Total | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 0 | 8 | 7(d) |

CHILE

| | | | | | | | | <i>a.</i> | <i>b.</i> | |
|---------------------------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|-----------|-----------|--|
| Capt. Yanez, Xysme, ch. m. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 0 | 4 | |
| Lieut. Montti, Chilena, b. m. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 0 | 8 | |
| Lieut. Izurieta, Tonada, br. m. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 | 4 | |
| Capt. Yanez, Tonqui, ch. g. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 0 | 7 | |
| Total | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 0 | 15(d) | |

CANADA

| | | | | | | | | <i>a.</i> | | |
|-------------------------------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|-----------|--|--|
| Col. R. S. Timmis, Lady Jane, b. m. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 0 | | |
| Lieut. Cleland, Margot, blk. m. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 | | |
| Lieut. Cleland, Roxanna, b. m. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | | |
| Capt. Bate, Squire, gr. g. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 0 | | |
| Total | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4(d) | | |

FRANCE

| | | | | | | | | <i>a.</i> | | |
|------------------------------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|-----------|--|--|
| Lieut. de Busnel, Welcome, b. g. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 0 | | |
| Capt. Durand, Saida, b. m. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 | | |
| Capt. Clave, Volant III, br. g. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 | | |
| Lieut. de Busnel, Champagne, b. g. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 0 | | |
| Total | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4(d) | | |

| SWEDEN | | | | | | | | <i>Faults.</i> |
|-------------------------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----------------|
| <i>Rider and Horse.</i> | | | | | | | | <i>a.</i> |
| Lieut. Sachs, Orvieto, br. g. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 0 |
| Capt. Hallberg, Aida, br. m. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 0 |
| Lieut. Holm, Gits, br. g. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 |
| Lieut. Sachs, Orient, gr. g. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 |
| Total | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4(d) |

a.—Initial jump.

b.—First jump-off.

c.—Second jump-off.

d.—Aggregate score of best three performers on each team to count.

HORSE - SHOW PAGEANT AT THE CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION, TORONTO.

"CAVALRY OF EMPIRE"

Under the supervision of LT.-COL. R. S. TIMMIS, D.S.O., O.C., Royal
Canadian Dragoons.

"THE fascination which the pomp and panoply of war have exercised over the minds of students and thinkers whose whole disposition would have been deemed hostile to a career of arms is remarkable," it has been written somewhere. Philosophers, too, through the ages, whose minds are impregnated with poetic fancy, have caught the common enthusiasm for splendid renown when warmed and animated by the presence of others. Dr. Johnson once, indeed, went so far as to declare: "Every man thinks meanly of himself for not being a soldier, or not having been at sea," also declaring that were Socrates and Charles Twelfth of Sweden, both present in any company, and Socrates were to say, "Follow me and hear a lecture in philosophy" and Charles, laying his hand on his sword, to say, "Follow me and dethrone the Czar," a man would be ashamed to follow Socrates.

So it is that military pageantry has always appealed strongly to the British imagination, particularly the historical type produced in symbolism or personification, the latter preferred; pageantry which, in emphasizing the educational value of the past inspires pride in the present, and, perhaps, awakens effort for the future. There appears to be no method like this pictorial method for stimulating and fixing in the popular mind that notion of the past, without which the present falls out of perspective, and thus the Canadian National Exhibition presents "Cavalry of Empire," designed to epitomize the glorious traditions of Britain and to symbolize the colour and romance of events that will live eternally in British minds, though separated by centuries, thereby suggesting something of the evolution of our Empire and conjuring up thoughts,



THE ROYAL HORSE SHOW, TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1936
WINNERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL TEAM TROPHY

2nd Lieut. D. CLELAND, P.L.D.G. Lieut. MARSHALL CLELAND, G.G.B.G. Lt.-Col. R. S. TIMMIS, R.C.D. Capt. S. C. BATE, R.C.D.
"DUNADRY" "ROXANA" "LADY JANE" "SCOUTIDE" "Gee"

not of British might, but of simple British daring—the daring to attempt the apparently impossible, which, perhaps, has always been the secret of British success.

Mayhap, thoughts of the spectators will go back even to Harold's final stand on the hill at Hastings—1066—against William's invading Normans, whose mail-clad, disciplined might, carried death to Godwin's famous son, but carried also the seeds of unity from which sprang eventually the living, far-flung Empire of to-day. Here are then the direct descendants of brothers-in-arms of that little band of British soldiers who won victory against the flower of Frankish chivalry, forerunners of "The Contemptible Little Army" that could also face overwhelming odds on the Marne.

Symbolized, or personified, are men and regiments who have challenged the might and greatness of haughty Sovereigns, tempestuous, arrogant Princes, and other swaggering Monarchs risen to the pinnacle of militaristic glory only to perish in the flaming holocaust of their own contrivances. With stubborn endurance, peerless bravery and self-sacrificing patriotism the British Army has fought the Empire's battles in every clime, and, as the public gazes on this thrilling cavalcade, pledging anew their allegiance to the Standard, visions must arise of the Peninsular and Waterloo, of India, Egypt, the Crimea, Spain, Portugal, Flanders Fields, and a thousand other impressive events ordained by Mars, in which the Regiments depicted in "Cavalry of Empire" have borne a glorious part, friends and foes alike sweeping into dramatic being with all the traditional old world pomp and circumstances.

In this array of "World-gathered Armies—one heart and all races"—the Royal Horse Guards (The Blues), who with the 1st and 2nd Life Guards form the Household Cavalry, and are the only Regiments in the British Army entitled to be styled "Horse," must take precedence in "Cavalry of Empire." They date from the time of the Restoration of the Monarchy and the dissolution of the Army of the Commonwealth, 1660-61. History tells us that Charles II, during his exile, chose 80 or more of his "Cavalier Gentlemen" from among those who had so devotedly followed him to Holland after the death of his father, the Martyr King, and formed them into Life Guards. These gentlemen mounted guard regularly over their Royal master during his sojourn at the Hague. Others were added to the number of about 600 in all, and they were part of the magnificent cavalcade which attended His Majesty on his entry to London, the first of the King's troops of Life Guards, "richly clothed and well mounted."

Though other Regiments—Dragoons, Dragoon Guards, Hussars and Lancers—presented in "Cavalry of Empire" may lay claim to antiquity less than that of the Household Cavalry, they take no back place in their record of defence of Empire. On their colours are to be found inscribed names telling of lands everywhere in which have been heard the clashing of sabres and roaring of guns against the lurid background of equally famous battle-fields, engaging no less valiantly than the Household Cavalry in the cause of British Right and Justice.

ORDER OF APPEARANCE.

| | |
|---|--|
| Royal Horse Guards (The Blues) | 11th Hussars (Prince Albert's Own) |
| 1st King's Dragoon Guards | 12th Prince of Wales' Royal Lancers |
| 2nd Dragoon Guards (Queen's Bays) | 13th Hussars |
| 3rd Prince of Wales' Dragoon Guards | 15th Hussars |
| 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards | 16th The Queen's Lancers (The Scarlet) |
| 5th Dragoon Guards | 17th Lancers (Duke of Cambridge's Own) |
| 6th Dragoon Guards | 21st Lancers (Empress of India) |
| 7th Dragoon Guards (Princess Royal's) | Royal Canadian Dragoons |
| 1st Royal Dragoons | Australian Light Horse |
| 2nd Dragoons (Royal Scots Greys) | New Zealand Mounted Rifles |
| 3rd Hussars (King's Own) | South African Mounted Rifles |
| 5th Royal Irish Lancers | Indian Cavalry— |
| 6th Dragoons (Inniskillings) | Bengal Lancers |
| 8th Hussars (King's Royal Irish) | Probyn's Horse |
| 9th Queen's Royal Lancers | Gordon's Horse |
| 10th Hussars (Prince of Wales' Own Royal) | Royal Horse Artillery |
| | Royal Field Artillery |





HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI

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$$f(x) = 10 + 3x^2 - 4x^3 - x^4, \quad f'(x) = 6x - 12x^2 - 4x^3, \quad f''(x) = 6 - 24x - 12x^2$$

$$f'(0) = 0, \quad f''(0) = 6 > 0, \quad \text{so } f \text{ has a local minimum at } (0, 10).$$

EXPERIMENTAL STUDY OF THE EFFECT OF ABLATION ON

[illegible]

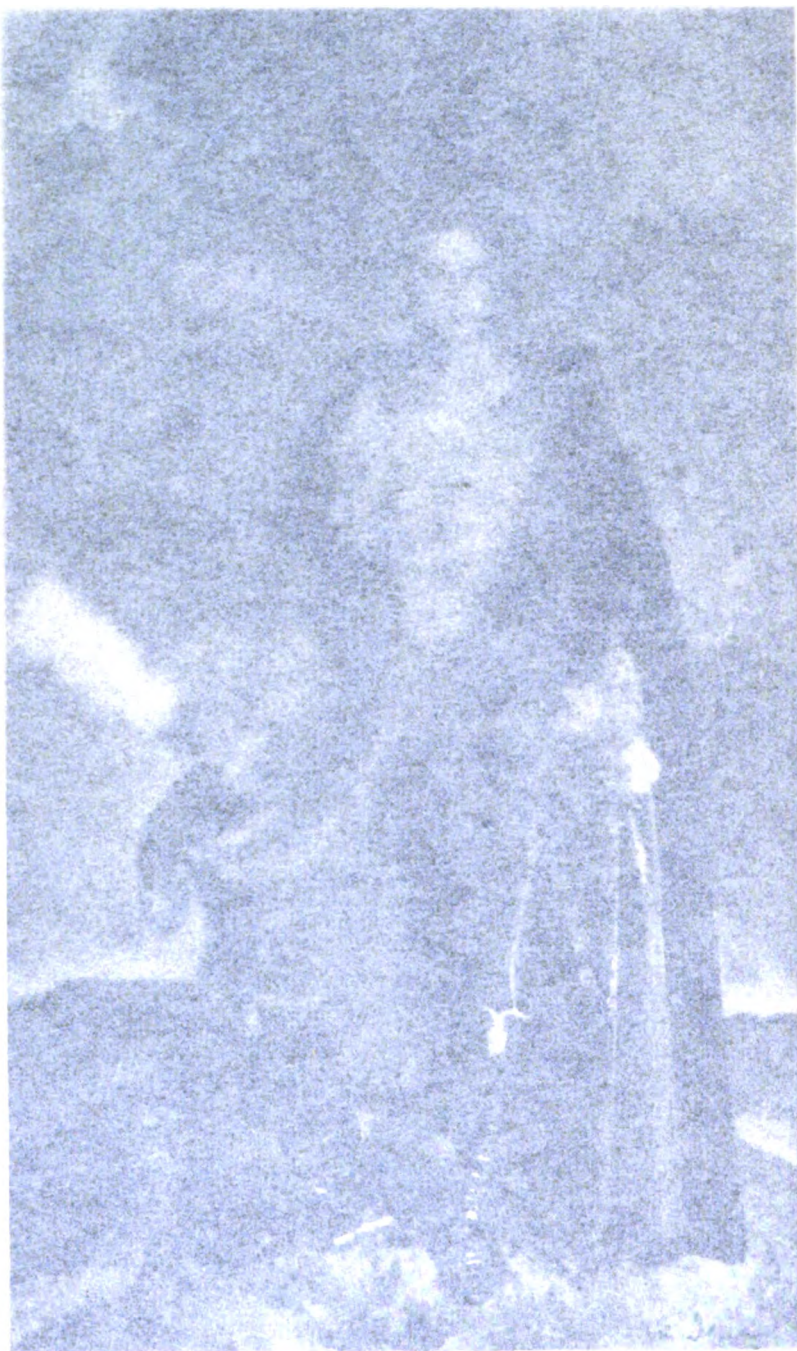
1. *Y. r. r.*

Three of the signatories of the New York Memorandum were also signatories of the April 1947 memorandum. The other two were signatories to neither. From these facts, it is not possible to know who came up with the proposal for the "four big powers" and who was responsible for its rejection.

1. THEORY 2. PROBLEMS

$$\begin{aligned} G(O_1) &= \{O_1, O_2, O_3, O_4, O_5, O_6, O_7, O_8, O_9, O_{10}, O_{11}, O_{12}, O_{13}, O_{14}, O_{15}, O_{16}, O_{17}, O_{18}, O_{19}, O_{20}, O_{21}, O_{22}, O_{23}, O_{24}, O_{25}, O_{26}, O_{27}, O_{28}, O_{29}, O_{30}, O_{31}, O_{32}, O_{33}, O_{34}, O_{35}, O_{36}, O_{37}, O_{38}, O_{39}, O_{40}, O_{41}, O_{42}, O_{43}, O_{44}, O_{45}, O_{46}, O_{47}, O_{48}, O_{49}, O_{50}, O_{51}, O_{52}, O_{53}, O_{54}, O_{55}, O_{56}, O_{57}, O_{58}, O_{59}, O_{60}, O_{61}, O_{62}, O_{63}, O_{64}, O_{65}, O_{66}, O_{67}, O_{68}, O_{69}, O_{70}, O_{71}, O_{72}, O_{73}, O_{74}, O_{75}, O_{76}, O_{77}, O_{78}, O_{79}, O_{80}, O_{81}, O_{82}, O_{83}, O_{84}, O_{85}, O_{86}, O_{87}, O_{88}, O_{89}, O_{90}, O_{91}, O_{92}, O_{93}, O_{94}, O_{95}, O_{96}, O_{97}, O_{98}, O_{99}, O_{100}\} \\ G(S(O_1)) &= \{S_1, S_2, S_3, S_4, S_5, S_6, S_7, S_8, S_9, S_{10}, S_{11}, S_{12}, S_{13}, S_{14}, S_{15}, S_{16}, S_{17}, S_{18}, S_{19}, S_{20}, S_{21}, S_{22}, S_{23}, S_{24}, S_{25}, S_{26}, S_{27}, S_{28}, S_{29}, S_{30}, S_{31}, S_{32}, S_{33}, S_{34}, S_{35}, S_{36}, S_{37}, S_{38}, S_{39}, S_{40}, S_{41}, S_{42}, S_{43}, S_{44}, S_{45}, S_{46}, S_{47}, S_{48}, S_{49}, S_{50}, S_{51}, S_{52}, S_{53}, S_{54}, S_{55}, S_{56}, S_{57}, S_{58}, S_{59}, S_{60}, S_{61}, S_{62}, S_{63}, S_{64}, S_{65}, S_{66}, S_{67}, S_{68}, S_{69}, S_{70}, S_{71}, S_{72}, S_{73}, S_{74}, S_{75}, S_{76}, S_{77}, S_{78}, S_{79}, S_{80}, S_{81}, S_{82}, S_{83}, S_{84}, S_{85}, S_{86}, S_{87}, S_{88}, S_{89}, S_{90}, S_{91}, S_{92}, S_{93}, S_{94}, S_{95}, S_{96}, S_{97}, S_{98}, S_{99}, S_{100}\} \\ G(Q^M(O_1)) &= \{Q_1^M, Q_2^M, Q_3^M, Q_4^M, Q_5^M, Q_6^M, Q_7^M, Q_8^M, Q_9^M, Q_{10}^M, Q_{11}^M, Q_{12}^M, Q_{13}^M, Q_{14}^M, Q_{15}^M, Q_{16}^M, Q_{17}^M, Q_{18}^M, Q_{19}^M, Q_{20}^M, Q_{21}^M, Q_{22}^M, Q_{23}^M, Q_{24}^M, Q_{25}^M, Q_{26}^M, Q_{27}^M, Q_{28}^M, Q_{29}^M, Q_{30}^M, Q_{31}^M, Q_{32}^M, Q_{33}^M, Q_{34}^M, Q_{35}^M, Q_{36}^M, Q_{37}^M, Q_{38}^M, Q_{39}^M, Q_{40}^M, Q_{41}^M, Q_{42}^M, Q_{43}^M, Q_{44}^M, Q_{45}^M, Q_{46}^M, Q_{47}^M, Q_{48}^M, Q_{49}^M, Q_{50}^M, Q_{51}^M, Q_{52}^M, Q_{53}^M, Q_{54}^M, Q_{55}^M, Q_{56}^M, Q_{57}^M, Q_{58}^M, Q_{59}^M, Q_{60}^M, Q_{61}^M, Q_{62}^M, Q_{63}^M, Q_{64}^M, Q_{65}^M, Q_{66}^M, Q_{67}^M, Q_{68}^M, Q_{69}^M, Q_{70}^M, Q_{71}^M, Q_{72}^M, Q_{73}^M, Q_{74}^M, Q_{75}^M, Q_{76}^M, Q_{77}^M, Q_{78}^M, Q_{79}^M, Q_{80}^M, Q_{81}^M, Q_{82}^M, Q_{83}^M, Q_{84}^M, Q_{85}^M, Q_{86}^M, Q_{87}^M, Q_{88}^M, Q_{89}^M, Q_{90}^M, Q_{91}^M, Q_{92}^M, Q_{93}^M, Q_{94}^M, Q_{95}^M, Q_{96}^M, Q_{97}^M, Q_{98}^M, Q_{99}^M, Q_{100}^M\} \\ A = \{S_1, S_2, S_3, S_4, S_5, S_6, S_7, S_8, S_9, S_{10}, S_{11}, S_{12}, S_{13}, S_{14}, S_{15}, S_{16}, S_{17}, S_{18}, S_{19}, S_{20}, S_{21}, S_{22}, S_{23}, S_{24}, S_{25}, S_{26}, S_{27}, S_{28}, S_{29}, S_{30}, S_{31}, S_{32}, S_{33}, S_{34}, S_{35}, S_{36}, S_{37}, S_{38}, S_{39}, S_{40}, S_{41}, S_{42}, S_{43}, S_{44}, S_{45}, S_{46}, S_{47}, S_{48}, S_{49}, S_{50}, S_{51}, S_{52}, S_{53}, S_{54}, S_{55}, S_{56}, S_{57}, S_{58}, S_{59}, S_{60}, S_{61}, S_{62}, S_{63}, S_{64}, S_{65}, S_{66}, S_{67}, S_{68}, S_{69}, S_{70}, S_{71}, S_{72}, S_{73}, S_{74}, S_{75}, S_{76}, S_{77}, S_{78}, S_{79}, S_{80}, S_{81}, S_{82}, S_{83}, S_{84}, S_{85}, S_{86}, S_{87}, S_{88}, S_{89}, S_{90}, S_{91}, S_{92}, S_{93}, S_{94}, S_{95}, S_{96}, S_{97}, S_{98}, S_{99}, S_{100}\} \end{aligned}$$
$$2. \quad \text{If } \mathcal{A} \in \mathcal{A}(\mathcal{B}) \text{ then } \mathcal{A} \in \mathcal{A}(\mathcal{B} \cup \mathcal{C}).$$

1. The *Journal of the American Medical Association* (JAMA) is the largest medical journal in the United States, publishing research, clinical studies, and news. It is published weekly, except for two issues combined annually. The JAMA is owned by the American Medical Association (AMA), a professional association of physicians. The JAMA is a peer-reviewed journal, meaning that its content is evaluated by other experts in the field before being published. The JAMA is a leading source of information for physicians and other healthcare professionals.



HER MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI

in the West. Ref: *London & Son, Ltd.*

THE CAVALRY JOURNAL

APRIL, 1937

TWO CAVALRY EPISODES IN THE PALESTINE CAMPAIGN, 1917-1918.

By GENERAL SIR GEORGE DE S. BARROW, G.C.B., K.C.M.G.

ORDER OF BATTLE. FOURTH CAVALRY DIVISION.

PART III.

Six of the regiments of the Yeomanry Mounted Division having been withdrawn in April, 1917, for service in France, and Indian regiments brought from France to replace them, the Division was re-organized under the title of The 4th Cavalry Division, as follows:—

DIVISIONAL HEADQUARTERS :

| | | | |
|---------------|----|----|---|
| G.O.C. | .. | .. | Major-General Sir G. de S. Barrow, K.C.M.G., C.B. |
| G.S.O. (1) | .. | .. | Lt.-Colonel W. J. Foster, C.M.G., D.S.O. |
| A.A. & Q.M.G. | .. | .. | Lt.-Colonel T. C. Robinson, D.S.O. |
| A.D.M.S. | .. | .. | Lt.-Colonel A. W. Moore, D.S.O., R.A.M.C. |

20th BRIGADE R.H.A. :

| | | | |
|-------------------------|----|----|---|
| O.C. | .. | .. | Lt.-Colonel O. L. Eugster, D.S.O., H.A.C. |
| | | | Major T. K. Jeans, M.C., Hants.R.H.A. |
| 1/1st Hants. Battery | | | Major T. K. Jeans, M.C. |
| R.H.A. | .. | .. | Lieut. R. D. Badcock, M.C. |
| 1/1st Berks Battery | | | Major E. V. Landsberg, D.S.O. |
| R.H.A. | .. | .. | Lieut. E. J. Wheen. |
| 1/1st Leicester Battery | | | Major B. H. Jackson, M.C. |
| R.H.A. | .. | .. | Lieut. E. W. Garry, M.C. |
| Signal Squadron | .. | | Major F. J. A. Burt, R.E. |

▲

10th CAVALRY BRIGADE :

| | | |
|---------------------------|-------|---|
| G.O.C. | | Brig.-General R. G. H. Howard-Vyse, C.M.G., D.S.O. |
| | | Brig.-General W. G. K. Green, D.S.O. |
| Brigade Major | .. | Major W. H. Lang, 16th Cavalry I.A. |
| Dorset Yeomanry | .. | Lt.-Colonel G. K. M. Mason, D.S.O., 14th Hussars. |
| 32nd Lancers | .. | Capt. D. S. Davison, 2nd La. (tempry.), I.A. |
| 38th Central India Horse. | | Lt.-Colonel J. Gourlie. |

11th CAVALRY BRIGADE :

| | | |
|----------------------|-------|--|
| G.O.C. | | Brig.-General C. L. Gregory, C.B. |
| Brigade Major | .. | Capt. D. C. M. Beech, 20th Hussars. |
| 1st County of London | | Lt.-Colonel The Hon. E. F. Lawson, D.S.O., M.C., Bucks Hussars. |
| 29th Lancers | .. | Lt.-Colonel P. B. Sangster, D.S.O. |
| 36th Jacobs Horse | .. | Lt.-Colonel W. G. K. Green, D.S.O. Major G. M. Nixon. |

12th CAVALRY BRIGADE :

| | | |
|-------------------|-------|--|
| G.O.C. | | Brig.-General J. T. Wigan, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Berks Yeo. |
| Brigade Major | .. | Capt. G. de la Poer Beresford, 10th La., I.A. |
| Stafford Yeomanry | .. | Lt.-Colonel W. Viscount Lewisham. |
| 6th Cavalry | .. | Lt.-Colonel C. C. Newnham, D.S.O. |
| 19th Lancers | .. | Lt.-Colonel D. H. McNeil, D.S.O. Lt.-Colonel H. F. Lance. |

During the summer of 1918 the British line in Palestine extended from the River Jordan at Es Shert across the Judean Hills and the Plain of Sharon to a point on the Mediterranean Sea one mile north of Asruf. The Desert Mounted Corps was responsible for the defence of the Jordan from Es Shert to the Dead Sea, including the Ghoranyeh bridge head (The Imperial Service Infantry brigade held the bridge head). At the beginning of September the Anzac Mounted Division and the 4th Cavalry Division were holding this line while the 5th Cavalry Division and the Australian Mounted Division rested at Ramleh and Deiran.

It had been considered hitherto impossible for Europeans to live in the Jordan Valley during the hot season on account of the malignant malaria that was prevalent; and there were other evils to contend with. Sandfly fever, heat, dust, the heavy atmosphere at 1,300 feet below sea level combined with the malaria to enervate and depress those who had to pass a long

time in this baleful region, where, according to the local inhabitants, no European had attempted to live in summer. George Adam Smith in "The Historical Geography of the Holy Land" describes the Dead Sea as "this awful hollow, this bit of the infernal regions come up to the surface, this hell with the sun shining into it."

According to Desert Mounted Corps arrangement two divisions held the Jordan line while two rested and recuperated in the plain of Sharon, at Ramleh and Deiran. The 4th Cavalry Division had gone into the Valley towards the end of May. It was relieved by the 5th Cavalry Division on July 7th, when it withdrew to Deiran. On August 12th it was back in the Valley in relief of the 5th Cavalry Division and there it remained until September 11th. It therefore spent altogether ten weeks in the Valley with one period of rest, whereas the 5th Cavalry Division spent only five weeks in the Valley with two rest periods before the commencement of the strenuous operations that were to follow.* Moreover, the 4th Cavalry Division had to make five consecutive night marches, averaging 14 miles, from the Valley to the left flank of the Army on bad and very dusty roads, arriving at its assembly position behind the XXI Corps only two days before the campaign opened. During this march heat and flies prevented the men from making up during the day-time for the sleep which they had lost during the night. One accepts hardships, bad climates, loss of sleep, short rations and discomforts of all sorts as being inevitable in war, and where unavoidable there is no cause for grumbling. Nor was there ever a grumble in the 4th Cavalry Division. But I cannot help thinking that the periods in the Valley might have been more equably divided between the two divisions. As it was, the 4th Cavalry Division was a tired† formation when it went through the gap on September 19th, 1918. The exhilarating nature of the manœuvre on which it was engaged and the will to victory that pervaded all ranks sustained it until the destruction of the

* Preston in "The Desert Mounted Corps" says that each division had alternately a month on duty in the Valley and a month at rest in the hills. This is incorrect.

† Tired physically, but its morale was splendid.

Turkish forces was completed, after which, as will be seen, it collapsed.

I had preceded the Division by three days in order to reconnoitre and get into touch with the XXI Corps, in rear of which we were to assemble. On one of these days I was called to G.H.Q. where the C.-in-C. gave General Macandrew, commanding the 5th Cavalry Division, and myself his personal instructions. He asked us to point out on the map the localities we expected to reach by the evening of the 19th and evening of the 20th. I told him the 4th Cavalry Division would be at Beisan at 6 p.m. on September 20th. It may be rash to make a definite statement of this sort in war. On the other hand if one does pledge oneself to a definite achievement one is more likely to succeed than if one's ideas are confined to some vague intention of going as far or doing as much as one can, in the time or circumstances as the case may be.

According to the plan of operations drawn up by the Desert Mounted Corps and approved by the C.-in-C. the 4th Cavalry Division was to follow on the tail of the 5th Cavalry Division when the break through started. This did not suit me at all. The route to be taken by the 5th Cavalry Division followed the coast line, under cover of the cliffs, and the division would have to march in one column on a narrow front until it got beyond the Turkish lines. This would mean a very long column and it would be hours before the 4th Cavalry Division would be able to shake itself free and head for its objective. I therefore protested and asked permission to take my own line directly the flag fell. After some discussion in which General Sir Harry Chauvel also took part, Sir Edmund Allenby said, "All right, have it your own way, although I think the other way would be best." A smaller man would probably have put it differently. Either he would have agreed with me, or if he did not, he would have made me act in conformity with his views. As it was, this mark of confidence on the part of the C.-in-C. put me under a special obligation not to fail in my undertaking.

But now an unexpected difficulty cropped up. The XXI Corps Commander refused to allow the division passage through his lines until his infantry had advanced, made a wheel to the right and cleared the original front, driving the enemy towards the foot-hills. This was an operation which might take any length of time, depending as it did on the opposition put up by the enemy and even should there be no resistance would take at least 2 hours as a simple manoeuvre. He said, "I know you d—d cavalry fellows, you'll go getting in the way of my people, obstructing their movements, masking their fire, delaying them! in short, making a d—d nuisance of yourselves if I let you go before we are all clear." In vain did I assure him that we could adopt a formation that would enable us to pass through his infantry without impeding the movement of a single rifleman or machine gun: he was adamant. The only thing left to do therefore was what had been done before when caught in the fell clutch of circumstance, namely, to evade the inconvenient order. It was essential, and Sir E. Allenby had laid particular stress on this point, that we should not become entangled in a fight with the Turks which would delay our march. It was inadvisable therefore to follow immediately on the heels of the infantry, while it was of the utmost importance not to lose one "unforgiving minute" when once the way was open. Consequently a compromise in time and space had to be made which complicated the Staff problem considerably. The object to be aimed at was to bring the head of the column up to the gap at the moment the enemy troops would be cleared from our front. The exact time when this would occur could only be guessed at. As will be seen later, good fortune furnished this unknown factor in the plan, which my Staff drew up with great care and forethought, to bring the division to the right place at the right time without unnecessary delay or fatigue. Major-General Fane, whose division (the 7th Meerut Division) was to make the gap through which we were to pass was an old friend. To him I went with my difficulty, and without hesitation he agreed to raise no objection to our moving off at the earliest moment, and undertook to give us the word himself directly the enemy had been cleared

out of our way, wherever his own troops might be at the time. He saw the situation through my eyes, for which I am grateful to his memory.

The morning of September 17th found D.H.Q. Divisional Troops and the 12th Cavalry Brigade at Ramleh, the 10th and 11th Cavalry Brigades at Yebna. The C.-in-C. visited us and addressed Commanding Officers of combatant and administrative units who were assembled at D.H.Q. to meet him. Encouragement and confidence were the motif of his remarks.

At 7 p.m. of the same day the division moved to the Semleh-Yazur area, where it arrived at 2 a.m. of the 18th and went to cover in the orange groves whence the Jaffa oranges come. Throughout the 18th we crawled about under the orange trees completing our preparations for the advance on the morrow, effectually concealed from air observation. The aeroplane is of great value for distant reconnaissance but it has limitations. It is blind in fog and thick weather and partially blind at night; it cannot search woods or buildings, it is easily deceived by camouflage. On quitting the Jordan valley we had put up lines of dummy horses made out of canvas stretched on sticks, left tents standing and other subterfuges* to convey the impression that we were still there. By these means the enemy aeroplanes were deceived into reporting that not only had we not moved out of the valley but that, if anything, our strength had been increased. With a little care and imagination hostile aircraft can be sometimes employed in one's own service by deceiving it into giving the opposing commanders the picture one wants them to see and not that which actually exists.

Selmeh was 10 miles in rear of our wire and it was unfortunate, in view of the long marches before us, that we could not be closer up to our jumping off place. But the orange groves did not extend farther north and the call of secrecy was paramount. Divisional advanced report centre was established on Jenkins hill, 2,500 yards behind our trench line, at 10.30 p.m. Pioneer parties drawn from regiments were assembled at dusk. Their

* Such as fires lighted, bushes dragged to raise dust between horse lines and watering places, etc.

job was to precede the division for the purpose of cutting wire, ramping trenches, removing obstacles and flagging the track. As the movement would start in the dark and be made through a tangle of paths and tracks, dugouts and the hotch-potch of the area lying directly behind the trench system, it was essential for the route to be clearly marked.

In order to obtain a victory of such completeness as would knock the Turks out of the war altogether surprise was an essential principle to be observed, to ensure which, deception, secrecy and mobility are the important factors. Numerous are the examples in history of a Commander-in-Chief's plans being given away owing to a copy of orders falling accidentally into the enemy's hands. For this reason it was considered advisable not to issue divisional orders for the next day until the afternoon of the 18th. The general idea and scope of the pending manoeuvre had been explained verbally to officers commanding combatant and administrative units at D.H.Q. The late issue of written orders caused a considerable amount of inconvenience, especially to administrative units and gave insufficient time in which to arrange for the reduction or re-adjustment of loads and equipment. But the call for secrecy was paramount.

In addition to the rations issued for September 19th, one iron ration and two days' emergency rations were carried on the man and one day's ration in divisional train. Twenty-one pounds of corn were carried on the horse in nose-bags and in sandbags fastened across the front arch of the saddle, and one day's was carried in "A" echelon limber wagons. A camel convoy carrying one day's supplies for man and horse, organised by G.H.Q. was to follow the division. We did not count on this convoy knowing that it could only reach us, if the enemy blocked our way this side of Esdraelon. It fell hopelessly behind the first day and was diverted to serve an infantry formation.

Two blankets were carried under the saddle. Greatcoats, line gear, tin helmets, all clothing not absolutely indispensable were left behind. The average weight on the horse was seventeen stone.

On that night of September 18th, 1918, the spirits of all ranks were high. The moment was at hand which had been in the hopes and imagination of every British cavalry soldier west of Suez during the past four years. We felt confident that on the morrow those hopes would for us be realized and that we should go through the Gap for the first, and what would probably be, the last time in the history of cavalry.

At dusk I went to General Fane's battle headquarters with the intention of remaining at his side until he gave the word that the gap had been made. Lying on the ground with helmet for pillow I slept until roused by the crash of the opening bombardment, which at 4.30 a.m. rang up the curtain on one of the most decisive victories of modern times. The whole sky was lit up by the bursting shells, the Verey lights and the Turkish S O S signals. Directly day broke the infantry assaulted.

Divisional operation orders issued on the 18th said "Four Cav. (plus 11th L.A.M. Batt. and No. 1 Light Car Patrol) will be assembled . . . in a position of readiness at 08.00 in column of brigade masses in rear of the 7th Division and will be prepared to move forward directly the front is cleared. The order will come from the division . . . No mounted man is to pass north of the brown line shown on the attached plan without permission from D.H.Q . . ." The brown line referred to marked the gun positions of the XXI Corps. It was some 6,000 yards behind our own trenches. In the course of its march up to the gap the Division would have to negotiate two narrow river crossings, water horses and make its way through the complicated routes of our own back areas. If, therefore, it waited at the brown line until I got the word "Go" from General Fane it could not arrive at the gap until two hours or more after the infantry had cleared the way. I therefore told Colonel Foster, G.S.O.1 not to await the message from me, but to lead forward the division directly it was assembled at the position of readiness. The divisional order was in fact written with one eye on the XXI Corps which would receive a copy in the ordinary course of business. But it was not possible to suffer the loss of those two priceless hours if there was any way of avoiding it. The

proceeding was slightly irregular, but I am convinced that a cavalry commander must, on occasion, overstep the bounds of orthodoxy if he is to get the best results out of an arm whose strength lies in celerity and rapid seizure of opportunities. The same will apply to the mechanized formation which takes the place of an obsolete cavalry.

The Division left its bivouacs among the orange trees at Selmeh at 4 a.m., watered horses at Hadrah and Jemsheh and arrived at the position of readiness at 8.30 a.m. offsaddled. Here it was joined by the horse artillery batteries, which had been taking part in the bombardment. After the horses had fed it moved forward and halted with its head 100 yards from the Gap. The pioneer parties had reached our own wire at 7 a.m. and covered by the infantry had cut the wire, marked the track with red and blue flags and cleared the way through the enemy's defences. General Fane had followed the attack of his infantry and at Tabsor at 8.40 a.m. he told me that the way was clear for us to go forward. I hastened to the head of the division which had only arrived a few minutes earlier and at 8.58 a.m. the leading unit passed through the Gap. It did not take us long to cross no man's land and pick our way through the Turkish trench system. Dead and wounded Turks, litter of camp equipment, stores and all the paraphernalia of trench warfare lay scattered around, as the result of our bombardment. We were soon in the open and delighted to be free at last from the oppression of trench warfare. Meanwhile the infantry combat rolled eastwards towards Tulkeran and the foothills.

The country we were about to traverse is favourable to the movement of large mounted formations. The undulations, the low hills 200 to 300 feet high, the patches of cultivation favoured cover and concealment without impeding the rate of march. The only obstacles are the wadis which break up formations and are often not seen until one reaches the brink, but they are easily crossed. The "going" on the whole is good, except for some wide patches of uneven sand that were very trying for the guns, ammunition column, field ambulances and wheel transport.

The Division went rapidly forward the 11th Cavalry Brigade leading, the 10th and 12th Cavalry Brigades echeloned on its right and left respectively. D.H.Q., the ammunition column and "A" echelon 1st line transport followed the 11th Cavalry Brigade. "B" echelon 1st line transport and the divisional train grouped in one column and escorted by a squadron of the Central India Horse followed at its own pace.

By 11.15 a.m. we had passed Kh er Zerkiyeh, marked as a swamp on the map and which we found quite dry. A short halt was made between 1 and 2 p.m. on the line Barg-el-Atol-El Mughair. So far we had met with no opposition. After crossing the Nahr Eskunderun—a swampy and difficult passage for the wheels—the advanced guard came under fire from the vicinity of Kerkur. Jacobs Horse promptly galloped the enemy position and captured 250 prisoners.

At 6.30 p.m. the 10th Cavalry Brigade being at Kerkur, 12th Cavalry Brigade at Jelameh, 11th Cavalry Brigade and D.H.Q. at Tel-el-Dhrur a three hour halt was called in order to water, feed and rest. Tactical considerations made a much shorter halt desirable. But watering the horses was a lengthy process as it had to be done from wells and from an inadequate stream one mile N.E. of Kerkur-Beidas. It had been a hot day and there had been no opportunity for watering since dawn, at which hour the horses would not drink much. We did not know when or where we should find water again. It was imperative therefore to make the most of this opportunity. Even so I am doubtful whether the time allowed of every horse getting a drink.

We captured a large depot of wood and grain at Kerkur.

On visiting the 11th Cavalry Brigade Headquarters Brig.-General Gregory gave me a never-to-be-forgotten cup of tea mixed with a good measure of whiskey—the finest pick-me-up in the world when one is tired.

Up to this point everything had gone without a hitch.

Our next stage led through the Musmus Pass. Besides the shore route—avoided by Napoleon and others because of the ease with which it can be defended—there are four passes over

Carmel connecting the plains of Sharon and Esdraelon. There is the route taken by Napoleon which reaches Esdraelon at Tel Keimun; next to the east is the road followed by the 5th Cavalry Division which debouches at Abu Shushe; then comes the Musmus Pass; further east again is the old highroad from Egypt to Damascus by the Valley of Dothan, where Joseph's brethren sold him to a caravan of Ishmalites, and Jenin. All these ways into the plain of Esdraelon have witnessed the coming and going of armies. With the exception of Musmus they are fairly easy and open.

The Musmus Pass is 14 miles long measured from Kerkur to Lejjun. It rises from 300 feet above sea level to 1,200 feet at the watershed near Musmus, and descends to 550 feet at Lejjun. The roadway which had been recently repaired by the Turks is wide enough for a column in half-sections. The surface is rather rough and stony. The hills rise abruptly on each side of the road. Between Kh. Ara and Musmus the pass narrows to a defile six miles in length. It was almost a certainty that the enemy would take steps to occupy this defile directly he got the news of our break-through. We learn from Liman von Sanders book "Fünf Jahre Türkei," page 350, that he did actually himself give the order for the occupation of the pass. Fortunately for us the officer who was entrusted with the task failed to rise to the occasion. A couple of machine guns would have sufficed to hold us up for hours; a battalion of infantry with machine guns would have been enough to bring the whole division to a full stop; in which case the greater part of the Turkish VII Army would have escaped northwards through Beisan, and forming a rearguard would have gained the time to organise a defensive position covering Damascus. Three thousand four hundred years ago Thotmes, on his way to fight with the Syrians, who were gathered in Esdraelon to oppose him, informed his commanders that he intended to move by the Musmus Pass. "How are we to advance on this narrow path" they asked. "The enemy will await us there and can hold the pass against a multitude. Will not horse come behind horse and man behind man

likewise? Shall our van be fighting while our rear is still standing in the Arara unable to take part in the fight? ” How much more easily could the pass be defended in these days of rifles, bombs and machine guns. The “time” factor was all-important; minutes held the balance between success and failure. Moreover we were pledged to be at Beisan by the evening of the next day.

At 6.30 p.m. the following divisional order was issued. “The advance will be continued tonight through the Musmus Pass on Lejjun, moving from Kerkur through Kh. Es Sumrah. Units will leave Kerkur in the following order :—

10th C.B., 11th C.B., 12th C.B., D.H.Q., will move at head of 11th C.B. 10th C.B. will leave Kerkur at 22.00. Other units will time their march from present bivouacs so as to follow in above order from Kerkur. No. 11 L.A.M. Batt. will leave Kerkur at 21.45 and will reconnoitre the pass in advance of the 10th C.B. Enemy are reported to have retired last night on Nazareth and Lejjun, but no guns with column. Acknowledge. 18.30.”

The 2nd Lancers (Gardner’s Horse) were detailed by 10th Cavalry Brigade as advanced guard and directed on Kh. Arah cross road. It moved off from Tel el Asawir at 8.45 p.m. Soon after crossing the railway line it struck into a column of Turkish transport retreating on Lejjun. The escort of this column and the stragglers accompanying it, to the number of two or three hundred were captured by the Lancers and sent back under escort of 2 sowars to every 30 prisoners. Kh. Ara was occupied soon after 11 p.m. and an outpost line established.

On visiting the 10th Cavalry Brigade H.Q. at Kerkur railway station at 9.30 p.m. I was surprised to find that through some misunderstanding the brigade orders had given 11.30 p.m. instead of 10 p.m. as the hour of march. Pointing out this deviation from divisional orders and emphasizing the urgency of getting on the move as quickly as possible, I hastened with Colonel Foster (G.S.O.1) to the advanced guard which was halted at Kh. Ara, awaiting brigade orders to advance. On the way

we passed the column of Turkish transport carts with the animals—mules, donkeys, oxen, standing patiently in the shafts. It is more than probable that they were enduring hunger, thirst and fatigue, but there was no time or possibility to attend to their wants. I do not know what eventually became of them. God forgive us the suffering which, in the pursuit of our own selfish aims, we bring to the animals over which we have been given dominion!

Kh. Ara is 5 miles from Kerkur. It was 11.30 p.m. when we joined the advanced guard. Prisoners and inhabitants said that a large column of Turks with 3 field guns had passed, on the way to Lejjun, sometime previous to the arrival of the 2nd Lancers. The two cars of the L.A.M. Battery, which had gone to reconnoitre some distance up the pass, returned at 11.50 p.m. They had only met an enemy car which they captured, its 3 occupants escaping in the dark.

We were considerably behind time, and as owing to the mistake in the starting hour the main body of the 10th Cavalry Brigade would not come up for another hour at earliest I ordered the advanced guard forward at once, and sent the armoured cars ahead to see if the pass was clear as far as Umm el Fahm. There was a certain risk in sending the advanced guard unsupported. It was one of those occasions, frequent in war, when one must be prepared to risk all "on one turn of pitch and toss." The only thing to do was to endeavour to make good the exit to Esdraelon as quickly as possible.

The advanced guard started and Foster and I remained to await the arrival of the main body of the brigade. Time passed without any sign or sound of it. I became anxious and told Foster that we had better go back and see what had become of it. He tried to persuade me to remain where we were, saying there was no doubt the brigade would soon come. But it was already too long overdue, and my misgiving that something had gone wrong was too strong to permit of remaining inactive. We retraced our steps towards the entrance of the pass meeting nothing on the way until about one mile from Kerkur where we

came on a mass of horsemen dismounted in assembly position. Here we learnt that the 10th Cavalry Brigade had missed the road to the pass and was heading in a contrary direction. Although there was a bright moon, moonlight is often deceptive and to this may be largely attributed the mistake in taking the wrong track. It was fortunate that Foster and I did not stay longer in the pass. Had we done so the whole division would have followed the 10th Cavalry Brigade. As it was, the leading regiment of the 11th Cavalry Brigade had already filed off after it. We were in the nick of time to arrest further following in the footsteps of the 10th Cavalry Brigade. Foster set off at once to find the erring column, leaving me sitting alone on a rock. It seemed ages till he returned to tell me that he had caught up the brigade $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles away and had turned it back. He then got off his horse and collapsed on the ground.

Foster, an Australian, was one of the best soldiers it has been my good fortune to serve with, which is saying a great deal. Apart from his knowledge and mental abilities, he had an immense capacity for hard work. He could stand up to a great deal more bodily fatigue than most men can endure; and he had an indomitable spirit which enabled him to keep going even after his physical powers were spent. But, like the rest of us, he had not escaped the enervating effects of several weeks passed in the Jordan Valley during the worst season of the year; and the work of two or three days immediately preceding the march had been especially arduous. And now this vexatious baulk, coming as it did on the top of long hours spent in the saddle without a moment's relief from his staff duties brought him to the end of his tether. For twenty minutes he lay insensible to his surroundings. Divisional Headquarters having followed the 10th Cavalry Brigade in accordance with the march orders I was now left alone, wrapped in semi-darkness and uncertainty.

There are some modern military writers who agree that war has undergone such a complete transformation since 1914 as to discount largely the value of the lessons and experience derived

from campaigns previous to that date. They even go so far as to imply that the civilian who has given no special attention to the study of war is fitter for high command than the soldier who has made it his life's study.* This is not the place to draw attention to some fallacies which are fairly obvious in these statements, and I will only say here that there are certain aspects of war that can alone be learnt by experience fortified by the study of military history, for neither of which has the civilian, except in special instances, the opportunity or the leisure. One of these aspects is contained in the saying of Clausewitz, "The difficulties (in War) accumulate and produce a friction which no man can imagine exactly who has not seen War." The higher direction of war would in fact be far simpler than a game of chess if it were not externally, the opposition of the enemy and internally, the friction that is unavoidable in the operations of any military force and which increases rapidly with the size of the force. Very rarely does anything work out exactly according to plan, and when it does the success is overwhelming, as was the case in the particular campaign in which the 4th Cavalry Division was playing its own small part. I realized, therefore, that the situation only represented what is normal in war and there was no cause for depression. But it was essential that something should be done, and done quickly. Mounting Foster's horse, my own having vanished in the semi-darkness, I set off to try and find the 12th Cavalry Brigade. By good fortune I ran into it, massed and awaiting the order to move. I could not, however, find anyone who was able to direct me to the brigade commander or one on his staff. Every man I questioned seemed to have seen General Wigan a minute or two earlier, information which did not bring me nearer to him. Anyone who has tried to find a particular person in a crowd at night will know that it is like looking for the proverbial needle in a haystack.

Suddenly I ran against General Wigan himself. Once again he was destined to help me in an awkward predicament. Ex-

* See Article by Military Correspondent in *The Times* of 10th July, 1936, and "War in Outline" by Liddell Hart.

plaining the situation briefly, I told him that his brigade which was to have been the rear brigade would now be the leading brigade. He was prompt to act and within five minutes he had made his arrangements, issued his orders and the 12th Cavalry Brigade was on the road to Musmus. It was now 1 a.m., September 20th. An officer* of the 10th Cavalry Brigade staff reported to me somewhere about this time that the 10th Cavalry Brigade on its way back to the mouth of the pass had again gone off on a false trail.

The final result of this tragedy of errors was that the Division was at last got on to the right road, but with much dislocation, and the loss of three hours of unknown worth, their value depending on what was happening on the other side of the veil. Several empty miles had moreover been added to the labour of one-third of the horses of the division.

Returning to Foster, who had recovered during my absence, we followed the 12th Cavalry Brigade.

The remainder of that night we toiled through the pass that had been traversed by Vespasian, Thotmes and other warriors of by-gone days. My ears were strained in expectancy of hearing the rattle of machine gun fire, signifying that what I most feared had happened and that the enemy had anticipated us. Once, as the day was breaking, I saw the figures of several men rise up on the top of one of the hills commanding the road. They were clearly defined on the skyline. My heart went into my mouth for it looked exactly as if they were getting a machine gun into position. They proved to be only local inhabitants, and there was no other sound beyond the throb that is made by a long column of mounted men trotting through the silent night. As dawn stole over the hilltop we descended between commanding heights, past white stone villages with their wondering occupants to the ancient fort of Lejjun or Megiddo.

Megiddo is the site of a great and ancient city of that name and here long after the city had gone to dust a Roman legion was stationed, to command the roads connecting Palestine with

* Captain Woellworth, M.C.

Syria across the plain of Esdraelon. It is from the Latin word "legio" that the name Lejjun is derived.

Lejjun looks out over one of the great battlefields of history. It has seen Thotmes coming up "horse behind horse, and man behind man," and the "stars in their courses fighting against Sisera," and Gideon with his three hundred men, with lamps in their left hands and trumpets in their right hands, shouting "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon," carrying out the most amazing night attack on record; and Saul's defeat by the Philistines, culminating in that tragic scene on the summit of Mount Gilboa, where "the beauty of Israel" was "slain upon the high places" and Jehu driving furiously towards Jezreel; and Ahaziah escaping in his chariot wounded; to die at Megiddo, and the "bow of Israel broken in the Valley of Jezreel" by Shalmanezzer; and another hundred years on, Josiah King of Judah coming "to fight in the Valley of Megiddo" in the great battle between the Assyrians and Pharaoh of Egypt. Again, after a silence of over two thousand years it witnessed afar off the smoke of the burning scrub which signalized the overthrow of the last army and the last hope of the Crusaders. One more battle of note, before Allenby's troopers were to sweep down the Valley, was fought by the great Napoleon at the foot of Mount Tabor, when as General Buonaparte, with 4,500 Frenchmen, he routed an army of 30,000 Turks and Mamelukes. It has been written of this conflict that "no battle of modern times more closely resembles the exploits of Alexander than this masterly concentration of force." Philistines, Israelites, Aramites, Egyptians, Assyrians, Romans, French, Arabs, Turks, British and Indians—what a strange parade of warriors, nearly all "now hidden in death's dateless night" have passed down this Valley within sight of Megiddo. Esdraelon alone remains unchanged. Surely man walketh in a vain show.

The Advanced Guard made Lejjun at 3.30 a.m. and came suddenly on 100 Turkish soldiers with arms piled, sitting round a fire. They were an advanced party of the force that was ordered to occupy the pass against our oncoming. They were

all captured. Having taken up a position to cover the entrance to the pass the 2nd Lancers offsaddled, watered at an abundant stream and fed. D.H.Q. and the 12th Cavalry Brigade arrived 35 minutes later.

An early mist out of which Mount Tabor and the mountains on the other side rose grandly to view, hid Afuleh and the villages of the plain from sight.

Soon after 5 a.m. the Advanced Guard* started to advance on Afuleh having one squadron (C) and the L.A.M. Batt. on the road, one squadron (B) on the right flank, one squadron (A) on the left flank, one squadron (D) and sub-section M.G.'s in reserve. It had not gone far when at 5.30 a.m. fire was suddenly opened on it from a position about two miles from where the road debouches from Lejjun into the plain. Capt. Davison was prompt to act. He ordered C Squadron, the L.A.M. Batt. and the M.G. subsection to engage the enemy in front; and D Squadron to attack the enemy's left flank, moving slowly at first in order to allow the M.G.'s to come into action. He sent an order to A Squadron to engage the enemy's right flank, but the message did not arrive in time to enable the Squadron which was somewhat extended to take part in the attack. D Squadron having left-shouldered and then formed column of troops, left-wheeled and charged. Meanwhile B Squadron Commander, observing D Squadron's movement out to the right decided to co-operate without awaiting orders. Making a circuit in order not to clash with D Squadron he saw what had not been apparent from Capt. Davison's position, that the enemy had a second line 200 yards in rear of the first. Against this second line he led his Squadron. There was temporary confusion when it ran into a wire fence. It was quickly rallied although under

* The A.G. consisting of the 2nd Lancers, 11th L.A.M. Batt. and a sub-section of 17th M.G. Squadron was commanded by Capt. Davison of the 2nd Lancers, in the absence of two senior officers—one on leave and the other sick. Capt. Davison was the son of a former Commandant of the regiment. Both father and son were fine pigstickers, the son winning the Kadir Cup after the war. This young officer had a career before him when a fever contracted in Kashmir prematurely ended his life, to the great loss of his regiment, of the Indian Cavalry and of the Army generally.

† Mainly through the efforts of an Indian Officer, Risaldar Jang Bahadur Singh—who was awarded the Indian Distinguished Service Medal.

heavy, though fortunately extremely inaccurate, fire and galloped into its objective almost simultaneously with D Squadron's attack on the first line. As soon as our men were amongst the enemy C Squadron and the M.G.'s had to cease fire, whereupon C Squadron mounted and joined in the *mélée*. The enemy kept up a heavy rifle and M.G. fire until the Lancers were among them, when, as must inevitably happen when distance no longer intervenes, fire weapons surrendered to cold steel. As had already occurred and was to occur again in this theatre of the Great War, the "Arme Blanche" showed that, given the proper conditions, it was still effective as in the days of Joshua. The upshot of this combat was 46 Germans and Turks killed and wounded, mostly by the lance, and 470 with 3 M.G.'s captured, together with consequences greatly transcending the merely local results. The road to Beisan was now practically clear. Our losses were one man wounded and 12 horses killed. The force encountered was the 13th depot regiment which had received orders at Nazareth at 12.30 p.m., September 19th, to occupy the Musmus Pass without delay. Liman von Sanders in "Fünf Jahre Türkei" expresses his surprise when at Samach on the evening of September 20th, he found Major Frey, to whom he had confided this mission, who told him that he had not been able to execute the order as the "English" Cavalry had anticipated him and that his troops had been dispersed or captured. We had been too quick for the enemy but perhaps some of the credit is due to Major Frey and his troops, who were too slow. It is only 16 miles from Nazareth to Lejjun and there is a fair road the whole way.

The depot regiment had not been previously engaged, and its moral had not suffered from defeat or retreat. What was it that enabled this small tired mounted force to override a fresh infantry battalion at so small cost to itself? It was the result of a happy combination of the principles of surprise, fire, movement and co-operation. A German whom I questioned soon after this action, said they had been told by their officers that they were going to hold the Pass and that there was plenty of

time as we could not reach it before the evening of the 20th, i.e., 12 hours later than we actually did. When I asked him where his commanding officer was he said he did not know and hoped, to God, he was dead!

One cannot help wondering whether this is the last time the clash of arms will be heard in Esdraelon before the final conflict between the hosts of good and evil which the visionary writer of the Apocalypse has located at Armageddon (Har-Magedon) the "City or mountain of Megiddo."

The Advanced Guard after reorganizing, continued its march. Our patrols were fired on and it was evident that there were still a number of enemy troops in Afuleh. Considerable activity could be seen through the glasses and it looked as if the depot was being hastily evacuated. Owing to some bad patches of black cotton soil the pace of the A.G. was reduced to a walk. One squadron*, less delayed than the rest, circuted the place, and galloping in from the north Afuleh fell to this surprise attack. The incidents immediately following our arrival show how unexpected was our arrival. One hundred German air-force mechanics tried to escape on lorries. They were too late and all were captured. An aeroplane bringing the German mails landed in our midst. The pilot and observer got the surprise of their lives when they found themselves greeted by Indian troopers instead of their own countrymen. They bravely tried to get their M.G. into action but were soon silenced, the observer being wounded. The L.A.M. Batt. captured 12 lorries with German drivers who were escaping towards Beisan. A closed car approaching one of our piquets was allowed to come to within 80 yards under the impression that it was one of our own. Nine Turks alighted and started firing on the piquet. There was some confusion in the piquet, as the result of the surprise, but it got its Hotchkiss rifle into action and killed two Turks when the N.C.O.† in command of the piquet, taking a rifle and bayonet, rushed on to the remaining Turks and captured them single-handed.

* Lieut. King, 2nd Lancers, who commanded the Squadron was awarded the M.C. for the initiative shown by him on this occasion.

† Duffadar Chuni Lal, 2nd Lancers, awarded the Indian Order of Merit.

El Afuleh and all it contained was completely in our hands by 8 a.m. The most important captures were 3 aeroplanes, 10 railway engines, 50 railway trucks, a light-armoured motor battery, 18 lorries, a fully equipped hospital with a quantity of drugs of good quality, a large store of petrol. The German officers had laid in a large stock of champagne and hock which we had not the time to sample ourselves or the means to distribute among our own people. It later fell to the Australian division which followed in our footsteps.*

Considering the facts related, one cannot admit that Afuleh had been captured by troops of the 5th Cavalry Division before our arrival as stated in Desert Mounted Corps despatch and repeated in some other accounts of these operations. A place cannot rightly be said to be captured as long as the enemy's armed forces are still in possession of it. This is, however, not a matter of any importance. By noon the whole division, fighting troops and transport, was concentrated at El Afule.

Thomas Hardy, directly after the events described above, painted in words a picture which will have risen, indistinct and formless perhaps, in the imagination of all those who rode with the 4th Cavalry Division, on September 19th and 20th, and who were not ignorant of the history of Esdraelon, when they looked from Lejjun for the first time over the Plain :—

“ Did they catch as it were in a Vision at shut of the day—
When their Cavalry smote through the ancient Esdraelon Plain,
And they crossed where the Tishbite stood forth in his enemy's way—
His gaunt mournful Shade as he bade the King haste off amain ? ”

“ On War-men at this end of time—even on Englishmen's eyes—
Who stay with their arms of new might in that long-ago place,
Flashed he who drove furiously ? . . . Ah, did the phantom arise
Of that queen, of that proud Tyrian woman who painted her face ? ”

“ Faintly marked they the words ‘ Throw her down ! rise from Night eerily,
Spectre-spots of the blood of her body on some rotten wall ?
And the thin note of pity that came : ‘ A King's daughter is she.’
As they passed where she trodden was once by the chargers' footfall ? ”

* The statement is not quite correct for I have since seen a copy of a letter of Capt. Vaughan, who commanded D Squadron 2nd Lancers, in which he says “ I have never enjoyed any time of my life half as much as that week, and on the morning after a charge outside Afuleh, having settled down to a Bosche cigar and a bottle of ditto hock, I would not have changed places with President Wilson himself.”

" Could such be the hauntings of men of to-day, at the cease
Of pursuit, at the dusk hour, ere slumber their senses could seal ?
Enghosted seers, Kings,—one on horseback who asked ' Is it peace ? '
Yea, strange things and spectral may men have beheld in Jezreel."

At 1 p.m. the march to Beisan was continued. The distance is 17 miles. The soil is mostly black cotton, and the pace off the road was therefore restricted to the walk. It was imperative for us to be in Beisan before dark. It might be held by the enemy, and until it was in our hands our mission remained unfulfilled. Consequently reconnoitring and protective bodies and patrols were reduced to the minimum. The Dorset Yeomanry had now taken over advanced guard duties from the 2nd Lancers, and kept to the road with the exception of a squadron coasting the foothills on either flank. The greater part of the distance was covered at the trot. Eight hundred prisoners and some M.G.'s were picked up between Beisan and Afule. Some small carts were also taken, containing rifles concealed under loads of clothing and equipment.

The 19th Lancers were left in occupation of Afule with orders that, whether relieved or not, they were to march the same evening to Jisr Mujamie, 9 miles N.N.E. of Beisan.

The Advanced Guard arrived before Beisan at 4.30 p.m. and at once galloped the depot and railway buildings. There was only slight opposition. A detachment of Germans had been sent to put Beisan in a state of defence. We were nearly on the top of them and they beat a hurried retreat in lorries before having time to effect anything. The whole division was assembled at Beisan by 6 p.m. We had kept our promise to the Commander-in-Chief.

An important prize in Beisan was three intact 5.9 Howitzers. They were manned by our gunners and placed to command all approaches from the South. Seven hundred more prisoners were rounded up during the next few hours bringing the total since we entered the Musmus Pass, to over 2,000.

When the division moved on to Afule the Middlesex Yeomanry had remained at Megiddo to guard the pass until the arrival of the Australian division. It was natural to conclude

that in its movement on Beisan the division would have swept the open valley clear of all hostile bodies. But it is never safe to conclude anything in war. The officer commanding the Middlesex, going some distance ahead of his regiment in order to examine the ground over which his men would have to ride, found himself suddenly confronted by a Turkish detachment of several hundred Turks, which retiring from Jenin, had come in rear of the division by a track which enters the valley east of Jenin. He was made prisoner, but the period of his captivity was short. Explaining the situation to the Turkish officers, and showing them on his map how hopelessly they were placed with British troops on all sides of them, this strange conference held in indifferent French, ended in the position of captured and captors being reversed; and the officer commanding the Middlesex Yeomanry led back to his regiment 800 armed Turkish officers and men, prisoners of war. This must be nearly a record capture by a man single-handed.

Beisan, Bethshan, Bethshean or Scythopolis are names for the same place which appears on several of the pages of history. It is now a squalid collection of mean houses clustering round the broken pillars and fragments that testify to its former brilliance. One has only to stand on the mound which marks the site of the ancient citadel to comprehend its strategic importance during the constant warfare which has swept up and down the Valley of Jezreel, backwards and forwards across the Jordan. Pompey the Great passed this way; and Antiochus and Vespasian. It has seen Byzantines fighting with Moslems; Crusaders fighting with Saracens. And, for what it is best remembered to-day, it has seen fastened to its walls the bodies of Saul and Jonathan his son.

Few of us will claim to go as far as George Adam Smith when he says "No Christian can stand among these ruins without remembering that during the persecutions of Decius and Diocletian the amphitheatres of Syria were used for the slaughter of confessors of Christ."* What concerned us at the

* "The Historical Geography of the Holy Land."

moment was that the main lines of retreat of the Turkish VII and VIII Armies, retreating northwards across the hills through Nablus and up the Jordan Valley, passed through Beisan.

The 19th Lancers (Fane's Horse) with the 18th M.G. Squadron and two sections 4th Field Squadron R.E. left Afule at 7 p.m. with orders to seize the bridge at Jisr Mujamie and prepare it for demolition. It was to be destroyed only if absolutely necessary to prevent the enemy from using it, as we should probably want to use it ourselves later on. The march was arduous. Following a mountain track which showed the direction but did nothing to ease the difficulties of the ground, the men led their horses for 20 miles through the night across a broken and stoney country, intersected by numerous dry water courses, too rough and boulder strewn to be traversed mounted in the darkness. Arrived at Jisr Mujamie at 5 a.m. on September 21st, they drove off an enemy guard, placed demolition charges on the bridge over the Jordan and Yarmak, removed some rails and sat down astride the line which connects the Hejaz with Palestine.

The Official Account says, "The 4th Cavalry Division after five night approach marches had covered 70 miles in 34 hours" and adds in a footnote "The divisional records give the distance as greater. It is important to risk no exaggeration on a point so interesting and vital as the marching powers of a cavalry division. The distance has been measured with a wheel and a small allowance made for windings in the tracks not shown on comparatively small-scale maps. The calculation agrees with that made by Colonel Rex Osborne in the CAVALRY JOURNAL." Colonel Rex Osborne was not with the division. All those who accompanied the division and have written an account of these operations give a higher figure. It is important not to overestimate; it is equally important not to underestimate. Measured by the wheel on a map on scale of 4 miles to one inch, on which is marked the exact route followed by the centre brigade, D.H.Q. and transport, i.e., the shortest route taken by any portion of the division, the distance Selmeh to Beisan is exactly

70 miles. By wheel measurement alone, one-third of the division covered at least 75 miles owing to the mistake which occurred at the mouth of the Musmus Pass, and the 19th Lancers and 18th M.G. Squadron covered 74 miles.

When calculating the length of marches on a map a liberal addition to compass or wheel measurements has to be allowed in the case of infantry, and for cavalry this allowance has to be larger owing to the greater distances that patrols and protective bodies have to go, and the greater extent of ground covered, especially when there is any danger of air attack. Napoleon used to allow an extra two miles in an 18-mile march when taking his measurements off the map. Suitable billets or camping grounds have to be found at the end of the march, and these often entail an additional mile or more. Horses have to be watered and they do not find a watering place for large numbers at the point on the map where the wheel ends. Outposts have to take up covering positions at considerable distances from the main bodies. Moving across country bad bits have to be circuted, and formations when spread out must close in to cross a nullah, wadi or bridge and spread out again. A mere map measurement from starting point to finish is not, as on a race course, an accurate figure of the distance covered by a large cavalry force in a hostile and little-known country. I think one is justified in assuming that the division covered 80 miles, at a moderate estimate, in its march from Selmeah to Beisan.

The total loss of horses, from all causes, was twenty-six. The following extract from the records of the field ambulance* will be of interest. "With only four mules to a limber and carrying two and a-half tons of stores, the field ambulance proved itself capable of covering any distance that cavalry might be called upon to march. Not a single animal foundered or failed to do his bit, and the only casualties were half a dozen neck galls in the wheelers and about seven sore backs among the riding horses; these were attributed to the long trot from Afule

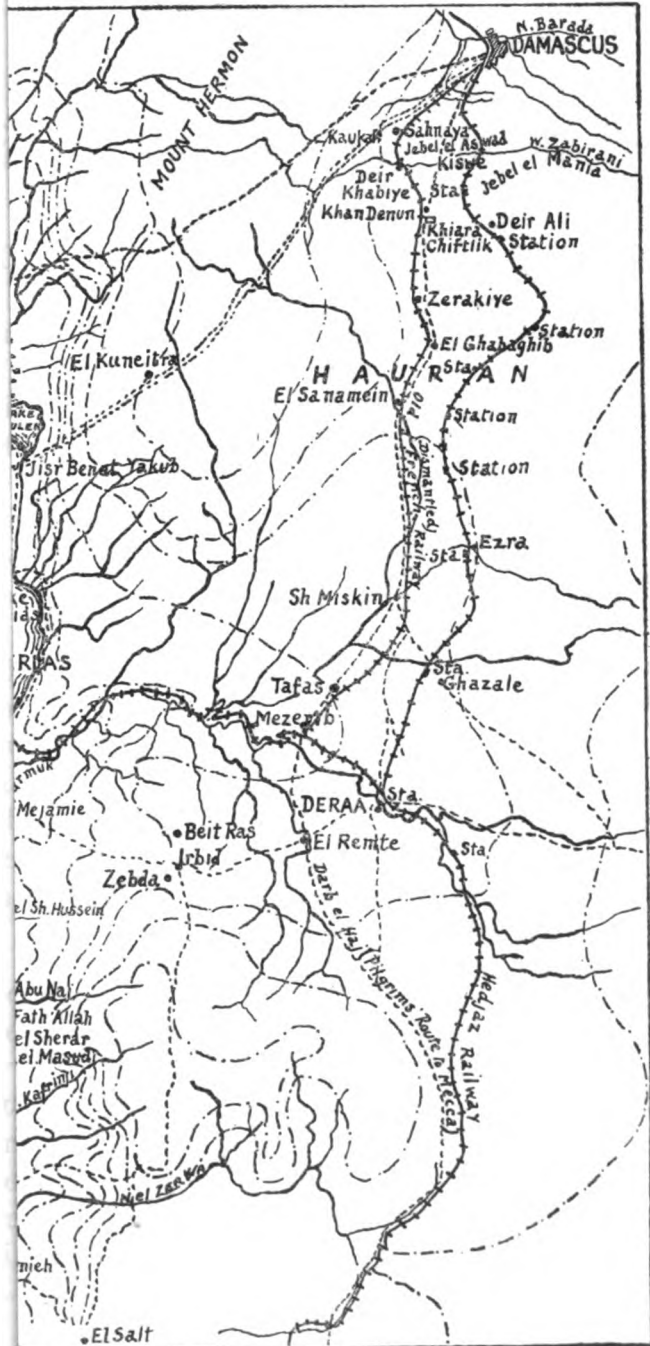
* "Tenth Cavalry Brigade Combined Field Ambulance operations in Palestine, September, October and November, 1918," by Lt.-Colonel H. F. Humphreys, O.B.E., M.C., R.A.M.C. (T.A.).

to Beisan . . . with the men tired . . . But perhaps the most remarkable performance was that of the donkeys. Not one of the twenty-four ever fell behind or showed signs of distress and they sustained not a casualty of any kind. That they should have demonstrated their capacity to carry a man ninety (70 to 80?) miles in 38 hours over mixed going appears to be a military discovery of some importance."

How does this march of the 4th Cavalry Division compare with others of modern times? Those that have the nearest resemblance in point of time are Morgan's march of 90 miles in 35 hours in July, 1862, and Stuart's march of 90 miles in 36 hours in October, 1862, during the American Civil War. Both these marches were undertaken with much fewer numbers than those of the 4th Cavalry Division, the strength of Morgan's force being 900 and of Stuart's 1,800 men. They had no artillery* ammunition columns, no ambulance, no transport or other wheels; no pack for machine guns, signalling or engineer equipment, no supplies as they were returning after three days to their point of departure, and less weight on the horses than had to be carried in the Great War. The Division may therefore claim to have done a record for a force of its size and composition equipped with the requirements as well as with the gadgets of modern warfare. It was made possible with so little loss because its standard of horsemastership was very high and because the spirit of all ranks was one of eager and highhearted gallantry.

* Morgan had 4 guns.

(To be continued.)



A FORGOTTEN CHARGE—THE BRITISH CAVALRY AT LAFFELT.

By LT.-COLONEL A. H. BURNE, D.S.O.

THE battle of Laffelt, Laufeldt, Lawfeld, Kesselt, or Val (to give only some of the spellings) does not appear upon the colours of any of the British units engaged. The more's the pity. A battle in which the Duke of Cumberland commanded an army larger than any commanded by the Duke of Wellington, a battle in which the British troops—left in the lurch by their allies—sustained undismayed the shock of the whole French army and in spite of being forced to retreat captured five colours and lost none, surely deserves to be rescued from the oblivion in which it is buried. The French historian likens the British infantry to “that unbreakable rock of Fontenoy”; but it is of the no less brilliant services of the British cavalry that this article will treat. The notable part they played in the battle is even more forgotten than that of their infantry comrades; the cavalry regimental histories are most disappointingly brief, and it seems high time that the self-sacrificing zeal of our cavalry on the field of Laffelt should be recognised.*

From Fontenoy to Laffelt.

How came the British army to be engaged upon the plains of Brabant on July 2nd, 1747? Just two years previously, as a result of the battle of Fontenoy, Marshal Saxe had overrun Spanish Flanders and Hainault. In 1746 Saxe extended his gains, and by the beginning of 1747 the whole of Flanders from Antwerp to Namur was in his hands. This blow roused the Dutch from their normal lethargy, a revolution re-established

* Fortescue's “History of the British Army” dismisses the affair in half a dozen lines.

the Stadholderate, and the Prince of Orange was elected Stadholder. An allied army consisting of British, Dutch, Hanoverians and Austrians 86,000 strong took the field. The Duke of Cumberland was the commander-in-chief, and the British contingent, consisting of 15 battalions, 5 cavalry regiments and 60 guns, totalled about 13,500. The French army was 135,000 strong, but owing to skilful manœuvring on the part of the Duke of Cumberland (for which there is unfortunately no space here) Saxe was only able to bring equal numbers on to the battlefield. By dawn on July 2nd the whole Allied army was drawn up in line five miles south-west of Maestricht, whilst approaching them from the south-west was the French army, under the eye of Louis XV himself.

The Terrain.

The battlefield, in common with most old Flanders battlefields, has altered very little in appearance. The country is entirely unspoilt and the only notable addition is the great *chaussée* from Tongres to Maestricht which skirts the southern edge of the battlefield. The only way in which it affects the field is that where it crosses the old "hollow way" leading from Kesselt to Montenaken, the latter has had to be levelled up. The country is open, with gently rolling slopes and ridges, leading gradually down to the Meuse at Maestricht. It is still admirable cavalry country. The villages are numerous, but small and compact, and were then generally surrounded by mudbanks, frequently surmounted by quickset. They were thus somewhat inaccessible to cavalry.

The Allied Position. (See map.)

The Austrians were on the right, on top of a low ridge with a good field of view. The centre portion was held by the Dutch, also on a slight ridge. On the left were the Anglo-Hanoverians, the village of Laffelt forming a pronounced salient in their line. The length of the position in a straight line was 11,000 yards, six miles; it thus forms one of the most extensive battlefields of the 18th century. But its effective length was increased by the great bend in its centre. This curious formation has puzzled

many historians, but it has a simple explanation. Cumberland originally schemed the line to include Vlytingen, but on the morning of the battle he issued orders to fall back to the line Grand Spawen-Kesselt. Vlytingen and Laffelt were therefore evacuated, but shortly afterwards a counter-order was issued, Laffelt was therefore re-occupied, but the order did not reach the Dutch troops in time. Cumberland's headquarters were at the Grand Commanderie, on the extreme flank, a curious position, but it has the advantage that he was there under the same roof as Marshal Bathiyani and Prince Waldeck, the Austrian and Dutch commanders.

The Battle.

The dawn of July 2nd broke dismally, in torrents of rain. Cumberland was up early and rode several times up and down the line, adjusting it to his liking. Then at 8 o'clock, seeing no signs of an impending attack, he rode over to the Commanderie to consult his colleagues as to what course they should adopt if Saxe declined to attack. But the consultation was needless, for scarcely had it begun when an A.D.C. came galloping up with a message from Ligonier, his Chief of Staff, to the effect that the enemy were making evident preparations for an attack on Laffelt. Earnestly enjoining his two colleagues to get their men under arms, Cumberland jumped to the saddle and galloped the four miles back to Laffelt.

We must now cross over to the French side of the hill and see what was passing through the mind of Saxe. Overnight he had made no definite plans. His troops were trickling in all night long, and at daylight, whilst they were shaking out into order Saxe rode forward on to the ridge to the north of Reims to reconnoitre (about "A" on the map). On his right the ground sloped gently down to Laffelt; in the dip in the centre could be seen the roofs of Vlytingen; and beyond, the low curling ridge connecting Rosmeer to Hees. Wreaths of smoke were coiling up from Vlytingen and Laffelt. It certainly looked as if the enemy were falling back; possibly they might be standing on the far side of those villages, but in the mist and rain it was difficult to descry any movement.

Saxe quickly made up his mind. He would attack the hostile left, which seemed to him to rest on Laffelt, and at the same time turn it with D'Estrée's cavalry advancing on the line Montenaken-Wilre. For this attack he formed two huge columns; that on the right, under Clermont, consisted of 4 brigades 10,000 strong, Laffelt being the objective; that on the left, under Salières, consisted of six brigades 15,000 strong, Vlytingen being the objective. The attack was to be supported by cavalry on the left, and D'Estrée was to sweep round on the right, keeping abreast of Clermont.

Towards nine o'clock the infantry went forward to the attack, accompanied and supported by a strong force of artillery. As they approached their objectives, the English guns around Laffelt poured a heavy fire into the serried ranks of Clermont's column. Presently the Guards, lining the edge of the village joined in and added to the execution.

Only a brief account can be given here of the homeric contest that waged for over four hours in and around the village. Over and over again the French hurled themselves at it, only to fall. Saxe kept throwing in fresh troops, but Cumberland did the same. Whilst the pressure on the village was at its height danger loomed up from a new direction. This takes us back to Salière's column, which we left approaching Vlytingen. On getting close up to that village, Salières found that it was on fire and unoccupied. This was apparently unexpected, and he had no orders to meet the contingency. What should he do? On the decision that he took the whole issue of the fight would depend.

Fortunately for the French, Salières took the right decision. Ignoring his orders, seeing that the situation was changed, he switched his attack on to Laffelt. This diversion on their left flank came as a welcome relief to Clermont's troops, whose situation was going from bad to worse. All of his six brigades had been expended, and Saxe had already reinforced them with 8 fresh battalions. The village swallowed these in its inferno, as it were, and presently spat out a few charred remains. Yet a further ten battalions (including the Irish Brigade) were thrown

into the breach. But ever the result was the same. According to Saxe's own computation, incredible as it sounds, there were now no less than 38 French battalions in or on the outskirts of this tiny hamlet. After two hours there came a slight breathing space, and Cumberland, considering that Saxe had shot his bolt, ordered a general advance. His own wing essayed to comply with the order, but the Austrians and Dutch failed to co-operate and so it came to nothing.

But Saxe had *not* shot his bolt. He still had one shot in his locker, and that was *himself*. Ordering Salières to strike in rear of the village of Laffelt, the Commander-in-Chief, in his ardour, rode forward himself and joined in the attack. The allied line was broken near its junction between the Dutch and British, and to complete the success Saxe sent two squadrons forward further to the left (see map), himself shouting out to the troopers as they passed him: "Comme au fourage, mes enfants!" This charge struck a body of Dutch cavalry who fled in panic (an English eyewitness positively affirmed that one of the Dutch horsemen was bruised!) and in so doing they overran some infantry reinforcements that Bathiyani was at long last sending to Cumberland. The British commander, whose mind worked quickly in an emergency, and whose eye was as vigilant as Wellington's, witnessed this setback. Realizing the critical nature of the situation, he galloped over to rally his troops. But so far from effecting anything, he was nearly captured himself and had to draw his sword in self defence.

Whilst Cumberland was skirting Laffelt to the north his opponent was doing the same to the south. Taking with him the nearest cavalry that he could lay hands on, and a few guns, Saxe had galloped a three-quarter circle round the village till he reached the high ground between it and Kesselt. Cumberland, emerging from the cavalry scrimmage, must have approached at about the same time. His line of battle was now completely broken; the British infantry had all been thrown in, their ammunition was expended; the Austrians were still sitting fast; there was nothing for it but retreat. This base betrayal by our Austrian allies was probably the most flagrant in the

history of our combined operations; but owing to the tactful reticence of the Duke of Cumberland after the battle, the inner history of a discreditable episode was never made public, and still reposes on the discreet shelves of the Public Record Office.

Meanwhile the triumphant Saxe was standing upon the ridge between Laffelt and Kesselt. The allied infantry were streaming away down the slope between Kesselt and Hees, and the French guns were beginning to play upon them from the ridge nearby. Everything appeared to be over "bar the shouting" and the Marshal was naturally jubilant. But the end was not yet; something was to happen that was to rob Saxe of his prey, and very nearly to cost him his life. It was this "something" that forms the main excuse for this article.

The Cavalry Charge.

Drawn up, on the open slope to the east of Kesselt, and partly covered by the crest of the ridge were two lines of Allied cavalry. On the right were some Hessian squadrons, in the centre four British regiments: the Scots Greys, Inniskillings, Cope's (7th Hussars, and Cumberland's Dragoons. On the extreme left was a handful of Austrian cavalry. No account gives the exact order of battle of these regiments, but an examination of the casualty list leads one to suppose that Cope's Hussars were in the second line. Apart from a slight skirmish with D'Estrées' Carabiniers, these troops were comparatively fresh. As soon as Ligonier was aware of the Duke's intention to withdraw he took charge of the cavalry, intending to use it to cover the retirement, as he had so effectually done at Fontenoy. Though there is no positive information on the point it seems certain that this action had already been projected between the Commander and his Chief of Staff, who always worked together in as complete unity and understanding as Hindenburg and Ludendorff. Be that as it may, Ligonier now took personal charge of the cavalry—and to some purpose.

Marshal Saxe was in the act of ordering all available troops forward. The hesitancy that he had displayed at the end of the battle of Fontenoy was now replaced by vigorous and decisive

action. The reason for it is not far to seek. Cumberland's initial manœuvres had been designed (as his opponent well knew) to cover the fortress of Maestricht. It was this alone that had caused his hasty move across the front of the French army. Having lost the battle, it was therefore evident that the Allies would endeavour to retreat upon that fortress, on the retention of which they laid such store. But a glance at the map will show that such a line of retreat would be exceedingly difficult to achieve, for Wilre had already been abandoned and the direct road to Maestricht lay open in front of the French cavalry. Saxe's course was therefore clear; the Allied left wing must be hustled away from the Maestricht road and driven in a northerly direction. All Saxe's efforts were now bent in this direction. Summoning all the available cavalry from the left, and bringing guns well forward on each side of Laffelt (for the village was now completely in his hands), he sent Ségur's cavalry, together with some infantry, in support of D'Estrées, and ordered Beaufremont's Dragoons, supported by all the Light Horse, to the extreme right. The whole line swept forward in confident pursuit, thundering up the gentle slope, which was now clear of Allied infantry. And then the "thing" happened.

The action of a cavalry charge passes so rapidly, the confusion is so great, the experiences of the individuals swallowed up in it varies so greatly, that the details of even the best attested charge are difficult to unravel. It required the presence of a cool eye and gifted pen in the person of Mr. Winston Churchill to make even the charge of the 21st Lancers at Omdurman intelligible. How then can we expect to give a clear detailed account of the confused action that took place on the slopes of Kesselt nearly two hundred years ago? But we must make the attempt, and the following description, which is arrived at by collating all the known accounts, is probably approximately correct.

As soon as Ligonier saw the French cavalry streaming up the hill—so different from their cautious motions at Fontenoy—his mind was quickly made up. Instead of merely holding his own

cavalry back defensively, as he had done in the former battle, more decided action was now indicated. Promptly he sent the first line forward, straight at the head of the approaching horsemen of D'Estrées and Beaufremont. The ground was (and still is) excellently suited for a cavalry charge; the slope is uniform and just sufficient to ensure momentum without degenerating into lack of control. There are no buildings or hedges to impede or break it up. The British cavalry, supported on its flanks by its Allies, went thundering down this slope, taking the opposing horsemen completely by surprise and overrunning them or sweeping them away. Its success was complete. Unfortunately, as the result of this very success, it carried right on to the "hollow way" that leads from Kesselt to Montenaken. (See map). This hollow way was lined with infantry, and just as Marlborough's victorious cavalry were pulled up short by the infantry-lined hollow way at Elixem,* so were Ligonier's cavalry brought to a stand in this case. But the French advance had been stayed, and though they suffered heavily the Allied cavalry managed to extract themselves and withdraw to the ridge. Cumberland now came on to the scene, and must have conferred with his subordinate; for a moment later another charge was launched, for the enemy was coming on again. D'Estrées had ordered the Carabiniers to attack by the right and strike the enemy in flank while he resumed the attack in the centre. Saxe had also brought up some fresh infantry from the left, and himself joined in the second attack. This attack was met, like the first, by the charge that Ligonier now launched in person. But the conditions were not so favourable. The Hessian cavalry on the right were broken by the French counter-attack, and some of the English cavalry had to go to their assistance. Simultaneously on the left the charge of the Carabiniers struck with deadly effect into the unprotected left flank of our cavalry, for the Austrians do not appear to have done anything. Even so, the impetus of the charge carried the centre of the line down to the hollow way once more, where it met with the same deadly fire at point blank range. Back up the hill once more the sur-

* See CAVALRY JOURNAL, July, 1933.

vivors struggled, leaving a large number in the enemy's hands, including the most valuable man in the whole of the Allied host, the gallant Ligonier. But Saxe also had had a narrow escape in the *melée*. He was evidently unhorsed, and one of the Scots Greys tried to grab him by the shoulder. Saxe ran for it and managed to get clear. Thus in quick succession the Commander-in-Chief on each side narrowly escaped with his life in a cavalry charge. Thus were battles fought in the good old days! The Cumberland Dragoons unduly delayed their return up the hill, and many of them were cut off by the flanking thrust of the Carabiniers.

The Allies Retreat.

Cumberland watched the charge from the top of the ridge; and on its conclusion, noting that it had succeeded in its object and that the French advance was stayed, ordered no further attacks to be delivered. Meanwhile his infantry had seized the opportunity thus offered to get clear away. The retreat was directed in a north-easterly direction, and almost completely unimpeded by the enemy the whole Allied army, strange to relate, succeeded in crossing the Meuse and reaching Maestricht the same night.

Thus was the cavalry charge brilliantly justified, as Saxe was chivalrous enough to admit that evening. Conducting his distinguished captive before King Louis XV he presented him as "the man who has defeated all my plans by a single glorious action. And on another occasion he described the charge as "a prompt and beautiful manœuvre."

The casualty lists of the British regiments engaged make curious reading, and as (with the exception of the Inniskillings) they are not reproduced in the Regimental histories they may be given here.

| <i>Regiment.</i> | <i>Killed.</i> | <i>Wounded.</i> | <i>Missing.</i> |
|------------------------|----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| Scots Greys | 112 | 34 | 4 |
| 6th Dragoons | 82 | 27* | 2 |
| 7th Dragoon Guards ... | 0 | 8 | 6 |
| Cumberland Dragoons | 3 | 13 | 71† |

* Including the C.O. Colonel MacDougal.

† Including the C.O. Lord Robert Sutton, who supped with Saxe that night.

The Cumberland Dragoons, which had only been raised for service in the "Forty-Five" were afterwards disbanded, a great pity, for they did excellent service throughout the war.

To put a seal upon this sparkling achievement the British cavalry captured six standards (of which the Inniskillings claimed no less than five) and lost none themselves.



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BRITISH CAVALRY IN EUROPE IN THE TIMES OF WELLINGTON.

By THISTLE.

THE influx of German officers who followed in the wake of the Hanoverian dynasty, naturally had an influence on British military thought. The British Army of Wellington's day inclined rather to the Prussian model in its system of training. If, in the cavalry, this training had really been carried out as prescribed by Frederic the Great, the British Cavalry, in shock tactics, at least, should have been amongst the best trained in Europe.

Colonel Maude (in his "Cavalry; its Past and Future"), however, thinks rather poorly of the British cavalry of this period. He says: "The Hanoverian cavalry approximated more closely to the Prussian model and it is from them that we derived the bulk of our ideas. Throughout the remaining German States the standard was very low; all had regulations conforming more or less to the Prussian standard, but the horse supply was poor, the men not naturally keen riders, and pennywise economy exercised its usual baneful influence over all the country. *In England matters were no better*; regiments at the lowest establishments hastily made up at the outbreak of hostilities, as in Marlborough's time and throughout the wars, liable to heavy losses by sea transport on the way to the theatre of operations handicapped us so severely, that the wonder is that we ever accomplished as much as we did."

de Brack (in his "Advanced Posts of Light Cavalry") says: "If the English cavalry knew the art of war it would probably in action be the most formidable in Europe: its well judged lavishness in the breed of its horses and equipment harmonises with the

courage and personal appearance of the men; whenever it shows itself you may rely on it that its movements are combined, that its onset will be fierce and its retreat regularly conducted. It seldom acts apart from infantry, which ensures its rest in its bivouac. It knows the position and learns the disposition of the enemy better by spies, whom it pays liberally, than by the reconnaissance it makes."

In 1794 a British army, in alliance with the Austrians, was fighting the French Republican forces in Flanders. Sir Evelyn Wood (in his "Achievements of Cavalry") gives a detailed account of an action at Villers-en-Cauchies. Here on the 24th of April, four squadrons of cavalry (two British and two Austrian) dispersed a mixed force of French consisting of some two thousand five hundred infantry and five hundred cavalry and artillery, with four guns. It is interesting to note that, before the attack was made, the British and Austrian leaders swore on crossed swords to "ride home." This rather points to the fact that it must have been the exception rather than the rule for charges to be ridden home.

The French cavalry on this occasion did not wait the attack, but fled from the field; the infantry however "formed square" and the guns came into action. The charge broke the infantry square and captured the guns. Only three of these, however, were able to be removed owing to lack of transport.

These four squadrons were acting as an advance guard to the "cavalry division," and the results of the charge would have been much greater if this division had supported the attack. It however had taken a wrong road and was far behind! The British cavalry engaged here consisted of two squadrons of the 15th Light Dragoons (now the 15th Hussars). In the pursuit that followed this regiment dispersed a convoy containing amongst other things fifty guns, but they were unable to bring these away.

The effect of this charge, combined with another French reverse further south caused a general retirement of the French armies. But the main lesson to be deduced is, the effect that can be achieved by a small but resolute body of mounted men. It

also shows that at the end of the eighteenth century, the British cavalry, whatever may have been their faults and failings, possessed the proper offensive spirit.

Colonel Maude, in spite of the poor opinion he has of the training of the British cavalry of this period, gives details of another action which took place two days later at Cateau Cambresis. Here nine squadrons of British cavalry with one Austrian cuirassier regiment dispersed a French corps, of infantry and artillery, about twenty-seven thousand strong. It captured three thousand prisoners and twenty-two guns. He also mentions that later in the day four British and two Austrian squadrons attacked another column, bringing in one thousand prisoners and ten more guns. He attributes these successes to the fact that the cavalry had then been on active service nearly two years. He might have added that there was plenty of opportunity between the fighting to do some training, and that this service was not of that intensive sort that wears out cavalry by constant fatigue and exposure.

Captain Nolan comments on these successes as follows:—"The cavalry of the Austrians and the English in 1793 and 1794 achieved at times the most brilliant successes in the Netherlands. Neither the French horses nor the French men could stand against ours. If they met the weaker were literally ridden down or rolled over; but, unluckily, our horsemen knew little more of their *métier* than how to make a charge, nor did they always know how to do that in the best way."

It is easy from these opinions, which all more or less agree in essentials, to form a good idea of the state of the British cavalry at the end of the eighteenth century. It will be seen that its own conception of the use of cavalry was that of fighting in cavalry or general engagements. Here its main source of strength was its "fierce onset." This at least shows its good morale. It was handicapped however by lack of tactical knowledge and skilled leading. Other shortcomings were its inexperience of war, of reconnaissance and of other light cavalry duties. British generals do not appear to have employed cavalry for the services of security or information apart from using it as advanced guard

mounted troops, or to have used it for special missions. They copied from the Prussians the practice of employing it in battle, but neglected that individual training of the horse and man, which had made Frederic's cavalry so formidable. Frederic never succeeded in making the Prussians into efficient light cavalry, but their English imitators were definitely much worse!

After the fighting in the Netherlands terminated, the British cavalry was withdrawn from the continent and their next active service in Europe was in the war in the Spanish Peninsula.

The Peninsula War was the greatest and most successful overseas military expedition that had been undertaken by the British since Marlborough's wars. In fact from the British point of view it may be regarded as more important than Marlborough's wars. Wellington's army was largely a national one, as even its Portuguese contingent was commanded by British officers. Marlborough's armies were composite ones, made up of contingents furnished by the various allies. Marlborough, in every operation he undertook, was hampered by political interference from the various governments which furnished contingents to the army. Wellington's difficulties were less complex.

With reference to the fighting in the Peninsula, Colonel Maude writes:—

“It is not surprising that we have no great cavalry *versus* cavalry actions to our credit, for conditions precluded the possibility of training the horses adequately, even if the spirit of our men had inclined them to devote the necessary care and attention to the task, which we know was not the case, from the testimony of the Duke himself, of our enemies, and of the officers of the King's German Legion. As against infantry our record is better; here accurate manœuvring and knee to knee shock was not necessary. Pace and bold riding over country sufficed; and, as a consequence out of eight charges five were successful, two failures and only one undisguised disaster.”

Actions against cavalry on a smaller scale did take place. At Sahagun on 21st September, 1808, the 10th and 15th Hussars, led by Lord Paget (who subsequently, as Lord Uxbridge, was

commander of the cavalry at Waterloo), defeated de-Belle's brigade of light cavalry. This is noted by an English writer as one of the most brilliant exploits of the British cavalry in the Peninsula. Its importance was recognised by the subsequent grant of a special clasp many years later.

During the retreat to Corunna, the British cavalry rearguard had an encounter at Benavente with four squadrons of the cavalry of the French Imperial Guard. The French first drove in the picquets of the 7th and 10th Hussars about one hundred and twenty strong, but reinforcements in shape of one hundred and fifty men of the King's German Legion and the remainder of the 10th Hussars enabled the British to defeat the French and make their general a prisoner. This action was a minor success; the French could point out a hundred like this, but the capture of a general of the Imperial Guard did not fail to give the affair an importance. This French reverse was due primarily to bad reconnaissance, and secondly, to their squadrons failing to support each other closely. The French incurred casualties through being checked in detail, and when surprised by the arrival of British reinforcements sought safety in retreat instead of boldly charging home.

A large portion of the cause of the failure of the charge of Anson's Brigade on the French infantry at Talavera (1809) can be attributed to its neglecting to carry out a careful reconnaissance, or even to send out ground scouts. A deep, narrow and unexpected ravine suddenly appeared in their front; the 23rd Light Dragoons got across, but were thrown into disorder. The Hussars of the King's German Legion pulled up, the Colonel exclaiming "I will not kill my young mans!" In justice to this unit it must be explained that it had even a worse obstacle to cross than the dragoons. The 23rd Light Dragoons rushed on; but, all order and cohesion being gone, they achieved little, and were easily defeated, cut down, and driven back by the French cavalry. The charge although unsuccessful and involving heavy casualties had the effect of bringing the French infantry advance to a halt. The very boldness of the charge

caused the French to believe that it was not entirely unsupported; they failed to exploit the success that they had gained.

Stapleton Cotton's Brigade of light cavalry about the same time carried out an entirely successful charge in another portion of the line. The Guards had been in some danger of non-success in their attack on Victor's infantry, but Cotton's timely support retrieved the day.

On March 25th, 1811, the British cavalry engaged in an unsuccessful encounter at Campo Mayor. The 13th Light Dragoons (now the 13th Hussars) was ordered to charge a slightly superior force of French cavalry. The 13th went through the French, reformed and made a second charge. After this the French hastily retired and the British followed in reckless pursuit. The Heavy Brigade was available but received no orders to support the 13th with the result that the charge merely resulted in heavy casualties to both sides.

At El Bodon on September 25th, 1811, three squadrons of the 11th Light Dragoons (the 11th Hussars) and of the 1st Hussars of the King's German Legion behaved so well as to earn praise from Wellington in his despatches.

An engagement between the 1st Royals and the 3rd Dragoon Guards under Slade, and two French Dragoon regiments under Lallewood, near Llera (Maguilla) on June 11th, 1812, ended in a British disaster. The original British charge broke the French and put them to flight, but a pursuit was conducted with such recklessness that it degenerated into a mad gallop for several miles. A French squadron, which had been retained in reserve, made a charge in good order, on the flank of the pursuit; the British brigade took flight, and could not be rallied until both pursuers and pursued were exhausted. This combat occasioned Wellington's well known and well justified comment: "It is occasioned entirely by the trick our officers of cavalry have of galloping at everything—and then galloping *back* as fast as they galloped on the enemy. They never think of manœuvring before an enemy—so little that one would think that they cannot manœuvre except on Wimbledon Common: and when they use

the arm as it should be used, viz. : offensively, they never keep or provide a reserve."

At Salamanca (1812) Le Marchant's and Anson's Brigades took part in the counter attack. Their charge broke the French infantry, with a loss to themselves of only about ten per cent. in personnel and fourteen per cent. in horses. Some two thousand prisoners and five guns were taken, and the remaining infantry of the French left wing retreated in confusion. Colonel Denison in his "History of Cavalry" says :—"At Salamanca the fate of the day was mainly decided by the gallant charge of the British cavalry of Le Marchant and Anson, led by Sir Stapleton Cotton." In this battle the 1st Hussars of the King's German Legion captured four guns.

In the pursuit of Marmont's Army subsequent to Salamanca, Sir Evelyn Wood records a British cavalry success (at Garcia Hernandez). Five squadrons of the King's German Legion charged a French rear guard, broke several squares, captured a brigadier-general and one thousand prisoners. Colonel Denison stated that the French General Foy wrote that this was the boldest and most gallant charge of the War in Spain. Professor Oman (in his History of the Peninsular War) gives the credit for this charge to the squadron leaders, not to the brigade commander.

The cavalry of the King's German Legion took a very distinguished part in the fighting both in the Peninsula and in Flanders, and that the Duke of Wellington thought very highly of them. Colonel Denison says that the 1st Hussars of the King's German Legion was admitted to be the best light cavalry corps in the Army for outpost service.

The cavalry took little part in the decisive victory of Vittoria (1813). Wellington excuses them by saying "the nature of the ground did not allow of the cavalry being generally engaged."

At Croix d'Orade in 1814 the 18th Hussars, for their charge on a superior force of French cavalry, earned from Wellington "Well done the 18th! By God, well done!"

General Mitchell, an officer of the Royal Artillery who served in the Peninsula, is quoted as writing of the British cavalry as follows:—

“ It was allowed on all hands that their contribution to the general success bore a small proportion to the quantum of reward bestowed on them. In Sir John Moore’s campaign indeed, they carried everything before them; and if it had always acted up to the standard thus established, it is difficult to say what would have equalled their deserts: but their ill success at Talavera, which must not, however, be altogether placed to their account, completely damped their ardour. The spirit of victory that flashed along the line, the moment that the order was given at Salamanca for the whole to advance, communicated itself to the cavalry, and they made one gallant and effective charge during the battle and another in pursuit; but they fell off again during the retreat from Burgos, and Vittoria was their darkest day, for they allowed the broken French infantry to get away when they ought to have destroyed them.”

It will be noticed that in accounts of the war in the Peninsula there are no mentions of great cavalry reconnaissances, impenetrable protective screens, decisive pursuits or even special missions. Apart from some minor reconnaissances carried in connection with infantry vanguards, the role of the cavalry seems to have been confined to participation in battle. de Brack has specially mentioned its fierce onset: such success as it achieved was due to this and to the courage and morale of the rank and file. Higher leadership was faulty; owing to inexperience in tactical manœuvre, failure to retain supports and reserves, and disorder in the pursuit, initial successes often ended in disaster.

In the Waterloo Campaign the cavalry of Wellington’s army consisted of

- (a) Seven brigades of British cavalry (including the cavalry of the King’s German Legion).
- (b) One brigade of Hanoverians.
- (c) Three brigades of Dutch and Belgians.
- (d) Five squadrons of Brunswickers.

The cavalry was not given the role of making a preliminary reconnaissance. Possibly, as it was not particularly efficient in such duties, Wellington preferred to rely on the intelligence reports of spies. Also there may have been political reasons.

The British cavalry was, as has been previously stated, more formidable in *melées* than in actions calling for manœuvre. It was not particularly well mounted; the horses being ill trained, overloaded and of poor quality, it could not be described as very mobile.

Lord Uxbridge was nominally in chief command of the whole of the cavalry, but in reality only commanded the seven British brigades. Even these were not organised as a division, but remained as independent brigades.

The fact that the cavalry was not organised as a division was a source of weakness. The lack of a controlling staff made co-ordination of effort difficult. Lord Uxbridge instead of attempting to employ the cavalry as a mass, or even using one brigade to support another, personally himself led charges of brigade. In practice the various brigades entirely failed to support each other.

The cavalry fighting in the battle of Waterloo can be divided into various phases. When the advance of Count d'Erlon's corps was checked, the Union and Household brigades attacked the French. Both these attacks were successful at first, although incurring heavy casualties.

The Union brigade attack was on d'Erlon's infantry, and was carried out in connection with a counter-attack by Picton's infantry brigade. The brigade carried slaughter and confusion amongst the French, but allowed its formation to become broken and disordered in the moment of victory. It was then attacked by two brigades of French cavalry, one of cuirassiers and one of lancers, sent forward by Milhaud and Jacquinot. The Union brigade was completely routed, Ponsonby was killed, and only a fifth of the brigade rejoined the British force. In spite of this disaster the brigade did achieve a great tactical success. d'Erlon's corps suffered casualties running into thousands, lost artillery and eagles, and, for the time being, was put out of

action. It is probable that, but for the timely counter-attack of the French cavalry, the corps would have been destroyed.

The Household brigade met and defeated a brigade of French cuirassiers co-operating with d'Erlon, which had already achieved a minor success against the Luneberg battalion. The two brigades met in a head-on charge. There was no manœuvring: both sides rode straight at each other. The British men and horses were the bigger; also the French cuirassiers, hastily recruited and mounted, were the more indifferently trained. The slope of the ground was also in favour of the British. The result was never in doubt, the French fled and some of the British squadrons attacked the French infantry.

The charge of these two brigades, so brilliantly commenced, ended in disaster mainly on account of lack of clear orders about the pursuit, lack of discipline amongst the personnel, and a total failure of the higher direction to arrange for supports and reserve. In pursuing both cavalry and infantry, five regiments of the Union and Household brigades became intermingled and disordered; only the Blues were kept in hand. The formed body presented by the squadrons of this regiment enabled many of the survivors of the charge to escape.

Vandeleur's brigade of light cavalry was now brought forward by its commander, and this enabled the survivors of the Union brigade to escape. The Household brigade fell back at the same time and both these brigades returned to their original positions in the British line of battle. Admitting that faults in the execution of these charges robbed them of much of their value, nevertheless they achieved substantial results. The disaster to d'Erlon's corps was a misfortune for Napoleon.

After the repluse of d'Erlon's corps, Ney commenced a series of cavalry attacks on the centre of the British position. A large number of these he personally directed. It was at this period of the battle that the absence of Murat was most felt. Ney had been in the cavalry in his youth, but had never commanded a large cavalry formation. His experience and glory had been earned as an Army Corps Commander. He would have done far better to have left the direction of the cavalry attacks to the

cavalry corps leaders. Kellerman, who was present, was a particularly capable cavalryman, and there were others. As it was, the attacks were not properly co-ordinated or supported. Napoleon had some justification when he said at St. Helena, "Ney behaved like a mad man. He threw away my cavalry." Ney in any case had no real authority to issue orders to the "reserve cavalry." This thereby was not available for the Emperor when he needed it at the crisis of the battle.

Actually the French cavalry at Waterloo was ill-trained and badly mounted, even in comparison with its own former mediocre standard. Officers did not know their squadrons and the men did not know their leaders. The cuirassiers had been brought up to strength by large drafts from the *gendarmerie*, the personnel of which knew nothing of cavalry work in the field.

The ground, too, was unsuitable. Ney's attacks were made in far too confined an area for the numbers employed. Apparently by his orders the attacks were made in deep columns. This sounds not only an unorthodox, but also a useless formation for cavalry. Depth in the attack should be given by succession of lines or echelons.

Ney's attacks continued for some hours; there were in all about twelve separate advances. These were all regularly repulsed, but the British heavy cavalry brigades were too exhausted by their previous efforts to take advantage of these repulses to attack the French cavalry in force.

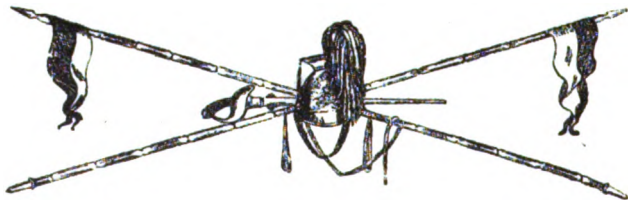
It seems probable that if a great French cavalry attack had been made, when the Union and Household brigades were flying back to safety it might have achieved a decisive success. It was here that the genius of a great Cavalry leader like Murat would have found an opening. It was the physical obstacle presented by bayonets of the unbroken British squares, more than their fire, that checked the French cavalry. Wellington's genius was shown in his use of ground. The position of the British infantry on the reverse slopes, greatly protected their formations from being disordered by the French artillery preparation.

Grant's light brigade posted on the British right behind the Hougomont, at the beginning was not seriously engaged, but between three and four o'clock the French cavalry advanced, and thereafter this brigade was hotly and fiercely engaged. Casualties were heavy, but neither party seems to have achieved a decisive success.

When Napoleon's Imperial Guard was defeated, Wellington ordered Vivian's and Vandeleur's brigade of light cavalry forward. These vigorously attacked the retreating French, inflicting many casualties. The pursuit by these brigades was kept up till about ten o'clock when they halted for the night.

The action of the British cavalry at Waterloo reflects greatest credit on the courage and boldness of the rank and file. If its training tactics and discipline had been equal to its courage and boldness, results would have been greater.

The higher direction of the cavalry on both sides could have been much better. It will be observed that when the British cavalry achieved success, it was the personal bravery and spirit of the troops and their fierce onset that brought this about, not the higher direction. Taken on the whole the British cavalry did not appear to have learnt very much about cavalry tactics from the years of fighting in the Spanish Peninsula.



CAVALRY BATTLE HONOURS

THE PENINSULA WAR

BY MAJOR T. J. EDWARDS, M.B.E., F.R.Hist.S.

The War against France—Peninsula War, 1808-1814

THIS series of articles has now reached the Great War of the XIXth century—the Peninsula campaign—which lasted nearly six years. In some aspects it resembles the Great War of the XXth century, but in one main feature it was unlike it : in the Peninsula campaign British forces, augmented by the King's German Legion, were opposed to French forces, whereas in the 1914-18 struggle Great Britain and France were aligned against Germany, and in some cases were fighting against German regiments which bore on their tunics a battle honour gained while in the service of Great Britain.* Many military leaders, whose names have since become intimately associated with the history of several regiments, emerged during the Peninsula War, but in this respect the name of Wellington stands alone. As far as cavalry leaders are concerned the names of Le Marchant, Anson and Stapleton Cotton became very prominent.

The cause of the Peninsula War lay in the fact that Great Britain, "as mistress of the seas, was the one great obstacle to Napoleon's imperial ambition and the most formidable enemy of French aggrandisement." To overcome this obstacle Napoleon determined to crush Great Britain by ruining her oversea trade. The method he adopted was to close to British trade all countries

* During the siege of Gibraltar in 1779-83 three Hanoverian regiments formed part of the British garrison and their regimental descendants wore on the cuff of the right sleeve of their tunics the word "GIBRALTAR" embroidered on a blue strip of cloth. This was worn throughout the Great War, but was discontinued on the establishment of the Reichswehr on 1st April, 1921.

over which he could exert his influence : this procedure became known as the "continental system" and was announced in the Berlin Decrees. In retaliation Great Britain issued Orders in Council placing an embargo on the trade of those Continental countries which excluded British trade, and the whole of the coast-line of France and her allies was declared to be in a state of blockade and the ships of the Royal Navy were ordered to seize as prizes all ships entering them, whether neutral or not, unless, before sailing for the Continent, such vessels should have touched at an English port. Napoleon replied to these Orders in Council by issuing the Milan Decrees (17th December, 1807) which declared that any vessel belonging to a neutral power which had touched at any British port should be considered a lawful prize, and ordered all British merchandise found on the continent to be confiscated and burnt. Thus as a result of the Decrees and Orders in Council all ports in Europe were formally closed. (Oman).

Portugal, an ally of England and an emporium of British commerce, did not immediately accept Napoleon's fiat to exclude British trade, and for a time tried evasion. This angered the Emperor who declared "the House of Braganza had ceased to reign", divided the country between France and Spain and sent General Junot with an army to occupy Lisbon. Such a terrifying reputation had the French soldiers gained that when only 1,500 of them stumbled into Lisbon they met with no resistance and occupied the place without firing a shot. Under the guise of occupying Portugal French troops treacherously occupied commanding positions in Spain which caused the populace of Madrid to rise in revolt and force their imbecile King, Charles IV, to abdicate in favour of his worthless son and heir, Ferdinand. Murat, Commander-in-Chief of the French troops in Spain, entered Madrid at once. Charles had lived in constant strife with his unprincipled son, but when they saw how events were turning, both tried to curry favour with Napoleon who summoned them to Bayonne, ostensibly to help them to compose their differences, but actually to get them out of the way, which he achieved. Both were compelled to resign their rights to the

throne of Spain and he conferred the Crown on his own brother, Joseph, who relinquished the kingdom of Naples to which Murat succeeded. When news of these events reached Madrid riots broke out again and hundreds of French soldiers were killed. The insurrection spread quickly throughout Spain and Murat tried to stamp it out with stern measures.

Napoleon's trickery and treachery had the appearance of success at the outset, but his methods gave rise to revengeful feelings throughout Europe. In Spain a great wave of patriotism arose and in every province troops were raised to resist the French.* The first province to act was the Asturias on the Southern shore of the Bay of Biscay: Murat's edicts were torn down, a levy of 18,000 men made and war formally declared against Napoleon. Emissaries were sent to England begging help in the way of arms, munitions and money, which was readily granted. Other provinces soon followed this lead and within a short time Napoleon had, for the first time, to deal with a national rising against his authority. Lieut.-General Sir Hew Dalrymple was Governor of Gibraltar and gave encouragement and material assistance to the Spaniards in the adjoining Province of Seville: and General Spencer, with some British battalions, cruised between Cadiz and Ayamonte on the same mission. When the news of this general rising reached London the Ministry decided to send a small force to the Peninsula with the primary object of ejecting the French from Portugal. Sir Arthur Wellesley, then a junior Lieutenant-General, was appointed to command the expedition.† He sailed on 12th July, 1808, for Corunna, and whilst on the high seas the Government made over the command to a senior, Lieutenant-General Sir Hew Dalrymple. Two other Lieutenant-Generals senior to Wellesley were sent out later, viz:—Sir Harry Burrard as second-in-command and Sir John Moore, who took out a large reinforcement. Therefore, with three general officers senior to himself, Wellesley's chances of obtaining supreme command looked very remote.

* See "Memoirs of Lieut.-General Baron de Marbot" (Vol. I) for a detailed French account of the massacre of French troops in Spain at this period.

† All the difficulties of organising the small force, due to its unpreparedness, can be read in the pages of Fortescue (Vol. VI) and Oman (Vol. I).

Wellesley's force of nearly 11,000 had sailed from Cork and the only cavalry it included was 13 officers, 368 men and 215 horses of the 20th Light Dragoons.*. The transports arrived off Corunna on 20th July, 1808, where Wellesley conferred with the Junta of Galicia : the next day they sailed to Oporto and whilst here Wellesley learned from Admiral Sir Charles Cotton that Fort Figueria which commanded Mondego Bay, was garrisoned by four hundred British Marines. A safe landing-place thus assured, the transports sailed for Mondego Bay and disembarkation commenced on 1st August, in the face of much difficulty and danger owing to heavy surf.

Junot had concentrated the bulk of his force round Lisbon so Wellesley made that his objective. As soon as disembarkation was complete he organised his force into six brigades and on the 9th August pushed the Light Brigade with the 20th Dragoons forward down the coast road towards Leiria. Here two or three hundred Portuguese cavalry, together with 1,400 light infantry, were placed at his disposal, and the next day he moved on towards Lisbon. On the 14th August, at Alcabaca, the opposing forces gained contact for the first time during the War and on the 17th the battle of "Rolica"† took place. Only a portion of the British force was engaged, which included a mere handful of cavalry, and no battle honour was granted to the cavalry for this action. On the 18th Wellesley moved forward again, crossed the river Maceira and occupied the ridges immediately south of and to the east of it, his centre being at the village of Vimeira.

On the 20th Sir Harry Burrard arrived in Maceira Bay and Wellesley went on board to report to him. One important item Wellesley mentioned was that whereas the French had ample cavalry he himself had practically none. After reviewing the whole situation Burrard forbade any further advance until Moore's reinforcements arrived. "Wellesley was greatly chagrined : and there can be little doubt but that Burrard was wrong in his decision". (Fortescue).

* Raised 1792, disbanded 1818.

† A Gold Medal was authorised for this action under Horse Guards letter dated 9th September, 1810, and a bar " Roleia " (as the name was then spelled) was authorised for the Peninsula Army General Service medal, under General Order dated 1st June, 1847.

“VIMIERA,” 21st August, 1808.

On the French side there was great activity: Junot concentrated every man he could and advanced to meet the British. Just after midnight 20th/21st August a messenger* galloped into Wellesley's quarters and reported that the French, 20,000 strong, were within an hour's march. The British commander took a few additional precautions, but did not order the force to “stand to” until just before dawn, as usual. At 7 a.m. the French were observed approaching from the East. At 8 a.m. the French cavalry extended and covered the front and their main body advanced. Owing to the heat the French were wearing white linen frocks and carried their blue coats on their packs: nevertheless, owing to broken ground and woods, no great part of the force was conspicuous. The British picquets on Vimiera Hill were driven in, after which Junot halted and deployed his troops. He hastily attacked the main position on Vimiera Hill and failed disastrously: another attack† was launched with a little more circumspection, but met a similar fate and as the French streamed down the hill in a confused mass Junot sent forward a regiment of Dragoons to cover their retreat. It was at this moment that the British cavalry came into action which is described by Oman as follows:—

“Wellesley now resolved to make use of his handful of cavalry: close behind Vimiero there were drawn up the 240 sabres of the 20th Light Dragoons, with 260 Portuguese horsemen in two squadrons on their flanks.‡ ‘Now, Twentieth, now is the time!’ cried Wellesley,§ lifting his cocked hat, and Colonel Taylor wheeled his regiment from behind the sheltering hill and dashed at the retreating Frenchmen. The two Portuguese squadrons started level with him, but after going a few hundred yards and receiving a shot or two, they broke, fell into disorder, and finally galloped to the rear amid the hoots of Anstruther's

* Said to have been Sergeant Landsheit, a German, in the 20th Light Dragoons. (See Oman, Vol. I, p. 222).

† During the attack the French suffered heavily from shrapnel shell which was used in action for the first time in this battle.

‡ All this comes from the narrative, which I have already utilized in more than one place, of Sergeant Landsheit of the 20th (Oman).

§ Fortescue disputes this: he states that it is practically certain that Wellesley was a mile or two away on the Eastern ridge. (Vol. VI, p. 229, footnote).

brigade. But the 20th rode at the French dragoons who stood in their path, burst through them, and then plunged among the flying infantry, sabring them to right and left and taking many prisoners. They could not be stayed till they had hewn their way through the fugitives, to the place where Junot himself sat watching the rout of his men. The charge had been pushed beyond all reasonable bounds, for the men were mad with excitement and would not halt. But as they rode up the hill they were checked by a stone wall, and at the same time charged by the two reserve regiments of Margaron's horse. It was a wonder that the headstrong troopers were not annihilated, but the larger part returned in safety to the British lines, leaving behind them their Colonel* and twenty men slain, twenty-four wounded, and eleven prisoners."

Junot had sent two brigades to attack Wellesley's left flank on the Eastern ridge but these failed to co-operate, attacked separately and were beaten. General Brennier, who commanded one of the brigades, was wounded and taken prisoner. At the moment he was brought to Wellesley, Sir Harry Burrard came up. He had landed at 9 a.m. but waived his right to take command so that Wellesley might fight the battle according to his own excellent dispositions. Wellesley was for pressing on to Lisbon right away, but the over-cautious Burrard would not hear of it, one reason being that his cavalry which was numerically weak before the battle had become much weaker as a result of it.

Under Army Order 392 of 1890, the 20th Hussars were granted the distinction "VIMIERA"† in commemoration of the services rendered by the old 20th Light Dragoons.

CONVENTION OF CINTRA

In view of the fact that the Convention of Cintra brought about radical changes in the chief command of the British army

* Taylor, like the heroic Blake, and like Graham the victor of Barossa, was one of Oxford's few fighting men. Every visitor to Christ Church sees his memorial stone, stating how he had reformed and disciplined the regiment, when it came home a skeleton from the West Indies in 1805, and had practically to be raised anew. Since then it had been in the unfortunate expedition to Buenos Ayres.

† A Gold Medal was authorised for this action under Horse Guards letter dated 9th September, 1810, and a bar to the Peninsula Army General Service Medal by General Order dated 1st June, 1847.

in the Peninsula, a short note regarding it appears to be necessary at this point. All the details may be studied in the Proceedings of the Court of Enquiry which followed the publication of the Convention.

Sir Harry Burrard's period of command lasted exactly one day for Sir Hew Dalrymple arrived the day after the battle of Vimiera and assumed command. Wellesley pressed him to advance before Junot could establish himself in a position at Torres Vedras. He advocated marching past the enemy's left flank by way of the coast. Dalrymple rejected this and Wellesley withdrew feeling that he had not the confidence of his chief.

Junot on his part was very depressed about the future of his force and called a Council of War which discussed the matter. It was eventually agreed to ask the British commander to sanction their evacuation from Portugal under a convention and General Kellerman was dispatched to Dalrymple to negotiate. His arrival with an escort of two squadrons of Dragoons before the British camp caused some alarm, being mistaken for the advance troops of Junot coming to attack.

Dalrymple welcomed these overtures from the French and Wellesley recommended their acceptance, but he did not agree with the final terms of the Convention. Relations between himself and Dalrymple becoming more strained Wellesley returned to England on the 18th September, 1808. When the terms of the Convention were known in England the country was astounded and indignation ran high against our negotiators: the clause that guaranteed a safe conduct of the French forces back to France in British ships was particularly obnoxious to British feelings. Canning spoke of the Convention as a "calamitous transaction." Eventually a Court of Enquiry, composed of seven generals, was held at the Royal Hospital Chelsea, into the whole matter. Dalrymple was brought home at once and Burrard a month later to give evidence before it: Wellesley also gave evidence. Sir John Moore was therefore left in command of the troops in Portugal. The Court practically acquitted the three generals but whereas Dalrymple and Burrard were never again employed in the field, Wellesley succeeded to

the chief command of the Army in the Peninsula when Moore was killed at Corunna.

CONCENTRATION OF THE BRITISH FORCES

With the evacuation of the French forces from Portugal the original objective of the British Government was achieved. Towards the end of September, 1808, however, they promised to co-operate with Spain in ejecting the French from that country. The expeditionary force was to be completed to 5,000 cavalry and 30,000 infantry and Sir John Moore was appointed to the chief command. He had a most difficult task in endeavouring to co-operate with the Spanish military authorities who could not agree for any time upon a Commander-in-Chief or any unified body which could be regarded as the directing head of military affairs.

The weakness in cavalry in the British force was gradually being corrected and at the time Moore assumed command the position was as follows :—

20th Light Dragoons : about half the regiment had arrived with Wellesley's original force, but it was much weakened at the battle of Vimiera.

18th Light Dragoons and 3rd Light Dragoons of the King's German Legion : arrived in Portugal, Mondego Bay, on August 21st, 1808. This brigade was under the command of Colonel the Hon. Charles Stewart.

7th, 10th and 15th Light Dragoons : formed part of Sir David Baird's division and arrived at Corunna on 13th October, 1808.* This brigade was under the command of Lord Henry Paget.

During the first week of October, Moore decided to enter Spain to support "the patriots." His first object was to secure a junction as early as possible with Baird's force then at Corunna. It was necessary for Moore to be clear of Portugal before the rainy season commenced and this factor expedited movements somewhat. Towards the end of October he moved out from

* It was intended to send four Cavalry regiments with this division, but the fourth did not sail.

Lisbon, his force moving by four separate routes on Salamanca. The remnants of the 20th Light Dragoons were left behind in Lisbon.*

In considering this move the heavy guns were a problem. Moore made enquiries of all available officers of the old Portuguese army and was informed that none of the direct routes was suitable. This was confirmed by British officers who had been over the routes. In consequence of this he decided that twenty-four guns would proceed by making a great sweep towards Madrid thence northwestward to Salamanca. The escort to the guns comprised the 18th Light Dragoons, 3rd Light Dragoons of the King's German Legion and a brigade of infantry.† The actual route taken by the guns and infantry was via Elvas—Almaraz—Talavera—Escorial—Guadarrama Pass—Avila—Salamanca : that taken by the cavalry was the same as far as the Guadarrama Pass and thence to Arevalo—Salamanca. Moore himself took the Abrantes—Villa Velha—Guarda route, and was much annoyed when he found it was practicable for artillery and that Hope's division had been sent on a long detour unnecessarily owing to his being given incorrect intelligence. "To show the result of this lamentable divagation, it is only necessary to remark that from Lisbon to Salamanca via Coimbra is about 250 miles : from Lisbon to Salamanca via Elvas, Talavera and Arevalo is about 380 miles ; i.e., it was certain that the column containing all Moore's cavalry and nearly all his guns would be at least seven or eight days late at the rendezvous, in a crisis when every moment was of vital importance. As a matter of fact the head of the main column reached Salamanca on November 13th : the cavalry and guns turned up on December 4th . . . it cannot be denied that the twelve days, November 23rd‡—December 4th were completely sacrificed by the non-arrival of the cavalry and guns, without which Moore very wisely refused to move forward." (Oman, Vol. I, p. 496).

* Oman, Vol. I, p. 500.

† 36th Regiment (now 2nd Worcestershire Regiment).
71st Regiment (now Highland Light Infantry).
92nd Regiment (now 2nd Gordon Highlanders).

‡ The date on which the last infantry brigade arrived by another route.

The march was a most unpleasant one for the troops were caught by the autumnal rains when crossing the mountains.

Before Hope's column joined up with Moore at Salamanca on the 4th December, Moore had given orders on the 28th November for a retreat of all three columns,* as a result of the defeat of the Spanish forces at Tudela. Baird received his instructions on the 30th November and, leaving his cavalry and light infantry brigade† at Astorga, fell back with the rest of his division to Villafranca on the Corunna road. Hope also received his instructions on the 30th November; he was to make forced marches by Penaranda and Ciudad Rodrigo to join Moore unless he was forced to go back the way he had come owing to pressure by the French. He hurried his guns and infantry along via Avila and Fontiveros, whilst the cavalry covered them on the right flank by proceeding via Arevalo, which accounts for the divergent routes after leaving the Guadarrama Pass, previously mentioned. On reaching Alba de Tormes Hope received orders not to push on for Ciudad Rodrigo, but to make for Salamanca where Moore was in his old position.

On the 5th December, Moore sent orders to Baird countermanding the retreat and on the 11th December Baird's cavalry under Lord Paget met Moore's leading infantry at Toro, just over forty miles north of Salamanca.

Sir John Hope's column moved upon Alaejos and Tordesillas on the 12th, covered by Stewart's cavalry. Stewart had strict orders not to risk the loss of a single man, Moore being, no doubt, anxious to conceal his movements as far as possible; but on reaching his quarters at Nava del Rey about twenty miles south of Tordesillas, on the 12th, the Brigadier received information of the presence of eighty Frenchmen, cavalry and infantry, at Rueda, only eight miles away. His aide-de-camp, Dashwood by name, entering the village in disguise, obtained all necessary information; and during the night a squadron of

* His own on Portugal, Hope's on Talavera, if the French prevented his reaching Moore, and Baird's on Corunna. When the army heard of the order for retreat it made demonstrations of great discontent.

† 2nd/43rd (now 1st Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry), 1st/95th (now Rifle Brigade) and detachments of 2nd/95th, under the command of Brigadier Robert Crawford.

the 18th Hussars surrounded Rueda, put eighteen of the detachment to the sword, and captured thirty-five more, leaving only a few to carry the news to Valladolid*. The captured dragoons† belonged to Franceschi's cavalry division, and had never dreamed of Moore's proximity to them, being under the impression that he had long ago retreated upon Lisbon (Fortescue vi, 325). The French expressed the greatest surprise at finding themselves assailed by English cavalry. This side-light on the general ignorance prevailing in the French army as to the position and designs of the British was very valuable; the first meeting with the enemy, trifling as was the success, promised well for the future. Stewart reconnoitred Medina del Campo, eight miles east of Nava del Rey, on the 13th but found no trace of the enemy, then striking northward through Rueda he gained touch with Lord Paget's cavalry at Tordesillas, who had not met with any opposition.

The 13th, contrary to popular belief, proved a lucky day, for on that day an intercepted French dispatch was brought to Stewart, the bearer of which had been murdered by peasants near Segovia. It was addressed from Napoleon's headquarters by Marshal Berthier to Marshal Soult, dated 10th December, and was full of valuable information. It gave the disposition of the French forces, illustrated by a sketch, and their objects: it showed clearly that Soult's corps was isolated in Northern Spain on the River Carrion with headquarters at Saldana. Moreover, it contained instructions to Soult directing him to seize Leon, Benavente and Zamora and to overrun the Province of Leon; this he could easily do because "the English were in full retreat on Lisbon."‡

On the 14th Moore changed direction and moved due north and ordered Baird to march on Benevente. On the same day Stewart's cavalry drove back some of Franceschi's cavalry from about Tordesillas, but not before they had ascertained that the whole of Moore's force was marching northward. The next day

* The information they carried back was instantly transmitted to Napoleon at Madrid and had a very important influence on the subsequent course of events.

† They belonged to the 22nd Chasseurs. (Oman, Vol. I, p. 530).

‡ The survivors of the Rueda raid on the 12th would be able to tell a very different tale.

Baird's main body from Benevente joined with Moore's force, and on the 20th the entire army concentrated at Mayorga. During the advance the movement was masked by the British Cavalry to the East and North East; a squadron of the 18th Light Dragoons on learning of the evacuation of Valladolid, entered that city and carried off the Spanish Intendant, lately appointed by the French; together with about £3,000 which was found in the Treasury.

Immediately the army concentrated Moore made a redistribution of the regiments, apparently, according to Oman, with the idea of mixing the corps which already had experience of the French in Portugal with comparatively raw troops which had landed at Corunna.

As far as the cavalry is concerned Lord Paget was appointed to command the entire arm which was organised into two brigades thus:—

Brigadier Slade's—10th and 15th Light Dragoons.

Brigadier Stewart's—7th and 18th Light Dragoons, and 3rd Light Dragoons of the King's German Legion.

There were twelve infantry brigades and with artillery, staff corps and waggon train, the whole force totalled about 26,000 all ranks. Soult's force was estimated to be about 16,000.

“SAHAGUN”—21ST DECEMBER, 1808.

So well did the British Cavalry do their work of screening the movements of the main body that in spite of the information which Soult obtained as a result of the Rueda raid and the reconnaissance at Tordesillas he was still very much in the dark as to the actual movements of the British forces and looked for their junction at Valladolid. On the 20th December his light cavalry brigades were at Sahagun and Mayorga covering his infantry on the river Carrion between Saldana and Carrion. His intention was either to fall upon a Spanish force in those parts under the Marquis Romana or upon Baird's force about Astorga. Two regiments of Debelle's brigade (8th Dragoons and 1st Provisional Chasseurs) had been at Sahagun for a fortnight and having encountered some of Romana's horse in a

north-westerly direction towards Mansilla, appear to have neglected keeping watch in any other direction. Although Lord Paget was at Melgar de Abajo, about eight miles south-west of Sahagun, with the 10th and 15th Light Dragoons, Debelle was unaware of it. This ignorance was mutual for some time because Paget was unaware that Debelle was at Sahagun.

By a stroke of good fortune, Lord Paget, whilst marching from Mayorga, learned of the presence of Debelle's regiments at Sahagun and decided to surprise them. At 9.30 p.m. he issued the following order to General Slade :—*

“The 10th Hussars with four guns will march from Monastero so as to arrive at the bridge at Sahagun precisely at half-past six o'clock to-morrow morning. The whole will march as light as possible, leaving the forage to be brought forward by the country carts with the baggage, which will march at daybreak under escort of such men and horses as are not fit for a forced march. The guns will move without ammunition waggons, the two remaining ones, with everything belonging to the Artillery, will come on with the baggage.

“The object of the movement is to surprise Sahagun ; the picket at the bridge will be driven in briskly. If serious opposition is met, a squadron or more may be dismounted, who, followed by a mounted squadron, would enter the town, make for the generals' and principal officers' quarters to make them prisoners. It is only in the case of absolute necessity that the guns must be used. The grand object is to drive the enemy through the town, on the other side of which Lieutenant-General Lord Paget will be posted with the 15th Hussars. The moment this object is in the way of being accomplished, two squadrons of the 10th must be detached to the left at El Burgo Ranco, where the enemy has a picket of 60 to 100 men. These must be briskly attacked and made prisoners. This done, they will return to Sahagun.” Paget marched, therefore, on the same night with the 10th,

* Reproduced on page 149 of Colonel Wylly's history of the XVth (The King's) Hussars.

15th, a few men of the 7th Hussars* and four Horse-artillery guns. He had also given orders to Slade to lead the 10th, with two guns, immediately against the town from the west, and to drive the enemy from it, intending himself to wait on the eastern side and to cut off the French retreat. The night was dark and bitterly cold, with severe frost and showers of sleet. In some places the snow had drifted to a depth of four feet ; in others the road was covered with a sheet of ice, compelling the hussars to dismount and lead their horses. Even with this precaution, many horses fell, and one man had his leg broken. After traversing about eight miles, Paget led the 15th to the East bank of the Cea, leaving Slade to follow the road parallel to it on the other side of the river. Between five and six o'clock Paget's advanced guard fell in with the French grand guard and took five prisoners ; but the remainder of the enemy galloped away and gave the alarm. The French horses were ready saddled and bridled, and the men were sleeping by them in the stables, so that they turned out very rapidly, and Debelle was able to lead them out with no loss of time by the eastern gate to form in the plain. They were hardly assembled before Paget came up, having quickened his pace lest he should be too late. Debelle had prudently drawn up his squadrons behind a rugged ravine, which checked the first advance of the British against him ; but Paget, wheeling aside, presently found the means of turning or crossing the obstacle, and Debelle then retired, apparently to eastward. Paget followed the French in column of divisions,† moving at a sharp trot, parallel to their line of march, but at some distance in rear. Debelle manœuvred to cross the head of Paget's column, probably intending to wheel into line and charge the British obliquely, while they were forming line to their front. Paget foiled this movement by changing direction, presumably to his left, so as to fall upon the French flank ; and Debelle then formed his brigade into two lines in a vineyard and halted. Paget trotted on until he

* Captain Thornhill and twelve men. Presumably they acted as Paget's escort, being of his own regiment.

† That is to say of half-troops. The Fifteenth at this time had eight troops. Taking its numbers at 520, each division would be of sixteen files ; and each squadron would consist of four such divisions.

had passed Debelle's left flank, halted likewise, and wheeled quietly into line. Paget was superior in numbers, having at least five hundred sabres in the field, whereas Debelle had not at most above four hundred and fifty ; but, apart from all questions of inferiority in strength Debelle seems to have been overawed by Paget's quickness in manœuvre and by the beautiful accuracy of the movements of the 15th.

Paget presently advanced at the gallop and charged ; while Debelle's brigade remained at the halt, and the leading regiment, the 1st Provisional Chasseurs in his first line, opened fire with carbines from the saddle. Such a fire was not likely to check a good British regiment. In a few moments the 15th crashed into the Chasseurs, broke them instantly and threw them headlong back. Debelle's second regiment, the 8th Dragoons, being drawn up, not in echelon, but immediately in rear of the Chasseurs, was at once thrown into disarray by the rush of the fugitives, and being attacked in turn was easily broken. Debelle himself was overthrown and trampled under foot ; and for some minutes the British and French were mingled together in wild confusion. The 15th were the better mounted and the French the better armed, for the unwieldy fur-caps of the British Hussars fell from their heads, or if they remained on them offered no protection against French sabres ; while the British swords, short, broad, and blunted by their metal scabbards, were so heavy that it was difficult for the men to cut truly with them. By desperate struggles about half of the French escaped, and made their way northward to Saldana.

The 10th Hussars had no share in the action. They arrived at the western gate at the appointed hour, half-past six, but found the town empty, and, on passing through it, only joined Paget in time to take a belated part in the pursuit. However, they secured the baggage and transport of Debelle's brigade, besides, no doubt, a certain number of men who had been left behind. Altogether the losses of the French, apart from several men killed, amounted to twelve officers and one hundred and forty-five men taken prisoners, both wounded and unwounded, one hundred and twenty-five horses and several mules. The

loss of the 15th did not exceed two men and four horses killed, two officers, eighteen men and ten horses wounded. Curiously enough, the French carried off with them twenty-six British horses, probably riderless animals which had galloped after them in their retreat. Altogether it was a brilliant little affair, and very creditable to Paget and the 15th, though as a surprise, of Debelle's force, it was completely foiled by the vigilance of the French Dragoons.*

By *London Gazette* Notice dated 6th March, 1832, the 15th or King's Regiment of Light Dragoons were granted the honour, "SAHAGUN."

A gold medal was granted for this action under *London Gazette* Notice dated 11th September, 1810, and a bar to the Peninsular Army General Service Medal under General Order dated 1st June, 1847.

In connection with the cavalry operations of the last few days, Sir John Moore issued the following General Order dated at Sahagun 22nd December, 1808 :—

"The different attacks made by the cavalry upon those of the enemy during the march have given them the opportunity to display their address and spirit and to assume a superiority which does them credit, and which the Commander of the Forces trusts will be supported upon more important occasions.

The attack conducted by Brigadier-General the Hon. Charles Stewart and the 18th Light Dragoons, when upon the Duero, and that by Lieutenant-General Lord Paget upon the enemy's cavalry at this place, are honourable to the British cavalry.

The Commander of the Forces begs that the Lieutenant-General and Brigadier-General will accept his thanks for their services ; and that they will convey them to Brigadier-General Slade and the officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the cavalry under their command, for their conduct in the different affairs which have taken place."

* There are several accounts of this action at Sahagun, but I have given Fortescue's (Vol. VI, pp. 334-7) here because he had the advantage of many published accounts, particularly French, which were not available to other writers. A more detailed account will be found in Colonel H. C. Wylly's history of the XVth (The King's) Hussars. (Pp. 148-155.)

THE RETREAT TO CORUNNA

It will be remembered that Moore had reached Salamanca on the 14th December, 1808, but so bad was the French intelligence service that Napoleon had no certain knowledge of the movements of the British army until the 19th December. On the morning of that day General La Houssaye, who commanded a Division of Dragoons, sent a report to the Emperor stating that three British deserters had been taken who said that the British army was at Salamanca on the 14th December and had made no arrangements for a retreat. Napoleon was astonished at the news, but decided to await the arrival of the deserters in Madrid before acting upon it. At noon he was carrying out a review of the troops when a second courier arrived and as soon as the Emperor saw him he galloped up to meet him and snatched the dispatch from his hand. This was dated the 16th December, and was from Soult and gave details of the raid which had taken place at Rueda on the 12th December. The truth dawned upon Napoleon at once that Moore was not retreating into Portugal: the review was abruptly brought to an end and orders issued for the pursuit of Moore. Soon after the three deserters* were brought before the Emperor and from their statements he deduced that Moore was marching on Valladolid and made his arrangements accordingly. "The only weak point in the arrangements was that the British, with the exception of a handful of Cavalry, had never been near Valladolid at all." (Fortescue, Vol. VI, p. 344). Subsequent reports from his advanced troops confirmed Napoleon in his erroneous calculations, which was a fortunate thing for Moore for it gave him just that margin of time required to escape from the trap which Napoleon had set for him. On the 23rd December, Napoleon wrote to his brother, Joseph, "Put it in the Madrid papers that twenty thousand English are surrounded and lost," but at that moment about sixty miles separated the forces and the Emperor had not even located Moore.

On 23rd December Moore was still at Sahagun where he received a despatch from Romana, the Spanish commander, that

* They belonged to the 5th Battalion, the 60th Regiment.

he could only put 8,000 men into the field. A couple of hours later another despatch from Romana arrived which contained serious news : a confidential agent of his reported that Napoleon had turned Northward with every available man with the intention of overwhelming the British force. This information confirmed several rumours which Moore had heard and without losing a moment he countermanded the order to advance on Carrion and those already on the way were ordered to turn back. Moore decided to retreat to Astorga (about fifty miles west of Sahagun) and at noon on the 24th moved off in two columns : Baird's division taking the northern road via Valencia de Don Juan, the remainder moving southwest via Mayorga, crossing the Esla at Castro-Gonzalo, thence northwestward via Benevente.

To cover the retreat the Cavalry made demonstrations towards Saldana, driving in the French outposts with vigour, and causing their main body to withdraw. During this operation the Hussars of the King's German Legion were opposed to their brethren, the Hanoverian Legion in the French service, whom they defeated. During the night of the 25th the Cavalry withdrew southwestward to cover the troops moving on towards Benevente.

On the 26th December Napoleon was at Tordesillas and during the evening he wrote to his brother, Joseph, again, telling him to publish in the newspapers that 36,000 British soldiers were surrounded, adding that the news of such a success could not fail to reach him before long. It might be observed, however, that the main French forces, with the Emperor at their head, were taking the wrong direction to achieve that object. On the 27th, however, he obtained more accurate information as a result of cavalry skirmishes and sent Ney's corps towards Valderas and Mayorga. It was on the 26th that our Cavalry had another successful affair with the 15th Chasseurs of Ney's Corps : a hundred of them entered Mayorga and took some of the 15th Light Dragoons* prisoners but were obliged to abandon them when attacked by the German Hussars. Later, on the same day,

* *Vide* Fortescue (Vol. VI, p. 351), based on the "History of the King's German Legion" (Vol. I, p. 160), by Beamish. Wyllie disputes this *vide* his "History of the 15th Hussars," p. 185. Neither Londonderry, Oman, nor Napier mention the incident.

the 10th Hussars brought off a brilliant little affair which is described by Londonderry* in the following words :—

“A considerable force of the enemy was seen drawn up upon the brow of some rising ground and apparently making ready to cut off any stragglers which might lag behind or wander far from the ranks. Lord Paget, who was present at Mayorga, instantly directed Colonel Leigh at the head of two squadrons of the 10th Hussars to dislodge them. Colonel Leigh, forming his little band into two lines, rode briskly forward, one squadron leading and the other supporting till he had gained the top of the hill. Here the men were commanded to rein up for the purpose of refreshing the horses after the ascent and they did so under a heavy, but not very destructive fire from the French. But the horses had no sooner recovered their wind than the word was given to charge and in five minutes the French were overthrown. Many were killed, many more wounded and upwards of a hundred taken prisoners.

The 10th, however, was not the only Cavalry Corps which succeeded in distinguishing itself. It was remarked by all that as often as the French and our people came into contact the superiority of the British Cavalry was shown to a degree far beyond anything which had been anticipated. They seemed to set all odds at defiance ; and in no single instance was their temerity punished by defeat or even by repulse. Matters went so far at last that Captain Jones of the 18th ventured with no more than 30 men of his regiment, to attack 100 French cavalry and he put them to rout, killing 14 and making 6 prisoners.”

Napoleon's advanced Cavalry was, however, gaining closer contact with Moore's rearguard and, says Oman (Vol. I, p. 547), “It is a splendid testimonial to the way in which the British horsemen were handled, that they held their own for three days against nearly triple forces on a front of thirty miles. No better certificate could be given them than the fact that the Emperor

* See p.p. 204-5 of “Narrative of the Peninsula War” by the Marquis of Londonderry. Napier, also, mentions this affair (Vol. I p. 465).

estimated them, when the fighting was over, at 4,000 or 5,000 sabres, their real force being only 2,400."

On the 26th, however, the Polish Light Horse of the Imperial Guard had better luck than the Chasseurs of Ney's Corps for they captured some of the women and baggage of Slade's brigade at the Castro-Gonzalo bridge.

It was not until the 27th December, when Napoleon was at Medina de Rio Seco, that he fully realised what Moore was doing and resolved to fall upon his flank before he reached Benevente. He therefore ordered that Marshal Bessieres should march at 6 a.m. on the 28th towards the Mayorga-Benevente road via Aguilar de Campos with all the Cavalry he could collect and at the same time General Lefebvre-Desnoettes should push on with two regiments of Cavalry straight upon Benevente. The weather was very inclement—rain, sleet, mud—and the Emperor had visions of driving the whole of the British forces into the Esla. But, unfortunately for him his calculations were wrong again for the whole of Moore's main body had crossed the Esla on the 26th December. "Thus by a critical march," writes Napier (Vol. I, p. 464), "Sir John Moore had recovered his communications with Astorga and so far baffled the Emperor; but his position was by no means safe, or even tenable." Furthermore, Moore was having trouble with his own troops: this constant retreating before a foe whom they despised and whom our Cavalry had beaten persistently put the men in an ugly temper which the inclement weather only aggravated.

When the main body had crossed the Castro-Gonzalo bridge, Robert Craufurd's light brigade was ordered to guard it and blow it up when the Cavalry had crossed. All the Cavalry were safely over by the evening of the 28th* and two arches of the bridge were blown up about midnight. The Cavalry, less picquet watching the ford, joined the reserve brigade at Benevente.

THE FIGHT AT BENEVENTE, 29th December, 1808

On the 29th the Cavalry again distinguished themselves, the account of which is told by Fortescue in the following words:—

* The Hussars of the King's German Legion formed the rearguard and were the last to cross over.

Nothing was to be seen of the British in plain of Benevente except small parties of cavalry watching the fords. Emboldened by this show of weakness, Lefebvre-Desnoettes at length succeeded in finding a ford near Castro-Gonzalo and crossed it, rather swimming than walking, with three squadrons of Chasseurs of the Guard and a small mixed squadron of Mamelukes of Light Horse, in all about 550 men. Colonel Otway, who was in command of the British picquets, at once called them in, but for some reason they were slow in obeying; and the Light Squadron of the Chasseurs pressed them so hard that they fell back hastily to within $\frac{1}{2}$ mile of Benevente. Fearing that the main body of the British might be surprised in its quarters Otway resolved to make a stand and took up a position by the suburbs with his flanks protected by the walls of some gardens. Here he was joined by the inlying picquets of the 7th and 10th Hussars and by a small party of the 18th which brought his force up to nearly 150 men. Meanwhile the foremost squadron of the Chasseurs, isolated by its advance, halted to await the arrival of the rest of the regiment, and Otway, having slight superiority of numbers promptly moved forward to the attack. The French were at the halt and were, of course, completely broken, their commander being killed at the first onset. But their second squadron coming up, reversed the balance of the fight and compelled the British in their turn to retire with considerable loss, until three troops of Hussars of the Legion came forward to their rescue.

Lord Paget and General Stewart now appeared on the ground and while the latter took charge of Otway's men, Paget galloped off at full speed to fetch the 10th Hussars. Stewart having rallied his Hussars advanced again to the charge while the two French squadrons were re-forming and was once more received by them at the halt. The ground, however, was so heavy that the British horses could gather no speed. The French were not broken and a confused struggle with the sabres was brought to an end by the arrival of the rear squadrons of the French, who, charging the right flank of the British forced them back to the walls of Benevente. There, in the nick of time, the remainder of

the German Hussars came up to save them. Upon their appearance the French were checked ; Lefebvre having now the whole of his force under his hand formed them into line and advanced rapidly to a final attack. His sabres numbered about 500, exceeding those of the British so far engaged by some 50. But Paget meanwhile had rallied his squadrons and concealed the 10th and 18th Hussars in readiness to fall upon the French flank. He now skilfully drew back the troops that were in the open so as to lure the French to more favourable ground ; and Lefebvre, confident that the game was in his own hands, came on at speed. The two opposing lines were not more than a hundred yards apart when, to his consternation, the 10th with Paget in person at their head, appeared galloping down upon the French left flank, with the 18th in support. It was a bad moment for the French commander and in the choice of evils he chose the greater, namely, to retreat. He gave the word to wheel about by troops and had just time to execute the manoeuvre before the British closed with him. Then ensued a race for the river. The Chasseurs, being well mounted, kept their lead ; but the British spurred after them at the top of their speed, amidst shrieks of " Viva los Ingleses " from the population of Benevente, which was enjoying the spectacle from the walls. Every Frenchman who lagged was at once cut down or taken, but the mass of the Chasseurs were not to be caught. They preserved tolerable order until they reached the river, but there they gave way to something like panic and crowded together into the water hampering and over-setting each other, with the result that not a few were swept away by the current and drowned. Those whose horses refused to enter the stream were killed or captured, among them Lefebvre-Desnoettes himself, whose horse was wounded and who, as became his position, was the last to arrive at the bank.* On reaching the river the British dismounted and opened fire with their carbines and the French on gaining the opposite bank at once rallied and returned the fire, but a couple

* He had surrendered to a Hussar of the German Legion ; but an English trooper of the 10th, laying hold of his bridle carried him off before the German had realised the value of his prize and was promoted Sergeant for his pains. Beamish, Vol. I, pp. 165-6.

The identity of the actual soldier who captured Lefebvre is disputed by a few regimental historians.

of British Horse Artillery guns galloped up and dispersed them with a few rounds of grape and the action was thus brought to an end. The loss of the French was 2 officers and 7 men killed, 7 officers and 91 men wounded, 3 officers and 42 men taken; that of the British was 12 killed and over 70 wounded. The heaviest sufferers were the 3rd Hussars of the Legion, the only corps engaged which was present in force, who had 3 killed and 43 wounded, and 2 officers wounded. The proportion killed was remarkably small, pointing to bad weapons and bad swordsmanship on both sides. Many of the Chasseurs escaped with black eyes and bruises on the arms and back who, if the British had cut true, would have been left on the field.

No battle honour was granted for this action but a gold medal for it was authorised under *London Gazette* Notice dated 11th September, 1810, and a bar to the Peninsula Army General Service Medal under General Order dated 1st June, 1847.

THE END OF THE RETREAT

After Benevente the cavalry had little to do. On the evening of the 29th December, they withdrew to La Baneza and on the 1st January, 1809, left Astorga. Napoleon left Benevente on 1st January, and soon after starting he was met by a courier with despatches from Paris; he dismounted, read them, remounted, and rode on slowly and silently, not speaking a single word until he reached Astorga. The despatches contained intelligence of hostile preparations in Austria and of a revolution in Turkey but what was more disquieting was the report of a conspiracy against him which was being hatched by Talleyrand and Fouché. At Astorga he handed over the command to Soult and turned back, leaving for France a few days later.

On 3rd January, a minor affair took place at Cacabellos in which a squadron of the 15th Light Dragoons took part, but beyond this the cavalry took no further part in the operations during the retreat. The horses broke down in scores, mainly due to the loss of shoes and consequent injury to the feet through travelling over rocky roads. As each animal fell it was shot dead by order of Lord Paget. On 4th January the cavalry were

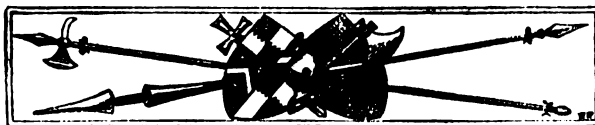
sent on ahead of the army to Lugo and ten days later, after destroying their remaining horses, embarked for England.

In Appendix XIII to his work, Oman gives the following details of strength of the cavalry units :—

| | | <i>Total strength in October, 1808</i> | <i>Effective strength present in December 19, 1808</i> | <i>Disembarked in England in January, 1809</i> | <i>Deficiency</i> |
|-----------------|------|--|--|--|-------------------|
| 7th Hussars | .. | 672 | 497 | 575 | 97* |
| 10th | „ .. | 675 | 514 | 651 | 24 |
| 15th | „ .. | 674 | 527 | 650 | 24 |
| 18th | „ .. | 624 | 565 | 547 | 77 |
| 3rd Hrs. K.G.L. | | 433 | 347 | 377 | 56 |
| | | 3,078 | 2,450 | 2,800 | 278 |

On 22nd December, the 14th Light Dragoons disembarked at Lisbon and were joined by the remnant of the 20th Light Dragoons. Major-General Stapleton Cotton, the distinguished cavalry leader of the Peninsula, arrived in Portugal with the 14th Light Dragoons, having sailed with them from Falmouth.

* Includes 56 men drowned on return voyage to England.



THE LANCE.

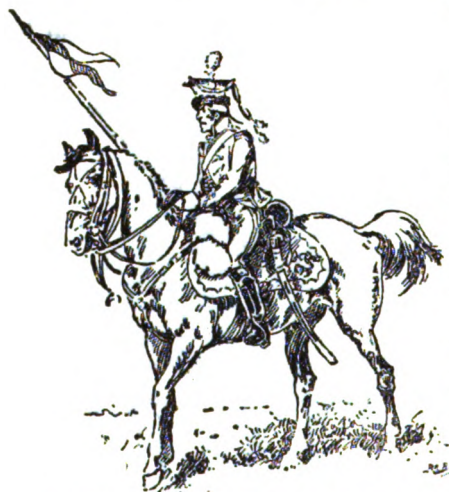
By LT.-COLONEL B. G. BAKER, D.S.O., F.R.G.S., F.R.Hist.S.

THE lance has been called the queen of weapons, and why not? It is a graceful thing, of ornamental value and has done good service in the cause of romance which is what one has a right to expect of a queen. It is also a pretty weapon to handle for those who take the profession of arms in a literal sense, and has indeed proved its worth on many a field of battle. Its use by light horsemen seems to have come from the East, and certainly there are no finer exponents of what an ideal lancer can be, than you will find throughout the regiments of Indian cavalry. You need but recall the term "Bengal Lancer" to visualize, at once, lithe horsemen on active mounts, a forest of lances with points a-glitter and fluttering pennants. However, whatever the origin of the lance, it became a feature of warlike furniture at a very remote period of history, and soon acquired an aura, a romance and mystery. Legend has devoted as much attention to the lance as it has to the sword. One-eyed Wotan of the Nordic Saga, wandered lance in hand, the Walkyre vociferous but kindly damsels of romantic disposition, rode through the air flourishing lances. The lance emerged out of legend into history to be flung far out to sea by a ruler of the Holy Roman Empire. By this gesture Otto the Great wished folk to understand that his sway extended over the waters as far as eye could see; he had



VOLONTAIRE DE SAXE, 1745

ridden right to the furthest point of Denmark in order to give this imposing demonstration. The waters closed in over the lance, and nothing much happened. Men continue to make impressive gestures to this day, and again nothing much happens. Then some five centuries later a forest of lances gaily decked with heraldic blazonry, came down the valley into the plain of Kossova. "If the heavens should fall" cried the knights of ancient Serbia "yet will we uphold them on the points of our lances!" The heavens did fall as Bajazet surnamed Yilderim, Lightning, son of Sultan Murad, stormed down from the eastern heights in clouds of light horsemen. The Serbs keep Kossova-day still, lest they forget."



HULLANS BRITANNIQUES, 1795

But this happened before the days of standing armies though Charles VII of France seems to have set about organizing a form of "regulars" not many years after Kossova. Europe was becoming nervous by reason of the westward progress of the Turks, but being in its normal condition of disunion, was quite unable to act until Vienna was besieged, and the country all about the capital of the Holy Roman Empire laid waste. It was then that John Sobieski came to the rescue with his squadrons of lancers and drove the invaders back into that part of the continent still vaguely described as "The Balkans." As a consequence of Sobieski's gallant enterprise every self-respecting State that supported a regular army, added a body of lancers to its forces; one of these lived on until the German revolution of 1918, as the Würtemberg Regiment of Ulans, No. 19.

As the leader of those lancers that relieved Vienna was a Pole, it was popularly supposed that every lancer must henceforth be a Pole or at any rate look like one. With the best will

of a warlike race, Poland could not supply all Europe's demands for lancers, neither was there any definite idea of what a Pole looked like exactly. There were many interesting renderings of the Pole in native costume, that of Marèchal de Saxe's volunteers, raised in 1745 for instance. It was picturesque but not convincing, its pseudo-classic helmet wrapped round with a turban savours too much of 18th century wiggery. The "Hullan Britannique" came nearer to the Polish model in head-dress anyway; a square topped cap with cloth band in summer and fur in winter looks much more Polish, moreover that form of cap is now worn by Poland's armed forces. The Napoleonic wars brought in a hard close-fitting leather cap the square top-hamper of which grew out of all proportion to the rest of the equipment and was lavishly adorned with plates, plumes and lines all of which have come down to our day. This built up superstructure was intended to protect a man's head on the assumption that its contents justified the expenditure involved. In course of time the lance-cap was modified into the elegant pre-war form worn by German and Austrian Ulans, it was also called by the Polish name *chapka*, for hat. In the



POLISH LANCER, 1808

same spirit the lancer's double-breasted jacket was called "*ulanka*." In this case again, the fashions prevailing in the standing armies of Europe brought about a certain degree of uniformity. The *coatee* became universal, its colour dictated by relations between sovereign states, thus Austria favoured green for its lancers and Bavaria followed suit; while the Polish lancers in the service of France wore blue with light crimson *rabatte*, facings and overalls. A curious feature of the "*ulanka*" dates from this period and may be a survival of the

original Polish garment, this is a fringe of gold or silver braid worn by officers between the two top buttons of the six that adorned the coat tails and were originally intended to fasten the pockets. That fringe was called the "waterfall" and was still worn by Austrian "ulan" officers at the outbreak of the Great War. Up till that period the German "ulans" outshone all other lancers of the world by the variety of colours they displayed, though the British regiments ran them pretty close. The Germans developed their "ulan" uniforms all in the course of the 19th century; only two Prussian regiments are really old, the 2nd Silesian, and the 3rd Brandenburg, dating from the



AUSTRIAN ULAN OFFICER, 1857

reign of Frederick the Great. Actually those two regiments recruited among Poles and Vlachs, gave the great King little satisfaction, at first indeed the Imperialist Hussars of Austria-Hungary gave them a severe mauling. It was said that they were not sufficiently used to their weapon and that they charged with lance at rest in a bucket carried over the left shoulder, so it is no wonder that light cavalry danced all round and over them. However, prac-

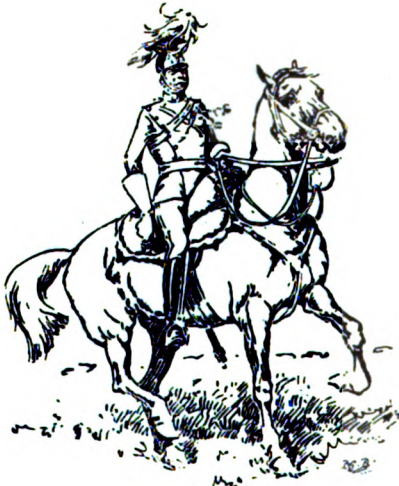
tice brought them up to pitch and so by 1745 these two regiments acquired permanent rank in the German Army List. The Würtemberg "Ulans" the seniors in years, have already been mentioned, the other regiments arose like most of our own, out of the Napoleonic wars, and the subsequent warlike happenings in Europe. It is curious that the word "Ulan" which spread terror over France in 1870-71 and again at the outbreak of the Great War, was not the first descriptive name given to German lancers. Frederick the Great's lancers were called Bosniaks, Tartars, Towarcys, "Comrades," probably amongst themselves in the ranks of the almost legendary "Polish Body Guard" that

attended the Great Elector of Brandenburg on his campaigns. There were two companies of them and they might claim seniority over the 19th (Württemberg) Ulan by ten years, but that they left no successors; the senior regiment of the three German "Ulans" of the Guard dates from 1819 the second from 1820; as lancers, they are about the same age as those of the British service, since their conversion from Light Dragoons. The lance spread quickly over martial Europe in the first half of the 18th century. Every nation that made a point of being up to date at least in outward appearance, adopted the lance and the appropriate costume with modifications according to the taste of those who dictated its military fashions. There was no great divergence from the dress as worn by Napoleon's Polish lancers, fashion exchanged the coatee for the tunic, whittled down the excessive height of the "chapka" and put down some of the more exuberant adornments that had accrued, in fact to the untrained eye, lancers of most nations looked very much alike. The distinction lay in the lance pennants. These also, had developed along lines of their own until they became subservient to the rising spirit of nationalism. The ancestry of lance pennants is surely very remote. In the far away past so distant that a nought more or less at the end makes no difference to the date, primitive man having cut an exceptionally long stick and hardened one end of it by fire into a point, was pleased with his work and crowned it with a wisp of rag or horsehair, at any rate something that added distinction to the weapon. Maybe the idea of holding up the lance as queen of weapons was engendered at the same time, and a gallant warrior would do service to this sovereignty by adorning his lance with something to illustrate



PRUSSIAN ULAN, 1870

his own value, the colours of his coat-of-arms. But even in the days of romance as seen from a distance, warfare had its practical side that demanded attention, and so the lance pennant became a means of identification. This purpose was pursued in the regulations of Frederick the Great to his Ulans; lance pennants were to be of different colours by squadrons. There is no record to tell the sequence of colours in the Prussian Army of the 18th century, but it was a German who started a definite colour-number scheme when he undertook the reform of the Portuguese Army at the outbreak of the Seven Years' war, Count William of Schaumburg-Lippe. By his scheme the cardinal colours, count-



BRITISH LANCER (OFFICER) 1910

ing white as one, each denoted a number, and this is still so in the German Army; white, 1; red, 2; yellow, 3; blue, 4. However it was some time before this system was permanently established in the German Army, even the flying of national colours as lance pennants did not become firmly established in Prussia till after the Napoleonic wars ended in 1815. In 1808 the four newly raised Prussian Ulan regiments flew such a distinctive regimental pennant the

colours of which stood in no relation to those of their country's flag. After 1815 those armies that had introduced the lance, generally decked it with the colours of the country, red and white for St. George of England, black and yellow for Austria and so forth.

In 1889 Germany armed all her cavalry with the lance, and this induced other European powers to do the same. The colour effect in Germany was very striking, for the sombre black and white of Prussia was relieved by the gay colours of other sovereign states of the 2nd Reich. There was the blue and white of the Wittelsbachs for Bavaria, green and white for

Saxony, and so on through a riot of colour. But not only colour, heraldic designs returned to the lance pennants. They had appeared in the reign of Frederick William II of Prussia by whose orders a black eagle was embroidered on many-coloured pennants, for officers and under-officers only. In those days subalterns carried a lance with silk pennant of the regimental colours and on it an eagle flying into the sun over the device "Nec Soli Cedit." The lancer non-coms. of Germany now flew a great variety of heraldic designs among them the famous prancing horse of Brunswick, on the new steel lance that replaced the ashen stave of old, in 1890. Two regiments thus armed with lances gained a peculiar distinction, namely the 1st and 2nd Hussars whose regimental badge of skull and cross-bones hitherto worn on the busby only, now fluttered from the lance head, white on black for one regiment, black on white for the other. Massed German cavalry was an inspiring sight in those short days when the 20th century was young and hopeful; the lance was still in the ascendant. This is curious because military history is very sparing of instances in which the lance figures as decisive factor. In most wars lancers charged like any other cavalry and achieved much the same rather inadequate result, among such charges those by British lancers seem to have been the most effective. In 1914 all the cavalry of Germany carried the lance, yet history has not found occasion to crown its point with "laurel victory." It seems as if the lance had passed its zenith before it went into the war. It survived after the war, here and there, but only for decorative purpose. The cavalry of post-war Germany took up the lance again, this time without pennant, but discarded it after a few years for good. Machine guns, tanks, poison-gas have relegated the lance to the lumber room. To quote in paraphrase from the German classics: "that is the lot of all things beautiful on earth."

There is a gleam of light yet, in the twilight of those things that are fading away before mechanization. The march of machinery is reacting on men and women to the effect that they are returning to the cult of the horse and with it they may take up in the way of sport, that graceful and pleasant weapon the lance.

THE ARMY, THE OFFICER AND THE HORSE.

By "YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED."

Sketches by "Snaffles."

At the Annual General Meeting, Field-Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode proposed that we should get a suitable Cavalry Officer to write an article, which would describe the Regimental feeling about present-day matters in the Cavalry. The following article though published under a nom de plume is written by a senior officer in whom we have complete confidence, and with whose views we cordially agree.—MANAGING EDITOR.

THE fact that Cavalry of the future would have to become mechanized, together with the majority of the Army, has been apparent for some years to most students of military affairs and, in order to keep pace with the rapid progress of mechanization, the obvious first step was to convert the Army from a horsed to a machine basis.

This fact has been accepted by those Cavalry Regiments selected for conversion, by the R.H.A., R.A., R.E., Royal Corps of Signals, and other units allied to the horse, with that spirit and loyalty which has always characterized the British Army. With the example and efficiency of the 11th Hussars (P.A.O.) and the 12th Royal Lancers before us, there appears to be no reason why, from a purely Cavalry point of view, mechanized Regiments should not form as important a part in the organization of a modern Army as their horsed predecessors proved to be in Armies of old. The motorized Mobile Division will undoubtedly replace the former horsed Cavalry Division and may easily find itself in the position of being considered the "Corps d'Elite" of the British Army.

There is, unfortunately, no shadow of doubt that the instructions recently issued by the Army Council on the subject of

Officers' Chargers has shaken the confidence of the Army as a whole, and particularly that of Cavalry Regiments and the Royal Artillery who are chiefly affected.

The object of this article is neither to criticise nor to ventilate a grievance, but rather to present a case for the retention of Officers' Chargers in a rational manner, so that even the most hard-hearted Financial Expert must become a convert and say unto himself :—"By Jove! I hadn't thought of it from that aspect. The cutting of chargers may help me to balance the Army Estimates, but just look at the cost from a broad point of view. We may be forced to increase the pay of the officer, and give him a free car, chauffeur and petrol, and even then we won't get the same type of officer we used to, if any at all. For goodness' sake let them keep their chargers. It is bound to pay the country in the long run."

While all this may only sound to be a dream too good to come true, the instructions on chargers can rightly be classified as a nightmare.

In brief, these instructions provide for the ultimate reduction of chargers in Mechanized Cavalry Regiments and the Royal Horse Artillery to one horse per officer when the present programme of mechanization is completed. Similarly, it is proposed that the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers should be reduced to one horse between two officers. Those officers of the Royal Artillery serving in Defended Ports in Great Britain, and whose need for recreation and exercise is even greater than that of their more fortunate brothers, are to be allowed half a forage for which they will no doubt be thankful, but no assistance is to be given towards the provision of half a horse to eat it.

The case of Fortress Companies of the Royal Engineers at Gibraltar and Malta is even harder, though perhaps more simple, as their present establishment of chargers and forage now authorized for these units is being withdrawn altogether.

We feel that if the voice of the British Army was not so inarticulate, repercussions to these instructions would by now have become a medium of controversy in our daily Press and, in spite of the Army's enforced silence, we prophesy with some

certainty that it will not be long before disastrous re-actions set in, affecting the whole future of the recruiting of officers for the mobile branches of the Army.

From an economic point of view, we do not dispute that it may be a very attractive proposition for the Financial Department of the War Office to recommend and, in fact, compel a reduction of chargers by one half in the case of mechanized Cavalry, and by even higher proportions in the Royal Artillery and other ex-mounted units. Some of us fear this may merely be a preliminary step to the total abolition of chargers and forages, and we suggest that such matters which are of fundamental importance to the officers of the Army should not be lightly dealt with, as if only an item of good accounting. No one will deny that in the interests of the State, financial supervision is both essential and desirable, but once this has been accepted, we suggest that financial advisers should not attempt to force a policy.

A year or so ago, we understand, a Committee sat to deliberate the retention or otherwise of officers' chargers.

We feel confident that all the Military element were opposed to reducing the establishment of chargers, and the pressure must presumably have emanated from the representative appointed by the Permanent Under-Secretary of State.

The decision to withdraw or reduce the establishment of officers' chargers in spite of the recommendations of this Committee indicates the tremendous influence exercised by that invisible yet ever-present power known as "Finance." We wish to convey nothing to antagonize the Experts representing this Branch, who are obviously doing what they themselves consider to be their duty to the State. However, they are men and human like the rest of us, so we must be forgiven for expressing a wish that they could fathom the inner feelings of the Regimental officer, and so perhaps come to appreciate the indubitable value of the horse as a trainer of character and soldierly qualities.

Sitting in Whitehall is hardly the ideal background from which to absorb the true atmosphere of Army life, and in order to convince and—we hope—to convert those omnipotent experts

to our way of thinking, we are certain that we shall have the backing of the Army if we invite them to pay periodical visits to Regiments, Batteries and other units, so that they can get into personal touch with Regimental life. We know that such visits would be more than welcomed by the Regimental officer, not with the idea of something to be gained for his personal advantage, but in order that the visitors may judge for themselves the conditions and circumstances now obtaining in the Army, and that the liaison between the Army and its Financial Advisers may be raised to a closer and more sympathetic standard.

The average subaltern joining a Cavalry Regiment or the Royal Artillery did so, not solely on account of his pay, but because he knew that, in addition to this, he would receive his chargers, forage, stabling and a groom. He regarded these, and correctly so, as part of his emoluments, and, if these are suddenly withdrawn, halved or quartered, something should surely be given to him as compensation. In any other walk of life, the removal or reduction of such long established privileges would be regarded as a definite breach of contract on the part of the employer. In this particular case, many parents are now expressing their views on the recent decision of the Government in no uncertain terms. Parents who have served in the Cavalry and Royal Artillery, whose fathers and grandfathers did so before them, will no longer send their sons into an Army where they cannot indulge in healthy exercise and sports which they themselves so happily enjoyed after their work.

It seems, therefore, that we should ask ourselves quite a simple question :—"Are we in this country satisfied or not with the type of officer who, in the past, has made the Cavalry and Royal Artillery what they are to-day?" If the answer is in the affirmative, then we must realize that the success of the British Regular Army in the past has been largely due to the fact that its officers have been drawn from a class brought up in an atmosphere of country, hunting, fishing and shooting. As practically ninety-nine per cent. of our successful commanders in war have come from this category of leader, this point cannot be gainsaid. In this connection, it is only necessary to name

a few famous Commanders of the past, such as Marlborough, Wellington, Roberts, Haig, Beatty, Allenby, Horne, Byng and Rawlinson, whilst each of our British Field-M Marshals shown in the current Army List has played polo or hunted in his youth and, to our knowledge, certainly three of these distinguished officers are still enjoying foxhunting to-day.

We are glad to say that there are, in the rising generation, many potential officers of the above type who, in addition to possessing the qualities of their predecessors, are sufficiently



up-to-date to appreciate the value of the machine in War. These embryo leaders will still join the Army, in spite of the small pay, provided some amenities for horse recreation exist. They will be attracted by a life which will make them efficient leaders in war, and by surroundings and friends which are congenial in days of peace.

It was written, somewhat disrespectfully, some three years ago in the public press that "The Army has been run for a hundred years or more, by Foxhunters for Foxhunters—and very

well run too." So well tried and successful a policy ought not to be lightly abandoned. It appears to us that there are three main reasons for still encouraging officers to indulge in mounted sports, and to keep horses to enable them to do so, even though they are in future to be mounted on machines and not on horses when they go to war. These three main reasons are Recruiting, Recreation and Military Efficiency.

If that proportion of the officers necessary for the mobile arms is to be drawn from the class we advocate, from the sons of officers and, above all, from the class which has for nine hundred years provided most of the leaders of the Nation as well as of the Army, they must be enabled and encouraged to take part in the sports and pastimes which they enjoy. If they are not to get their hunting, their polo, their racing and their pig-sticking in the Army, many will go elsewhere where the prospects are better and there is a chance of making money. The recruiting problem of to-day, as far as men are concerned, is critical enough, but do not let us fall into the same trap as regards the officer.

An Army without leaders is useless and rumour has it that there are only five British Cavalry candidates in the junior term of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, at the present moment—this is well below the normal number. We have, moreover, recently come into contact with many parents who have changed their minds about putting their sons into the Army simply because they are frightened by the many disadvantages already explained. The shortage of officer recruits will not be confined only to the Cavalry, Royal Artillery or mounted branches, as we know of many a fine Infantry Regiment whose tradition and *esprit de corps* is largely influenced by the horse.

A modern officer, as well as possessing a high degree of intelligence, should have in addition courage and physical fitness, and anyone who saw the last war in the early days of 1914 will remember the vital importance which nerve, hardness and retention of youth played during the Retreat from Mons, and the subsequent advance to the Aisne.

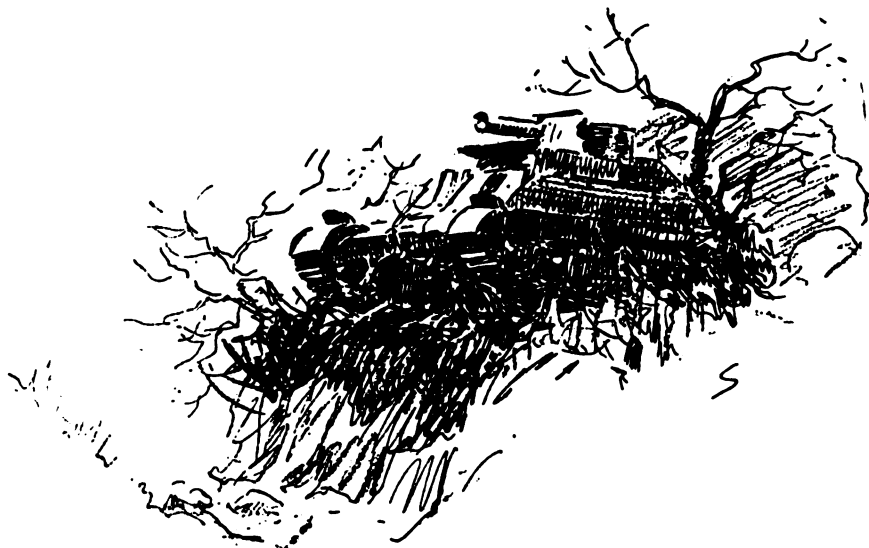
The officer's recreation in times of peace should do as much as possible to develop these qualities, and mounted sports are undoubtedly the best. Squash racquets is too violent, and not long enough sustained; golf not violent enough; tennis is no training for war; cricket may be good training for team work, but is not to be compared with riding as a means of exercise.

There are some who suggest that flying would provide a good substitute to hunting as a test for nerve and quickness. Whilst we agree that flying develops both these characteristics, we are convinced that a pilot's training will never produce that eye for country, which only the horse can give. From a recreational point of view, flying can never take the place of hunting, or other form of horse exercise, since it entails no form of physical exertion, and in fact exacts considerable mental strain on the individual.

Long days hunting or pig-sticking and strenuous polo do more to keep a man fit and to enable him to go through his regimental service without the necessity of buying a new Sam Browne belt than any other game. Considerable sums of money are spent on games and sports for keeping other ranks physically fit, and it seems therefore only fair that the State should provide some recreational facilities to enable officers to do the same. Apart from a few squash or tennis courts, there is really very little provided for the officer in the way of recreation, and whatever he does get he has to pay for in full by way of subscriptions. But the most effective means of developing a high degree of intelligence, courage and physical fitness is riding, and particularly hunting, which provides unique opportunities for cultivating military efficiency. There is no alternative recreation which is comparable in helping a man, particularly a middle-aged one, to keep his nerve.

Is it not noticeable how helpless a town-bred man becomes when he is told to find his way across country? He never seems able to see beyond his nose; he cannot spot tracks, crossings, gates, haystacks, and all the rest which the hunting man sees a mile away. He has neither eye nor memory for country, he has no idea of direction, of the wind, the sun, the clouds and

the stars, the growth of trees or heather which marks the prevailing wind; he has not the observation of the man who looks ahead for the view of a fox or moving cattle; he becomes hopelessly bogged—so easy with a motor—because he does not notice sheep tracks, which help him through, or the green quaking which heralds trouble. A man who rides well across country is subconsciously making continual appreciations and quick decisions, and what is more difficult as time goes on, or what more important for any Commander?



Commanders of mechanized units will have to lead troops across country; to do this efficiently, they must continually be moving across country themselves. They can do so out fox-hunting or on a horse. Can they do so at any other time? Land-owners and farmers who tolerate hunting can hardly be expected to encourage tanks on their land. To one who has served both in peace and war with tanks and armoured cars, it is noticeable how incomparably superior as leaders are those officers who have been brought up to hunt to those who have not. Good leadership in war can only be obtained at the price of sound training in peace, and "careering" about in a mechanized

vehicle over the small and restricted training areas now available cannot give the necessary training in that tactical and topographical sense so essential if the leadership of mechanized units is to become second nature.

In this funny world of ours we can always find a few who are jealous of the successful or who have warped minds, who deride hunting, polo, or pig-sticking, and, perhaps, the good fortune of their richer comrades, and deny that the term "an eye for a country" can mean anything to an officer's efficiency. Luckily, these critics cut little ice among those who know the true facts, and therefore can make up their own minds; but there is always the danger that if they go on talking loudly and long enough they may persuade those who have not sufficient knowledge to make up their own minds that a different type of officer—say one who has been brought up to Town Life, or who spends his evenings in night clubs, dancing or in the cinema—could make just as good a leader in war as the officer who is fond of the horse, rod and gun. Needless to say, there are exceptions to every rule, but it will be a sad day for England, and particularly for mechanized units, if the Army is forced to accept in any great numbers such a new type of leader for their mobile forces.

The following extract from a London evening newspaper dated March 4th, 1937, is the sort of point of view which the Army Council has to contend against. They have our fullest sympathy in having to overcome opposition of this nature, which is an example of the destructive critic who neither wishes nor attempts to understand the fundamental facts affecting the case.

"Horse Nonsense.

Officers of mechanized cavalry regiments, it is stated, are still to be allowed one riding horse apiece; to keep the cavalry spirit alive the horses are to be available for hunting and point-to-point meetings.

Surely it is in the national interest that these officers should immediately cease to be horse-conscious and become machinery-conscious. There is no more excuse for supplying them with horses than for mounting the Committee of Imperial Defence on donkeys."

It is surely more in the National interest to have good officers to lead our mobile arms, than no officers at all, or to be forced to accept officers of an inferior quality.

We have always maintained that petrol and oats do not mix on the field of battle, and, after experiments, it has been proved unsound to have units composed of a mixture of horses and machines, as each has a different cross-country performance, each requires a different type of supply, and one is considerably more vulnerable to bullets than the other.

But this in no way implies that, because officers are fond of the horse, they cannot also become mechanically minded. We are not only certain that it is perfectly feasible to find officers of this nature, but from experience over a long period of years, we are certain this combination of qualities makes the ideal type of leader which the Army requires to-day.

If all mechanized Cavalry Regiments of the future are to become as well-led and efficient as the 11th Hussars or 12th Lancers, we shall indeed be in a position to congratulate ourselves. No units have been more praised for maintaining their machines than these two Regiments, yet their officers have done their best to keep alive that Cavalry Spirit which the newspaper referred to appears to despise, and still hunt, ride in point-to-points and play polo.

It is interesting to note that the recent Army Estimates, apart from showing a deficiency of some 20,000 men, also discloses the fact that we are no less than 980 officers short of our peace establishment. In our view this deficit of officers will not only fail to be made up but will continue to increase, if critics of this calibre are permitted to have any influence on decisions affecting the future policy of the Army.

Few young officers join the Army for the sake of the pay, which can only be described as poor and meagre, and the young man whose sole God and interest is the internal combustion engine—and this type does exist—will certainly not contemplate the Army, with its poor prospects as a career, but will choose one where money can be made and new ideas appreciated.

If this fact is accepted, then it would seem to be a sound financial proposition for the State to encourage that class of potential officer who is still prepared to serve for his present poor standard of remuneration. With the removal or reduction of his horses and forage, that necessary encouragement disappears and the State will shortly be compelled, *ipso facto*, to pay all officers higher wages, in direct competition with the civilian market as is already the case in certain technical Corps such as the R.A.S.C. The pay of the Royal Air Force, for example, is very much higher than that of the Army, whilst business careers offer far better prospects and pay than the Army ever can do.

It is clearly no attraction to have to be as technically efficient with no congenial recreation and with constant orderings hither and thither all over the world for what the great majority consider to be a non-living wage. Many things have changed in the Army during the last twenty-five years, and an officer is now expected to do about three times as much work as he used to do, without a corresponding increase in pay. Hard work is all to the good, but the means of recreation and exercise should also be provided, and the new instructions on the subject of officers' chargers is only another means of making the British Army unpopular as a profession. Both parents and young entry are worried, and visualize such measures as the beginning of possible further restrictions.

The cost of maintaining chargers is so infinitesimal in comparison with the need for obtaining the best type of leaders for our mobile arms, that one must regret the recent proposals as a glaring example of false economy. It seems a typical case of spoiling the ship for a ha'porth of tar, and a cry of poverty seems hardly justified when the Government proposes to expend the colossal sum of fifteen hundred million pounds on our defences during the next five years, while the cost of keeping chargers can only amount to a few thousand pounds per annum.

It is a significant fact that even in France, where the army officer certainly cannot be described as a favoured class, officers' chargers are provided in mounted units now mechanized, and

that riding plays an important part in the officer's training of all mobile units. We hear on reliable authority that in some French mechanized units, the establishment of officers' chargers is being increased from two to three horses per officer—an example we commend to our authorities at home.

Germany has taken the opportunity whilst we have been deciding to abolish Arborfield Remount Depot, of purchasing large numbers of horses both in Ireland and in England, and insists that every Staff Officer, even in their War Office, should have chargers and, what is still more important, shall ride them : the German Military Attaché in London is provided with two horses and a groom. In the recent operations of the Italian Army, we read that their Cavalry Light Tank Regiments were, by reason of their well-trained officers, superior to any other mechanized troops, and these officers had all been horse-trained.

We understand that, during the recent operations in Palestine, the Commander-in-Chief asked that he might be provided with one British Cavalry Regiment for employment in the Jordan Valley. Unfortunately, no Cavalry Regiment was available in England without calling up more reservists and horses than the country was prepared to do, or alternatively, making up a composite Regiment and denuding England of practically all her Cavalry. Nearly every Regiment in the United Kingdom requires to-day over sixty per cent. of reservists and horses to put it on a war footing. A lamentable state of affairs, yet the Palestine episode does serve to prove that the horse and Cavalry may still be required by Commanders in various spheres of the Empire.

Other countries consider that horses are still a necessary complement of their Armies and, even if we do not entirely agree, it must be admitted by even the most fanatical supporter of mechanization that horses—perhaps in small numbers—may have their uses in the next war. It seems, therefore, that we must retain some cavalry and horses in peace, and it is really of little consequence whether Army horses are labelled "Chargers," "Riders" or "Remounts." They all cost approximately the same to maintain, so some might just as well be allotted to

officers of mechanized mounted units who know how to look after them and appreciate their use.

Further, it is not as though officers entitled to chargers can hunt or play polo on Government horses free of charge, since they are required to pay, in addition to their own Hunt, Tent or Polo Club Subscriptions, an insurance and hire fee to the Government of £1 per horse per month for its use whilst being used for recreational purposes.

From a training point of view, there are many and varied reasons why the old establishment of chargers should be retained. It requires no great imagination to see that it is still necessary to have a reserve of trained mounted officers both for service with Colonial Forces, for assistance to Yeomanry units, for war expansion, for transfer to horsed cavalry or for employment in countries where mechanized units cannot be utilized. If all these demands are to be made on the few horsed cavalry regiments remaining, there will be no officers left for Regimental duty.

When one considers this question, it is alarming to learn that sinister attacks against the retention of horses for Staff College Students are being periodically launched. It would, we maintain, be sheer folly to deprive the future leaders of our Army of the many advantages which the horse confers on those attending the two years course at Camberley or Quetta.

A Staff Officer might easily find himself during his first or second appointment riding on service in any outpost of the Empire. It would be iniquitous if a P.S.C. Officer was forced to refuse a particular duty, because he was unable to ride, and this may well occur if "Finance" achieves another "victory," and cuts down the establishment of horses at Camberley.

The Staff College Drag and "Barossa Hunt Club" play a far-reaching part in the training of the Staff Officer and definitely assist him to qualify for appointments in any part of the world. If a Staff Officer is to retain the sympathy and respect of his regimental brothers, he must be alert in mind and body and not merely an academician. One who cannot ride can hardly claim

that respect and will, moreover, be severely handicapped from carrying out his duties efficiently.

We firmly believe that these facts are recognized by those in power, who, deep down and absolved from financial pressure, agree with our views and will never acquiesce to the elimination of the horse from the Staff College, and for similar reasons we hope that the R.M.C. and the R.M.A. will be included.

It would be a poor recompense to the State to increase the strategical mobility of units by mechanization and, at the same time, to limit their tactical mobility by indifferent leadership. Industry, in the form of massed production, can provide the machines to give our Army its new mobility, but it is going to be a very much more difficult task to find the leaders who will use them to advantage in war.

In the individual training of young officers of mechanized units, chargers will be invaluable for some types of schemes and Tactical Exercises without Troops. For many forms of umpiring horses are essential, and Cavalry Regiments at home have complained of being treated in the past as livery stables for the provision of Umpires' horses for other Arms.

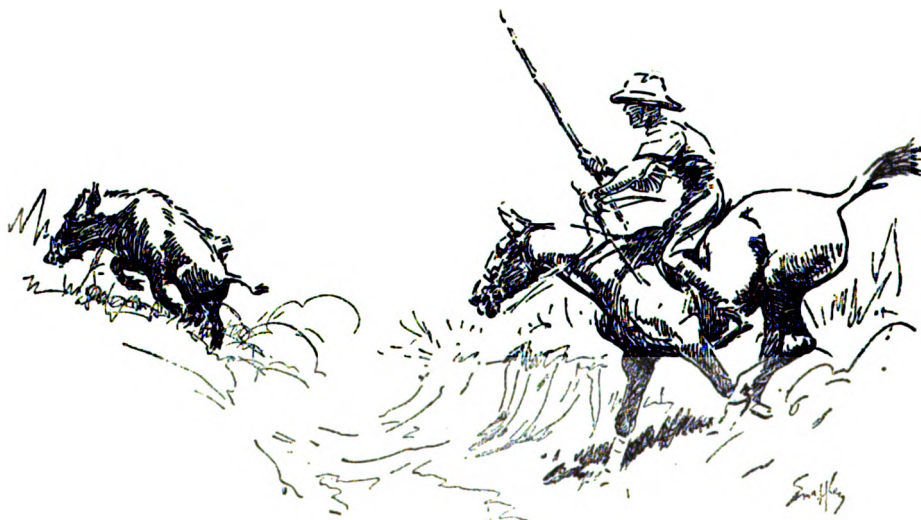
The effect which these new instructions will have on our Army in India is not quite clear, though perhaps one factor stands out:—What Great Britain may lose in the way of officer recruits, India in a small degree stands to gain. The numbers of officers which could thus be absorbed is strictly limited, but we do know of several cases where excellent army candidates now intend to enter for the Indian Army, in preference to mechanized mounted units in England, and the reasons invariably given are those of the Charger and a fear of further restrictive measures.

At the risk of being accused of wandering off the point, we feel we should here enlarge on the subject of India as that country will become as intimately concerned about such subjects as mechanization, the establishment of officers' chargers, and the future of the horse, as England is involved in to-day.

There are few, if any, officers of the British Army who have served in India who will not freely confess that they have owed

most of their fun in that country to the horse. Happy recollections of polo weeks at Meerut, Delhi, Calcutta, Lucknow, Risalpur—we could quote nearly every garrison town—pig-sticking, the Kadir Cup, Muttra Cup, Steeplechasing, flat racing, gymkhanas, hunting with many different packs, regimental sports, horse shows and show jumping, are all vividly conjured up.

Are these to be but a memory of the past, and denied to the British Officer of the future stationed in India because of a financial decision made in Whitehall in A.D. 1936? We pray



this will never occur, but unless something is done to put matters right, we feel we may well be on the way to destroying most of what has made India an attraction to the sporting young officers of British units.

At the time of writing, it seems that the Commander-in-Chief and Government in India are wisely awaiting the experience of ourselves at home before being committed to a full programme of mechanization. The prestige of the horse, and all that it implies, stands very high in the East and in India in particular. It is not too much to say that the better class Indian has a deep admiration which is based, not so much on the

superiority of the British Raj, as on the example which is set by the British Mounted Arm in India, an example which the whole Indian Army can look up to and respect.

British Cavalry in India, we hope and believe, is still considered to be a useful model and it is this helpful example of the visiting British Units which produces new ideas and goes a long way towards procuring equal standards in the armed forces of the Empire.

A British Cavalry Regiment, mounted on tanks or trucks, with officers possessing the proposed establishment of only one charger apiece, would simply not be understood by the oriental mind, who regards the officer as necessarily possessing many horses and ponies.

India, at present, has 21 Indian Cavalry Regiments (horsed), and only 5 British Cavalry Regiments (horsed). To substitute five mechanized Regiments for the latter would, we think, complicate the balance of Indian Cavalry Brigades to such an extent as to render the proposition quite unworkable. We cannot conceive any Commander-in-Chief in India willingly sacrificing the whole of his horsed British Cavalry, but this is a policy for the Indian Government to consider and decide; all we ask is for no hasty decision. To-day's skeleton peace establishment of a British Cavalry Regiment (horsed) at Home (237 troop horses, or approximately 100 per cent. less horses than a Regiment of 1914), is so futile and conditions of training so difficult that India is perhaps the only place remaining in the Empire where a Regiment of Cavalry can train as such. A Regiment or Battery in India is really worth commanding—each has a reasonable and workable establishment, no drafts to find, and units are kept up to war strength with both men and horses.

One single British Cavalry Regiment in India can turn out far more men and horses than a whole Cavalry Brigade can do under the conditions now obtaining in England; in fact some Regiments at home cannot even raise one Troop for higher training this year. By reason of this, we at home have almost for-

gotten what a well-trained Cavalry Regiment can do in the field, or what a Regiment even begins to look like on parade.

We personally believe that India would be well advised not to accept the mechanization of her last remaining five British Cavalry Regiments until all the factors have been weighed and until she is convinced that mechanization has progressed to such an extent as to be applicable in practice to her difficult country, climate and conditions.

We do not wish these remarks to convey an impression that we are "die-hard," for we heartily support mechanization and all progressive measures, but we do suggest that our own house should be put in order first, the Mobile Division completed, our Mechanized Divisional Cavalry Regiments tried out, before forcing India to accept something about which we ourselves know little or nothing.

Whatever views we may have expressed about the Army, the officer and the horse, there must be one point upon which we all agree, which is that this country expects that its officers should be contented, fit and efficient. The retention of chargers in mechanized units will go further than any other means towards effecting this end, as has been proved to the hilt by the 11th Hussars, 12th Lancers and more recently by the Royal Horse Artillery. We would go even further and strongly recommend that mechanized Cavalry Regiments and the R.H.A. should each keep a pool of some forty troop-horses for which multitudinous uses could be found in peace, and which would serve as a valuable reserve for war.

If we believe, as we all do, in the spirit of the Cavalry Regiment, that wonderful Cavalry spirit and *esprit de corps* which has brought us through our troubles both in peace and war, we must remember that this was created, not by Regulations, orders or instructions, but by something far more deep rooted than these.

We are certain that those responsible for our destinies are no bureaucrats, and appreciate the paramount importance of the psychological factor, and we must therefore ensure that

mechanized Regiments retain the traditions and spirit of their horsed predecessors. If we agree that a garden too suddenly transplanted may die, then let us give the horse some place—even a small one—in those units and regiments now mechanized, who for centuries have owed their very existence and inspiration to the horse.

It is unwise to measure the small cost involved, as the gain will not be so much money saved but money well spent. “The Writing is on the Wall”—so let us take heed before it is too late.

*“ We have no wish to exaggerate
The worth of the sports we prize.*

* * * *

*Good! Sooth! 'twere a sorry world, I ween,
If we all went galloping mad;
Yet if once we efface the joys of the chase
From the land, and out-root the Stud,
GOODBYE TO THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE!
FAREWELL TO THE NORMAN BLOOD!”*

(Adam Lindsay Gordon).

IN VINO VERITAS.

By "FORRARD, ON."

"WELL, John, it's some time since we met," said my Uncle. "How are things?"

The question found me sitting in a country house dining room. The port had done its first journey; the candle light, the old pictures, the furniture, produced an atmosphere of mellow dignity and comfort. Uncle James, an old Cavalryman, with three campaigns to his credit, always did one jolly well.

"I'm getting old, John," said he. "I never go South these days and, except for what I read in the Press, I'm out of touch with the Cavalry nowadays. What about all this mechanization? I see my old friends the 'Greenjackets' are joining the 2nd Cavalry Brigade. It seems a bit odd to me, but I suppose times change."

"Yes, Uncle James, they do. We have to utilise new weapons, new methods of mobility, but I maintain our task as Cavalry remains unchanged. When you ask 'How are things?' I'm not certain we're altogether on the right lines."

"Must be a problem, John. Fill up your glass, young son, and let's hear what the younger generation thinks about it."

"Thank you, Uncle," said I. "I don't want to be tedious, but I'll have to start at the beginning. It's this way:—

Strategically, or tactically, I can't see how a Commander can do without an arm combining both mobility and fire power. Intentions and dispositions have to be concealed, and information has to be gained. For concealment, a screen of mobile troops is required, and to gain certain vital information, this same arm is indispensable."

"Wait a minute," said my uncle. "What about the Air Force for reconnaissance?"

"I personally think," said I, "that this reconnaissance can only be effected by an arm of speed and fire power on the ground. You see, this vital information demands a type of reconnaissance possible in any state of weather, which is definite and entails maintaining contact with the enemy."

"Agreed, young man," said my uncle. "Fire ahead."

"Well, as long as mobility and surprise have their value in battle, it will be necessary to include in the organization of armies, side by side with the arms which constitute the principle force, certain other arms whose principle characteristics are speed and mobility. By 'mobility' I mean the faculty, possessed by an arm, of moving with a speed superior to that of other arms, across country, in all weathers, and which preserves its capabilities of fighting, that is to say, without losing its homogeneity, and maintaining its ability to seize and hold ground."

"John, my lad, you're getting prosy," said my uncle. "I agree you're right, but what are you getting at?"

"I was just coming to that, Uncle James. You see that first of all, as far as one can see, the modern Cavalry Division includes the Tank Brigade,—a formation which is heavy and hard hitting. For those two reasons I don't think it should be where it is. Moreover, I don't believe in war it will be there because no Commander-in-Chief will enjoy risking, under a subordinate who is controlling a minor enterprise, a formation with which, so as to speak, he hopes to win the war and, mind you, a formation of the type of which he has only one."

"That sounds reasonable," said my uncle, "but what's the other point you're getting at?"

"It concerns our 'Greenjacket' friends," said I. "You see, the Light Tank can't hold ground, so that's why you get Infantry with the Cavalry Brigade. At first sight this appears quite rational, but did we have mounted Infantry in the Cavalry Brigades in the pre-mechanized days? No. Now, in my opinion, Cavalry continues because its tasks of reconnaissance,

protection and fighting in co-operation with other arms continue to-day as they were before the War, also because the carrying out of these tasks demands a special training and type of troops. Our "Greenjacket" friends are the best fellows in the world, but their military training has been on different lines. I believe that's a mistake."

"Maybe you're right, John," said my uncle, "but what about the German Jaegers; weren't they used in close co-operation with German Cavalry?"

"Yes, I think they were, but hardly in such intimate co-operation, and, even if the Germans used Light Infantry in this way, it doesn't necessarily mean they were right. Think what a time that Battalion is going to have. It will be always making detachments."

"D—— it, John, I commanded a Brigade 20 years ago. How should I know how to handle these new fangled formations? What do you mean exactly?"

"Well," said I, "picture the Advanced Guard. Its job is not only reconnaissance. It will eventually get held up, and then has to maintain contact with the enemy so that, in due course, the main body can do something about it. It will want some infantry. This same requirement applies to all protective detachments."

Again, take the Brigade in defence. Your Infantry are in position, you'll have to give them some Cavalry for local counter attack, and probably to watch their flanks, so you see you'll always be making detachments from somebody."

"Isn't your Brigadier rather passing the baby to his subordinate Commanders?" asked my uncle.

"I can't see that he has any other alternative," I replied, "unless he is expected to fight the various phases of every battle himself. You wouldn't recommend that, Uncle James, would you?"

"No. Certainly not," said my uncle, "but what's the solution, John?"

"Well, the point I want to make, Uncle James, is this. I think we've fallen into this type of organization because we've

paid too much attention to the vehicle and not enough to the task it has to perform. In short, tactical homogeneity has been sacrificed for homogeneity in Unit vehicles. My contention is that, in organization for war, tactical considerations must come first. Mind you, I do not deny that it is very desirable to have a single type of vehicle, or rather, chassis, and I believe with the new Carden Lloyd type of chassis it's quite possible.

My solution is this :—A Regiment of 2 Light Tank Squadrons. These represent, so to speak, the mounted man, and one good, strong Squadron of dismounted Cavalrymen, with plenty of Light Machine Guns and a good supply of A.T. Rifles. I on purpose use this horsed Cavalry simile because you require such extremely close co-operation between these Squadrons that they must belong to the same unit. Three of these Regiments to the Brigade. Your Regiments are then able to carry out the roles of the various protective detachments without outside assistance. They are capable of a respectable defence, and command and control are very much simplified. As regards the way they're mounted, I suggest, if possible, a common chassis, preferably this new Carden Lloyd. The mounted Squadrons to be provided with a body on the lines of the Light Tank,—the dismounted ones with a body designed to carry six or eight men.

I think you will agree that a Brigade consisting of three such Cavalry Regiments, all of the same pattern, will be very much more flexible, easier to fight and handle, than a Brigade of two Light Tank Regiments and an Infantry Battalion ? ”

“ Yes, John, that sounds reasonable,” said my uncle. “ Now you mention it, it was only this morning that I got a letter from my old friend Augustus Blood. His boy's in the 22nd. Augustus has some excellent fishing on the Wye and was kind enough to invite me in April. However, he said his boy wouldn't be there; couldn't get late leave this year as the Regiment were experimenting with a mixture of Light Tanks and Portee.

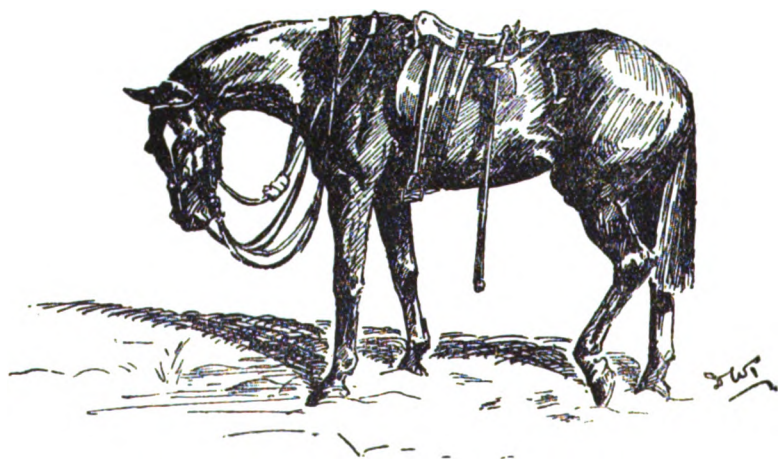
Perhaps, John, the War Office have decided to experiment on the lines you suggest ? ”

"Well, Uncle James, I hope what young Blood says is right, because I am certain every Cavalryman will agree that an experiment on these lines is all to the good. I realise, of course, that its easy to sit here and, with the assistance of your vintage port, say what I'd do. The only answer, as you know, is to really try out an experimental formation. The pity is that this has not been done before now, but the original scheme of so-called 'Portee' Regiments (and a d——d bad nomenclature it is, too) was condemned before it was ever tried out. A pity, I think, because the present scheme savours more of an Infantryman's conception of Cavalry than the Cavalryman's."

At that moment the clock struck eleven thirty. The decanter was empty, and Uncle James showed evident signs of somnolence.

"Well, John, that's interesting," said my uncle, stifling a yawn, "and I'm inclined to agree with you. Personally, I'm glad I soldiered with the horse. I can't help feeling you youngsters have a difficult line to ride these days,—no men, and all these problems of mechanization. Anyway, the old traditions we helped to build up will help you over the obstacles, and we know you younger fellows won't let them down.

Let's go into the garden, John, and see if this d——d fog looks like letting us hunt tomorrow."



ABYSSINIA AS IT WAS.

By H. C. MAYDON.

I HAVE wandered in most parts of Africa, but it was with something of a thrill that Blaine and I said good-bye to our friends in Asmara and crossed the Rubicon into Northern Abyssinia.

This was ten years ago, but even in those days there was a cold feel before the plunge, much as Jules Verne's hero must have felt as he entered the cannon ball to be shot to the moon. Our Italian friends shook their heads. Despite our special passport from Addis Ababa we should never get through, of course; we might even be lucky if we came back—on our feet.

The northern gates of Abyssinia offer an imposing welcome, like the crenelated walls and massive gates leading to some haunted mansion; the feeling that once inside, and the gates clanging behind you that there is no going back.

The northern boundary is the Gash or Mareb river, a crack-like gorge, 4,000 feet deep with precipitous walls, which divides the narrow Asgede plateau of Eritrea from the broad highlands of northern Abyssinia, 7,000 feet high. Up and down these precipices zig-zags a narrow stony goats' track, the highway of itinerant nagadis—mule merchants—since time immemorial.

It was at the bottom of this defile that our escort awaited us. No one of standing, or, in our case of necessity, travels in Abyssinia without an escort. This escort is as much for the espionage of the traveller, as for his protection. The Habbishes have two strong characteristics, they are suspicious and they are nig-gardly, in proof of which more anon.

Our escort consisted of a Ghanasmach or Under Officer, and six soldiers. They rode mules. They carried each a rifle and a

bandolier of ammunition and their uniform was a dirty white chamma and loose, white pantaloons. Their officer wore a Stetson hat—an almost universal badge of rank. Their rifles were of all calibres, strangers to oil and cleaning, and the bandoliers were half full of a miscellany of cartridge cases, mostly empty. All spoke Tigrean, none Arabic, our own *lingua franca*. They were friendly, inoffensive and quite un-helpful.

Our interpreter, a half-bred Arab from Asmara, told us that the escort was to see that we were given all assistance, that we came to no harm (nor committed it?) and to protect us from robbers.

By repute Abyssinia is infested with robbers. I can well believe it. We did not make their acquaintance, since a well-armed shooting party, carrying little but stores and camp equipment, is a poor prize with a sting in its tail. But although we did not meet them in the flesh in the good old “stand and deliver” style, yet we had a taste of their less above-board methods. Later in our journey, especially as we approached Addis Ababa, 400 miles to the south, they haunted our camps by night and many were the mules and ponies, which miraculously strayed at night and never were recovered.

These robber bands, who to unarmed caravans of nagadis were fearsome enough, are nothing but the offscourings and deserters of the armed forces of their chieftains.

Abyssinia is a feudal country, where each Ras or Dedjamatch has an army of his own, and, no doubt, pay is issued to suit his convenience. His soldiery live on the fat of the land by sequestration—until, in a famine year, the peasants are too poor to pay—even in kind. Even a fighting man must live, and the nagadis, laden with merchandise, are his natural prey. The feudal barons are more cunning. In lieu of force of arms each baron has established Customs’ posts at entry and exit of his domain. The nagadis are forced to keep to the mule tracks and pay they must, in kind, and by an ever fluctuating scale.

Now our passport from H.Q. gave us free passage of all customs posts, much to the fury of the barons and their underlings, and it was partly to see that this privilege was enforced

that our escort rode with us. This escort was changed at the frontier of each baron's territory, whose lord was responsible to supply the new escort. You can be sure that having been diddled out of his own fair dues, that baron made certain that we did not pay to his neighbour.

All this did not pass without friction.

A hundred miles within the gates, and Adua well behind us, I noticed that our caravan had increased, while on the march, to the size of a small army.

"Who are all these people, oh Tuku?" I demanded of our dragoman.

"Nagadis, effendim," he replied, "they fear the robbers and so have joined themselves to your party for the protection of numbers."

I thought there was something fishy about it.

A dozen or two I would have passed, but now we rode a couple of hundred, the tail of our caravan jinked and twisted a mile behind us. The explanation came a few days later.

We passed a new frontier post. Blaine and I rode ahead of our caravan. We chose a new camp site five miles beyond and dismounted to await our transport. We waited till dusk, lunchless and tempers strained. Then Tuku rode up.

"Well?" we demanded.

"Effendim, the customs refuse to pass your caravan."

We rode back swearing vengeance. It took two hours talk to clear matters up. No doubt Tuku and the commander of the escort—across much fog of speech—watched helplessly, good backsheesh fading into thin air. Quite rightly the customs' officer objected to passing 200 loaded mules on a passport good for thirty only. I fancy he was the first officer whom we had met who was able to read the passport and the fateful limit of thirty mules. Next day our caravan marched alone.

A few days later we pitched camp close to the village of a lesser baron. The previous day we had been ill-advised enough to march without an escort. It had been late in coming and we were impatient.

Now, to-day we waited in vain for supplies.

Here is another Abyssinian custom. On the march we were the guests of the country. At each halt, if within reach of the local baron's village, or of that of one of his squire's, a train of slaves or peasants would arrive carrying a present of supplies. These would consist of a dozen pots of durra, dukhn or wheat, as much of Tej or Marissa (the local beer), firewood, hay, chickens, eggs, milk, and, sometimes meat on the hoof, a sheep or a young bullock. It was against etiquette to pay for these; sometimes the baron would accept a trifling present, a bottle of trade brandy, a mirror, a gaudy handkerchief. It was quite obvious that the loser was always the peasant. The baron gave the order, "let twenty slave loads of so and so be delivered" and that was that. It was the custom of the country. It was how an army lived. It was difficult to reward the peasants. There are no coins in use north of Addis Ababa, lesser than the Maria Theresa dollar, worth 2s. 6d. Even these are so unusual as to be greeted with suspicion. The common barter are bars of rock salt and brass cartridge cases. Nine-tenths of the pots of beer we ungratefully sacrificed as a libation to the gods, since pitching camp with perpetually drunken servants is no joke.

But to-day there were no supplies.

The baronial hall was only a quarter of a mile away. Polite messages meeting only with stony silence we called on his excellency.

The local baron was a wizened old man, clad in grey beard and dirty white chamma, seated on a dais at the end of his audience chamber. On his right and left stood half a-dozen courtiers and sychophants. We were waved to seats. All communications were through our interpreter, Tuku. Tiny glasses of sweet, weak tea and Tej were handed round. The baron only drank or addressed us with his head screened by a fold of his chamma. It was most disconcerting; we were obviously in disgrace.

It all came out inch by inch. "Who were we and where was our escort?"

"You have only to read our passport," we replied, "it is from the king of kings in Addis Ababa. We have come to shoot

and to see your country. As for the escort they were late and we were tired of waiting."

"Hum," said the baron's secretary, examining our passport upside down, for it was obvious that he could not read it—written in Amharic though it was—and that he was really dependant on Tuku's translation. "You come from Asmara?" scornfully, "this is a forgery by the Italians, it is easy to see. You have no right here. You must go back. The Fitaurari is very angry."

It took two hours' talk to win our way. Tuku whispered, half-way through, that ten dollars would settle it, but on that we were adamant. Once start bribery and there would be no end to it, invisible barriers would rise at every stage. By night-fall the baron was not only amenable, but even friendly. His attempted extortion having failed, he unbent under the influence of a strong peg, and a few paltry gifts.

The attitude of the barons was always difficult. They were always suspicious. Were we spies of Italy and the interfering white races or of the reigning power in Addis Ababa? Should they impress us with a show of force, overwhelm us with hospitality or ignore us?

The Dedjak Ayale, great landowner of the northern provinces, was the most impressive and undoubtedly the most feared. For weeks on end he was to us nothing but a name, a great figure in the background. It was in his province that we wanted to shoot. On Semien mountains, that great precipice-girt table-land, which on a forty-mile front offers a 10,000 feet sheer wall of rock, with but two terrifying ascents in all its length. Here dwell the Walia Ibex, their sole haunt in all the world.

From Addis Ababa we had an open permit to hunt and shoot as we listed, but Dedjak Ayale thought otherwise, and it was he who provided the escort.

We had come a six months' journey to shoot Walia Ibex and we wanted good specimens. One glimpse of their habitat and we knew that we had found a worthy quarry. My first victim fell 2,000 feet sheer and only fragments of skin and bone were

recovered. Then Blaine and I both bagged a fair trophy and Ayale threw his bombshell. We could shoot four between us and I had reached my limit. All this came through the O.C. escort. It took a week's diplomacy and letter writing to get our limit raised to four ibex each.

Then my best hunter refused to play.

Wan Defrau was a good man, a hardy hunter and a friend of mine. I had collected him from a far away village at the foot of Semien. He had been with me a month and we were both well suited. Suddenly he wished to go home. I shall never know why. He had received his orders. He was attached to me, keen on hunting, happy, content, but he must go. If not he would go to prison and the lash, he told me. It was the Dedjak's order. Sorrowfully he went.

The local hunter, Ahmed, was a star turn. He knew every inch of the mountain wall and where every beast lived. He could lead you to ibex almost every day, without doing a stroke of work himself. He would lead you to a hidden and apparently inaccessible ledge, point out an ibex 1,000 yards away and leave it to you and your gun bearer to do the rest. Nearly always the quarry was inaccessible. We eventually bagged seven beasts in six weeks hunting.

But Ahmed could never replace the loss of my faithful Wan Defrau. He, Ahmed, was the most moody and cantankerous native I have ever met. He would never come out at all without first bargaining for the exact amount of his reward. He also shrouded his activities in a network of intrigue, as if his assistance were forbidden and he could only help us by stealth. There was an atmosphere of mystery and intrigue at Semien, which I can only trace back to the machinations of Dedjak Ayale.

At the end of our ibex shoot, on our way south, we camped below his stockaded palace, half-way to Gondar. An escort of fifty cavalry met us and led us to our camp site, where, that evening, a train of fifty peasants brought us the usual gifts of supplies.

Anxious to pay our respects, we were constantly put off to suit the Dedjak's convenience. Late the next morning his chief

councillor waited on us and we were led up to the palace. Several hundred soldiers, clad in the usual white chammās and armed with rifles, lined the way. The Dedjak received us in his audience chamber, cold and aloof. He offered us short drinks of vermuth and sherry and expressed a mild interest in our adventures. He had visited Europe, but only spoke Amharic. He accepted, under pressure, the gift of a sporting telescope as a memento of our visit.

His personality was that of a strong character with a contempt for civilisation and the white peoples, but with intelligence enough to realize its power. As a representative of the great chieftains of the north, his armed force was not impressive, but we gathered that he possessed machine-guns and as a guerrilla leader he might be dangerous.

Three weeks later, during our long march to Addis Ababa, we made a further acquaintance of the Abyssinian soldiery.

We were crossing the southern bend of the Abai or Blue Nile river. As usual this bend of the river lies at the foot of a rift, 4,000 feet deep, only approached by a double goats' track, zig-zagging up and down the precipitous walls.

There had been heavy rain in May, before our arrival. The river was in spate. All nagadis and travellers had been delayed for several days awaiting the fall of the impassable river. When word came that the river was fordable, we, with our caravan, took our place in the long stream of laden mules about to make the descent.

It would be a four hours' march to reach the river bed without hindrance. As things were, part of a stream of a thousand mules, on a single goats' track (for the alternative track by its side was occupied by the up-coming stream), it was a day's march.

The up-coming tide were all armed soldiers of one of the greater Rases, who had been to Addis Ababa for some celebration. They were an undisciplined mob. Mules and nagadis were thrust aside ruthlessly to allow their passage. Shots were heard from below and rumours of bloodshed were rife.

Halfway down on my single track I found that the soldiers were blocking and using both paths. At last we met face to face. With a precipice on one side and a rocky wall on the other, there was no possibility of making way. The soldiers on my path were but a truculent few and had only to side-step on to their own side of the road and thus join their own stream of comrades. They refused to give me right of way on my own side of the road. For three minutes we faced one another and things looked dangerous, as the sympathies of the soldiers were all one-sided. Fortunately, at the critical moment, some Under Officer thought better of it and the soldiers were ordered to step to their own side.

I quote this as an example of the feeling of the soldiery against a white man.

We avoided any shape of fracas during all our six months wandering in Abyssinia, but it was not easy. One has to remember that the prestige of a white man in that country was at its lowest ebb. Nevertheless, although the general attitude was suspicious and unfriendly, tinged with contempt, yet on many occasions we met with great kindness and respect.

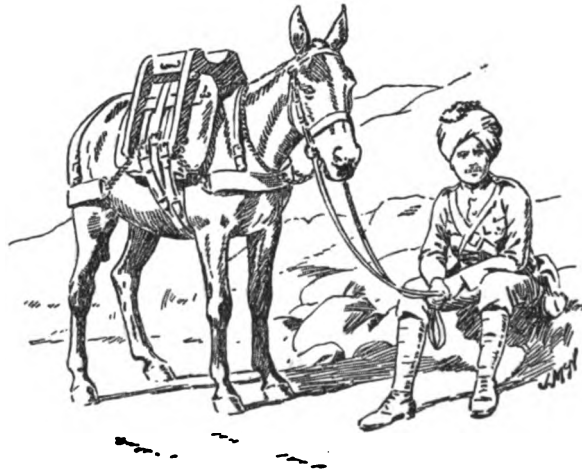
One day on the march, I lost touch of our own caravan and was at fault for several hours with one faithful servant from Asmara. We found a village eventually and were not well received. My boy made enquiries. They professed utter ignorance of our lost caravan. They were indifferent and tendered no refreshment of milk or water. Then we offered a reward. At sight of a dollar-piece a man offered to guide us. He led us to our camp within an hour. The common trait of cupidity.

On another occasion, in Galla country, in the Arusi, Blaine and I were both lost for 24 hours in a heavy thunderstorm. Soaked, hungry and bedraggled we struggled into a Galla village at nightfall. This time we could not have been more hospitably received and no question of reward was ever mentioned. A hut was cleared and placed at our disposal. Native bedsteads were brought; chickens, eggs, milk and chupattis. A fire was lit and our saddle blankets dried. Next day at dawn they scoured the countryside until our caravan was found.

Yet neighbours of these very people had been guilty of killing a Frenchman, lost in the bush, just before our arrival. I feel sure that he had lost his temper and threatened violence.

From my experience I feel sure that it is the official class of whom one must beware. Naturally the country people will take their cue from their betters.

Of the country itself I have the happiest recollections. It is a white man's climate. In some parts the scenery is magnificent, but its natural obstacles of gorge and precipice are the most awesome that I have ever encountered.



THE RANGOON PAPERCHASE CLUB.

“ They came with the rush of the Southern surf,
On the bar of a stormgirt bay;
And like muffled drums on the sounding turf,
The hoofstrokes echoed away.”

Lindsay Gordon.

DURING a certain rainy season before the War, I was on the staff of the General whose headquarters were at Rangoon, a port at the mouth of the River Irrawaddy. How it rained; day after day it came down in torrents! Everything became blue-mouldy, fungi grew on one's boots, mosquitoes, the fever bug, and prickly heat flourished. Outdoor soldiering was practically at a standstill, polo and tennis were out of the question. The Chinese student, who, when told to write an essay on “Desolation” headed it “The rain falls incessantly on the hat which I stole from the scarecrow,” had our deepest sympathy! The outlook was grim! One morning in the office, between claps of thunder, I was discussing with the head clerk, Q.M.S. Ball, the hopelessness of this same outlook when into the room walked Reggie, a subaltern of a very distinguished Regiment, which hails from the land of dumplings, clotted cream and cider. This same Reggie was a very pleasant officer and a sportsman. He was known to his friends as Count Comeandine, which will convey nothing to you. There is, on the outskirts of Rangoon, Kemendine, a popular residential quarter occupied by merchant princes, Burra-sahibs of the Bombay-Burma and other trading firms, and heads of departments. Reginald was in much request at their cheery dinner parties and was frequently invited to come and dine in Kemendine, hence his nickname. This

festive sportsman shook himself like a half drowned terrier and advanced towards my office table.

"Hullo Reggie, what can I do for you, want an interview with the General?"

"Oh no, much more important business, isn't this weather tophole?"

"I call it perfectly vile, but why this unseemly optimism?"

"Well you see, I am Master of the Paperchase Club and now we can start, the going is A.1, and everything is becoming green and lovely! I want you to do secretary for me as you have practically nothing to do!! I know all the ropes and only want you to do the dirty work, such as sending out notices of meets, choosing the course, getting jumps put up, tearing up paper and that sort of thing; you know."

"And, if it is not asking too much—What part do you take in this amusement?"

"Oh, as Master, I do figure head, marshal the starters, make myself pleasant to the ladies who come out and generally give tone to things; but joking apart you will do it to please me won't you?"

"All right," said I, "When do we begin?"

"First meet on Sunday next at 6 a.m., come over to the Gymkhana Club, and I'll tell you all about it over a corpse-reviver."

And so over a pink gin I became Hon. Secretary of the Rangoon Paperchase Club.

Let me attempt to initiate the reader into this gentle pastime. A mounted paperchase is run on the same lines as one on foot, except that the hares, hounds, and field are all mounted. Two hares lay the trail, some half-dozen of the field are selected to be hounds and are given some distinguishing garment such as a coloured shirt or waistcoat. The course is chosen over a good line of country, alongside which numerous and varied obstacles are erected to augment the natural nullahs and watercuts. Those of the field mounted on horses are divided into one category and those on ponies into another, the latter being given a suitable start. Occasional checks are organised by laying false trails; otherwise the whole thing becomes nothing more than a steeple-

chase pure and simple. When the club first started, the courses laid were to say the least of it, parochial; on one occasion actually including jumping in and out of the Bishop of Rangoon's compound. This venerable prelate far from raising any objection to the invasion was so impressed with this manly way of obtaining healthy exercise in the rainy season, that he became an ardent supporter of the Paperchase Club.

Reginald was mainly instrumental in persuading the Bishop to be a paperchaser. This church dignitary was dining with the Regiment one guest-night, and Reggie was seated on his left-hand, the Colonel on his right. The wine had been circulated freely and the conversation turned to hunting in England, hunters and hounds. The Bishop had been a sporting parson in England. During a pause in the conversation Reggie turned to his Right Reverend neighbour, and in his most innocent manner said, "You'd be able to tell me Sir, how long did it take to get Nebuchadnezzar fit when they brought him up from grass?"

So pleased was the prelate, that before the evening was over he was not only a member of the club but was the proud owner of a horse sold to him by the master, subject of course to the usual trial and examination. The General, a great sportsman, also gave every encouragement to the club, rode himself and hoped that others would do the same. I will ask the reader to come with me to the meet on the following Sunday.

It is a soft and moderately cool morning in July. The monsoon has been kind to us and given us a brief respite as it often does in the early hours of the morning; sometimes to the disappointment of those lazy people who are expectantly waiting the "no parade" bugle to sound. The air is unusually clear, fleecy clouds are sweeping across an azure sky. From the pony trap as we are driving out we can see the Victoria lakes, studded with islands and set in the dense green of the Burmese Jungle, the Yomas (mountains of Arracan) stand out far away on our left while not three miles away from us we can see, rising in all its magnificence, one of the wonders of the world; a colossal golden spire many hundreds of feet in height; the glorious "Shiway-Dagon Pagoda." The rising sun has just caught it "in a noose

of light." It stands out clearly as the centre piece of a grand panorama, and vast wealth of colour accentuated by the freshness of a Burmese morning. We can see the masts of ships at anchor on the mighty river beyond, the waters of which gleam golden in the first streaks of dawn.

We arrive at the meet at 5.45 a.m. A sportsman driving a tandem pulls up with a flourish and a blast on "a yard of tin." This is "Copper," so-called from the colour of his hair, a captain in a well-known Regiment. He is a boon companion of the Master, and a very popular chap. Copper, though one of the worst riders we have ever seen, loves a good horse and likes to own a few polo and racing ponies. The story is told of Copper, that he asked a friend to lunch with him one Sunday and after a cheery repast, asked him to come and see a new purchase that he had recently made. They repaired to a paddock close to the local dealer's yard. Now it happened that the dealer had put another horse in with Copper's, and as he came out of his house he found the Captain extolling the virtues and good points of his, the dealer's pony, thinking it to be his own; Copper never could tell one horse from another!

We must now find our horses for a fair-sized field has already collected, and the Master is consulting his watch. Sais (grooms) are putting a final touch to saddles and bridles, chattering excitedly the while, goodness knows what about; probably paisa (money), which is their most usual subject of conversation. My mount is a big waler that has run well between the flags and though now rather long in the tooth, is a wonderful ride. The hares have started some twenty minutes before. The hounds, six of them wearing red polo waistcoats, are straining at the leash and waiting to be laid on. Looming ahead is the first fence, a formidable open ditch, but with plenty of room for everyone to take it in line; a wise precaution at the start! Reggie lays the hounds on and they are off at once on the line making strange noises as they go; there is no lack of music in this pack! The Master holds the ponies up for a while as he wants the hounds to get well ahead.

"Forrard on," he shouts to the pony riders, who swoop forward like a flight of golden plover and gallop for the first fence.

Soon after them the horses are let loose and surge ahead reminding one of the start of a point-to-point. My mount knows the game and with ears cocked, throws the first fence behind him giving a pig-jump or two as he lands on the far side. There is a sound of hoof-strokes on either side, a muttered curse or two and cries of encouragement to the recalcitrant. The horse in front of me deposits a large slab of mud in my eye, but as it is soft it soon distributes itself. The next fence is a mud wall not very high but solid. The old horse steadies himself the last few strides and bucks over with plenty to spare. There are falls on either side and more hearty curses rend the now steaming atmosphere. The field are already stringing out which is no bad thing for at the next jump, a stiff-brush fence, there are several refusals. We note that two of the hounds are amongst the fallen and are being playfully rated by the Master. "Copper" is over, his arms flapping the breeze, his face beaming and almost as red as his hair. Then follows fifteen minutes at steeplechase pace over a variety of fences, which soon thins the first-flighters down to ten. A false trail gives us a welcome check and a respite which is badly needed. The horses are black with sweat and, the air being warmer and denser than at home, flanks are heaving.

The Master collects four of his six hounds and makes his cast. He does not hurry as he wishes to give the stragglers a chance to come up; the hounds again hit off the line with joyous "music," if it can be called so. The old horse has got his second wind and takes me to the front, staying there till the end of the chase, which during the last phase is a steeplechase pure and simple! There is great competition to be first and we gallop ding dong over a number of different types of obstacles, walls, rails, ditches, brush fence, a bank or two and nullahs brimful of rain water. The latter in particular, take their toll of casualties for the banks are invariably rotten. The course is now along turf jungle rides and tracks, across which jumps are erected. They are biggish on the whole and fair hunting fences that do

not allow of sketchy jumping. Unlike hunting at home, you cannot choose your own line or take short cuts, you must stick to the trail. It reminds us of a drag-hunt or a point-to-point. My chaser finishes second after a close finish with Reginald's mare. The run finishes, conveniently close to the country club, the whole thing having lasted about one hour, during which time we have covered a lot of country and jumped many fences. Every comfort is prepared for the field; drinks and coffee, baths and breakfast, and those that have nothing better to do spend most of the day at this club, a very cool and pleasant spot.

The reader may say that it is a bad substitute for hunting; but for those who love cross-country riding it is very good fun and some compensation for what we are missing by being exiled in "The Shiney," and after all, as the poet says:—

"Here's to the man to whom naught comes amiss,
One horse or another, that country or this;
Who through falls or bad starts undauntedly still
Rides up to the motto 'Be with them I will.'"

I am delighted to hear that the club is still a very flourishing concern.



CORNISH POLLACK.

By RICHARD CLAPHAM.

AFTER doing a good deal of spinning in fresh water for brown trout and migratory fish, it makes a pleasant change to visit some rocky coast and cast your bait into the sea where it is likely to connect with pollack and bass. Most of my sea-fishing from the rocks has been done in the Lizard area of South Cornwall, where, at certain points along the coast there are stances from which you can have great sport with a spinning rod. Up to Christmas the pollack fishing in this area is very good. Pollack are got by trolling from a boat, or spinning from the rocks. Personally I much prefer the latter method.

The pollack, known in Scotland as the lythe, is a predacious fish which follows the schools of fry or "baits" as they are known in Cornwall. Not unlike the whiting in appearance, the pollack is olive-brown on the back, shading into yellowish-white on the belly. A noticeable feature of the fish is its large, dark eyes. Although pollack weighing 20 lbs. and over have been caught, a 14-pounder is a really good specimen.

Pollack fishing from the rocks provides plenty of sport when the fish are close in, but the distance they are found from shore depends more or less upon where the schools of fry are. These at times come very close in shore, where you can see thousands of the little fish congregated in a dense mass. Should pollack or mackerel locate them in a little bay, the fry are then most decidedly "for it." The whereabouts of schools of fry are often advertised by a kind of boil on the surface, caused by the young fish coming to the top in an endeavour to escape from their submarine enemies.

Pollack, although sea fish, are somewhat similar in their habits to trout. They haunt rocky points and headlands jutting out to sea, and at times, especially towards dusk, take a fly well. I have on several occasions seen pollack rise and take living insects from the surface of the water. It is no use fishing for pollack off an ordinary beach or sandy shore; as above mentioned, their haunts are the rocky points where the tide often runs strongly.

When hooked a pollack fights very differently from a trout. It exhibits no acrobatics but battles with a stern determination, boring down for the rocks and beds of seaweed with dogged perseverance. You can let a bass run and play it like a trout, but if you give a pollack line, the next thing you know is that your fish is safe in his under-water lair, from which you will be jolly lucky to shift him. For this reason the fishing is rather a "pull devil, pull baker" sort of business, but nevertheless great sport.

On a rocky coast like that in Cornwall, it is necessary to locate suitable points from which to fish. In many places the high cliffs, and steep, slippery grass slopes make it next to impossible to reach the shore line. The local anglers have their favourite stances, most of which are easy to get at, and this being the case you will often find them overcrowded, more especially in the evening. In the Lizard area there are several very good stances from which, when the pollack are in, capital sport can be had.

While a fish or two is always possible at almost any time of the day, pollack come inshore and take a bait near the surface best at dusk when the tide is high. During the day the fish lie deep, and it is a case of getting down to them with heavy leads.

The most sporting methods of taking pollack are by fly-fishing and spinning. Next come trolling from a boat, followed by paternostering and float fishing. Pollack will take live and dead baits as well as artificial spinning baits. Sand-eels are a favourite food, and for spinning or trolling there is nothing to beat a rubber sand-eel. The latter may be of black, red, or

yellow tubing. You can of course purchase these baits ready-made from the tackle-makers, but it is quite easy to make your own, and decidedly cheaper. Buy a length of rubber tubing such as is suitable for a baby's bottle, and cut it into sections, say, from four to six inches long, then cut a section diagonally, leaving enough tubing intact to cover an eyed-hook from the eye to the bend. The cut portion is clear of the hook, and forms a kind of tail. You can if you like, attach your rubber sand-eel to a spinner, but it is just as killing without.

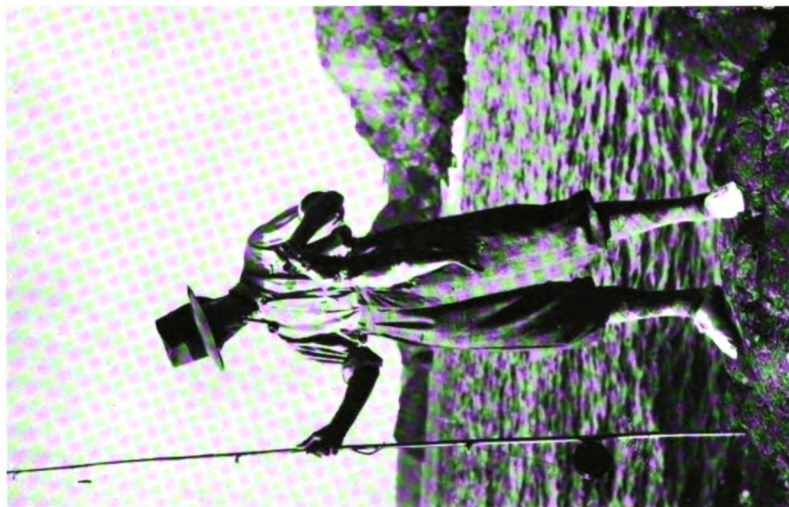
For spinning use a short 7 ft. or 8 ft. casting rod, preferably of split bamboo. The local fishermen make their own casting rods out of a one-piece bamboo, to which they fix porcelain rings, the reel being lashed in place. Such a rod is practically unbreakable, and very handy. The trace should be of wire or strong gut substitute. Wire may be single or cable-laid, preferably the latter, as it is more supple and less liable to kink. Two swivels are sufficient, one at the line end, and the other attached to the bait. The trace should be fairly heavily leaded so as to carry the bait well out, and keep it pretty deep.

The continual casting with fairly heavy leads causes a good deal of friction on the line, and to reduce it as much as possible the rod should be equipped with porcelain rings. Rustless steel rings are also suitable.

For fly-fishing a stiff salmon rod is the thing, with a strong cast of gut substitute. The tackle-makers will supply you with "Cuddy-flies," but here again, as with baits, you can easily make them for yourself. I have had pollack come like wolves at a fly which consisted of a piece of white seagull feather tied to an eyed hook. Gull feathers can be had for the picking up, and a rough but killing fly can be tied in a few minutes. The white fly can be used with a spinning rod just the same as a rubber sand-eel, and gives almost as good results. If you like you can cast with the sand-eel and have a white fly above it as a dropper. It pays best where the fish run large, however, to stick to one fly or bait, as pollack take greedily, and if you get two fish on at once you will have your hands more than full. At dusk one evening I took sixteen pollack in a very short time, casting a



POLLACK CAUGHT BY SPINNING FROM
THE ROCKS WITH A RUBBER SAND-EEL.



CAUGHT ON A RUBBER SAND-EEL.



LOOKING FOR FISH FROM THE CLIFF.

A 10x10 grid of dots forming the words "DREAMS" and "DOES" in a stylized, pixelated font. The letters are composed of black dots on a white background.

white fly and a light lead above it. The fish were close in to the rocks, and fairly fought for the fly.

While traces, baits, and flies can be home-made, it pays over and over again to invest in a really good casting reel that will stand up to rough work and show no ill effects from the action of salt water. Being a fixed spool reel enthusiast, I personally like the Malloch type of reel for sea-fishing. When casting, the line flies off a fixed drum, the latter being quickly changed to form a revolving drum when winding in. Backlashes or over-runs are avoided, the reel being practically fool-proof. For the line there is little to beat braided flax. It will last a surprisingly long time, and does not rot if dried after use.

From the top of the cliffs it is often possible to see pollack in the clear water below, usually an omen of good sport. As the light fails, pollack generally come inshore and start to feed in earnest. If you are down on the rocks during the last hour of the flood and the first of the ebb you are likely to experience some lively sport. While you may average more pollack from a boat than from the rocks, a rock day may prove to be not so far behind as regards sport. For instance on one occasion when the pollack were pretty close inshore a professional fisherman trolling from a boat caught 70 odd pollack, while an amateur spinning from the rocks accounted for 69. Both anglers were in sight of each other most of the time.

Sometimes when you are on the rocks there may be little or nothing doing in the way of sport, then the unexpected may happen. I well remember a certain Sunday afternoon when the tide was low and the sea in the little bays as clear as crystal. Beyond a couple of small pollack the rod had accounted for nothing. Suddenly a shoal of fry made their appearance and swam into a little bay right under the cliff. There appeared to be literally millions of them, packed together in an almost solid but moving mass. A few of their number were taken by bigger fish, when suddenly a crowd of mackerel shot into the bay and went through the ranks of the fry like a hot knife through butter. Again and again they did this until the water was strewn with scales and broken bodies. So savage were the

attacks that they chased many of the fry clean out of the water, leaving them high and dry on the seaweed and the rocks. Some of the mackerel, too, stranded themselves in like manner. During the *melée* a white fly accounted for a number of the mackerel, then they disappeared as suddenly as they came. It was a spectacle worth going a long way to see, and was ample recompense for a day of inferior sport.

Fishing from the rocks costs you nothing, except for your outfit, whereas fishing from a boat, if you go out often, will set you back quite a tidy sum. Getting about on the rocks is sometimes a precarious job, especially if they are wet and there is much seaweed on them. For dry rocks there is little to beat rubber-soled shoes, but on wet rocks or seaweed rubber is a slippery as glass, and nailed footwear is far preferable. A slip and a fall can prove a very nasty experience, and in some situations could end fatally.

Rock fishing can be pursued on many parts of the British coast line. In the north there are some well-known reefs, the most famous of which is probably Filey Brigg, in Yorkshire. In summer, pollack and mackerel are caught there on the fly, and in winter, cod and other fish are got by casting with lead and bottom tackle. As already mentioned, fishing stances that are patronised by local anglers are apt to be over-crowded, and if you can find a place of your own, so much the better. A few days spent in prospecting the coast is not time wasted, for you may hit on some spot from which you can fish once you reach it. The getting there is, however, not always an easy business, and unless you are comparatively young and active, with a good head for heights you will be safer to patronise the better known places. Apart from the actual fishing, there is much to interest you in the way of bird and animal life on and about the high cliffs such as line the Cornish coast. There is an endless passing to and fro of gulls, either up and down the coast, or to and from the inland stubble fields. Cormorants and shags are busy about their fishing, or sitting drying and preening themselves on the rocks. Jackdaws chatter about the cliffs, where they rest in the holes and crannies. A raven croaks and you see him swing

out into the wind, while overhead a kestrel floats facing the breeze. Sometimes a peregrine falcon flashes past. Everywhere rabbits haunt the grassy slopes, and it is nothing unusual to see a fox lying on one of the rocky ledges. Puffins and guillemots are plentiful, and you hear the whistle of oyster-catchers, and the wailing of curlews. Seaward, ships are always passing, and the boats of local fishermen dot the middle distance.

Then there is the sea, ever-changing, and with a fascination all its own. You watch the ground swell as it rolls in, to crash like thunder amongst the rocks where the waves break in white showers of spray. You realize its enormous power, and feel what little chance there is for ships or men once they are stranded on the cruel reef with huge seas pounding them. A day on the cliffs is never dull, for there is always something to interest you, even if the fishing has been nothing to write home about. As our American cousins say "It is not all of fishing just to fish," and nowhere do you realize this better than on the wild and rugged coast line of South Cornwall.



*CAMPAIGNING DE LUXE IN THE EAST.**An account of our early Indian Armies and their Wars.*

By MAJOR E. W. SHEPPARD, O.B.E., M.C.

THOSE of us who have read, however slightly, in the book of history and tasted the pleasures which accrue from the perusal of the heroisms and achievements—not to mention the crimes and follies—of our ancestors, know how difficult it is to obtain any real and vivid picture of the past—any picture, that is, which makes us feel that we ourselves have lived again through the times of which we read. Particularly is this the case with some of our older wars. Most of us can form for ourselves, from books, prints, or pictures, a fair mental image of such battles as Agincourt or Waterloo; or if not, it is not for lack of material to serve as a basis. But there are certain periods of our military history in regard to which our ideas tend to be of the vaguest nature; and one such, rich in romance, cram-full of heroism, and fertile of results, yet remains all too little known and too inexplicably ignored. We refer to our earlier Indian campaigns of the period from the middle of the 18th Century to 1806, when our Eastern empire was founded.

This, the heroic epoch in the history of British India, covers the struggle with the French Company under Dupleix and Lally and the meteoric career of Clive; the conquest of Bengal in the series of campaigns culminating in the decisive battle of Buxar; the long wrestle with Mysore under Coote, Cornwallis, and Harris, and the final subjection of that state after close on twenty years of almost incessant fighting; and the crushing of the Mah-ratta power in Central India by Wellesley and Lake. The story of these wars may be found in many a book, and it is not proposed to re-tell it here. What we intend is to try and fill out the

“otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative” of Plassey and Buxar, of Porto Novo and Seringapatam, of Assaye and Laswari, by a brief account of how the armies which won these famous victories were composed, lived, moved, and fought.

These armies comprised, as regards their fighting men, three distinct elements. It is only fitting to consider first the Royal or King's troops. The first unit of these to see service in India was, of course, the 39th Foot (now the 1st/Dorsets), as is attested by its proud motto “*Primus in Indis.*” *This battalion formed part of a force sent from home to Madras on the outbreak of the Seven Years War, and was the forerunner of a number of others despatched not only during the course of that war but subsequent to its termination.

Thus there fought, and acquitted themselves with credit, in the First and Second Mysore Wars the 36th (1st/Worcesters), 52nd (2nd/Oxford and Bucks. L.I.), 71st (1st/H.L.I.), 72nd (1st/Seaforths), 73rd (2nd/Black Watch), 75th (2nd/Gordons), 76th (2nd/Duke of Wellington's). In the Third Mysore War, which ended in the storming of Seringapatam and the death of Tippoo Sahib, there served, in addition to some of the above, the 12th (1st/Suffolks), 33rd (1st/Duke of Wellington's), 74th (2nd/H.L.I.), the 77th (2nd/Middlesex), and 94th (2nd/Connaught Rangers), of the infantry, and of the cavalry the 19th and 25th Light Dragoons. All these units also served in the campaign against the Mahrattas, in which there likewise took part the 8th, 27th, and 29th Light Dragoons, and the 22nd (Cheshires), 61st (2nd/Gloucesters), 65th (1st/York and Lancs.), 75th, 76th, 80th (2nd/S. Staffs.), 84th (2nd/York and Lancs.), 86th (2nd/Royal Irish Rifles), and 88th Foot (1st/Connaught Rangers). Thus it will be seen that in all twenty regiments of foot and five of horse saw active service in the East during these sixty years when the foundations of our Indian Empire were being laid.

* Actually a detachment of the King's troops garrisoned Bombay for some six years, i.e., from 1662 to 1668, between the time of its acquisition by England as part of Catharine of Braganza's dowry and its transfer to the East India Company. Most of them were offered and accepted service under its new owners when the territory was taken over.

The second category of troops comprised in the armies with which we are dealing were the Company's European regiments. The first units raised consisted of small independent companies, recruited either from England or from the local white population, but these were soon organized into battalions, and made up to strength by the addition of a certain number of native soldiers known as *Topasses*. The earliest of these units, which we find garrisoning Bombay Castle in 1742, numbered some 1,600 men, of whom only the odd 600 were Europeans. The infantry in Madras and Bengal were still organized only in companies, and remained so till the early days of the Seven Years War. Each of the three Presidencies had also raised an artillery company which were to be the parents of the great artillery regiments of "John Company's" army. These were by 1806 to attain a total strength of 6 battalions, in all 31 companies; they formed the bulk of the European portion of the Presidency armies, for the cavalry were but few, and the infantry never numbered more than 13 regiments, each with a number of battalions varying from one to four. Yet at the conclusion of our period we find that there were some 24,000 Europeans serving in the three armies, this figure of course including the officers and N.C.O.s of the native troops, of whom a word must now be said.

It was Clive who formed the first regular native battalion in Bengal in 1757; the establishment comprising 10 British officers, and N.C.O.s, 42 native officers, and 820 native other ranks. Previous to this only small bodies of native troops, commanded by Indian gentlemen and armed and dressed in native fashion, had been in the service of the Company. This was soon followed by the raising of other battalions in Bengal and the copying of the new model army in Madras and Bombay. By 1783 several regiments of native cavalry had also been added to the establishment, and by 1796 the whole armed force at the disposal of the Company comprised 84 native infantry and 9 cavalry regiments, in all some 57,000 men. It had now become so heterogeneous and unwieldy that a complete re-organization from top to bottom became necessary. The internal composition of the battalions was changed to allow of an increase of the number of British

officers from 12 to 22; and the hitherto independent battalions were renumbered and linked into two-battalion regiments, though the attempt to introduce a regimental spirit, as we understand the term, met with only limited success. The actual numbers serving underwent a temporary reduction, the number of battalions falling from 84 to 54, but nevertheless there were in 1805 130,000 native troops on "John Company's" pay-books—26 regiments of regular and irregular cavalry, 2 Sapper and Miner and 4 Pioneer units, and 144 battalions, besides several irregular infantry units.

So much for the composition of the armies—a composition which incidentally did not always make for smooth working. There was constant ill-feeling and jealousy between the King's and Company's officers, owing to the fact that the former always took precedence over the latter, "which, impartially speaking," remarks a contemporary commentator*, "seems rather an hardship upon the Company's experienced officers . . . who possess a vast fund of professional knowledge and are fit to be entrusted with the most important command." Their grievances, however, had a counterpart in those of the native officers, so sadly sunk from their former state of comparative independence and responsibility that, though grown "quite bald and grey in the service," so that "their hoary beards and whiskers cut a most venerable appearance at the head of a regiment," they had "no authority except over their own countrymen; for an European serjeant would command any of the native officers upon duty." It must be admitted, however, that these causes of friction appear to have exercised no evil influence on the fighting efficiency of the army, nor to have proved any obstacle to victory on the battlefield.

The dress, of the white units of the army at any rate, appears to our modern ideas to have been hopelessly uncomfortable and unpracticable. In the beginning considerable licence was allowed the various commanders, and even as late as 1777 a Madras General Order stated that "in respect to the dress of the

* "A Narrative of the Military Operations on the Coromandel Coast, 1780—1784." by Captain Innes Munro, 73rd Highlanders. London, 1784.

troops the Commander-in-Chief does not expect all the precision and exactness of a Europe parade, he knows the climate will not admit of it." Nevertheless prints of the period show us the troops parading in a uniform little, if at all, different from that worn by the army at home. Some ten years later we find the Dress Regulations laying down for officers' wear jacket and waistcoat, black leather stock, pantaloons with straps and half-boots, and for the rank and file the same, except that the leg-wear consisted of breeches and black gaiters. Even the vicious and insanitary device of hair-powdering was still generally retained, though apparently abolished for a time in the Bombay army. The only concession to the climate allowed was the general adoption of white linen for waistcoats and trousers and of a white hat at certain times in place of the more usual black one. Small wonder that Innes Munro gives the following vivid description of European troops' experiences on the march :—" It is really distressing to witness the severe struggles which the poor men often have from the oppression of the weather and the numerous diseases to which they are hourly subject. Some from a redundancy of bile drop down in a fit of insensibility and are seized with a violent cholera morbia; and indeed it is fortunate for them when this is the case, as otherwise they must immediately expire. Others fall suddenly down in contortion with the cramp. It runs acutely through every limb and at last centres in the stomach, which kills the person afflicted upon the spot. But the *coup de soleil* is of all others the most fatal attack. It is in the crown of the head that this deadly blow is most commonly felt. The victim first finds his brains begin to boil and a convulsive fit is the immediate consequence, of which he dies in a very few minutes; and so very violent is the effect of this disorder that the body becomes quite putrid before a hole can be dug into which it may be thrown." That commanding officers were in some cases permitted to obey the dictates of comfort and common-sense in this matter of their men's dress may be gathered from the same author's remark that his regiment " found it impossible to wear the Highland dress any longer in this country; we are therefore now clothed in white hats and trousers, apparel

better suited to a hot climate." But were all commanding officers in these days of pipeclay and powder so sensible as this one? It is permissible to doubt it.

The dress of the Sepoys was certainly a preferable one from every point of view, save possibly that of mere parade smartness. It consisted, according to our author, of a "red light infantry jacket, a white waistcoat, and a blue turban placed in a soldier-like manner upon the head, edged round with tape of the same colour as the facings and having a tassel at the lower corner. The sepoy has a long blue sash lightly girded round his loins the end of which, passing between his legs, is fastened behind. He wears a pair of white drawers tightly fitted which only come half-way down his thigh and being coloured at the lower end with a blue edge appear as if scalloped all round; and a pair of sandals upon his feet, while cross-belts, a fire-lock and bayonet, complete the sepoy's dress." Yet despite its practical nature we are told that the sepoy "are often unable to withstand the violence of the sun, like others frequently dropping upon the line of march."

Having glanced at the composition and dress of our Indian army, let us now follow it to war, and see how it marched and fought. The first thing that must strike us is the extraordinarily small number of fighting troops who took the field in these campaigns. At Plassey Clive had 800 white and 2,100 black troops, with 10 guns. Buxar, a harder-fought and more decisive battle, was won by an army of 850 Europeans and 6,200 sepoy, with 28 guns. Eyre Coote in his various engagements with Hyder Ali of Mysore never had as many as 12,000 men at his disposal. The army that stormed Seringapatam in 1799 was considerably stronger—some 20,000 men, of whom 5,000 were British; but Wellesley's force at Assaye counted less than 6,000 fighting men and the so-called "Grand Army" of Lake in North India, which crushed the Mahrattas at Delhi and Laswari, was little stronger. In a word, we fought and won all our early Indian battles with forces always inferior in strength to a modern division with its due allotment of other arms.

But these small bodies of combatant troops did not by any means form the major part of the force that actually took the field—far from it. For the supply of their various needs—physical, mental and moral—and also, if one may use the term, immoral—a vast host of non-combatants of all kinds, races, ages and sexes accompanied them and swelled the army to gigantic and unwieldy proportions. Thorn,* who served with Lake, and wrote an admirable account of this campaign, estimated these camp-followers at ten to every fighting man, so that the 10,000 men of the Grand Army trailed after and around them close on 100,000 non-combatants. He enumerates these as follows :—"First, an attendant to every elephant, of which valuable animals there are several hundreds; besides some thousands of camels, to every three of whom there is at least one attendant, with a proportionate number of tent lascars, employed in pitching and striking the tents. . . . Every horse has, in addition to its rider, for the most part two attendants, one who cleans and takes care of the animal, and another, denominated the grass-cutter, who gathers forage. . . . Besides an immense number of draught-bullocks for the use of the artillery, parks and heavy ordnance carts, to every three of which there is at least one driver, large droves of Brinjaree bullocks, from eighty to one hundred thousand, are employed in carrying grain."

A word here is necessary about these Brinjarees, who from the middle of the fourteenth century to our own time were the main purveyors of supplies for all Indian armies. In characteristics, as in the obscurity of their origin, they resembled the gipsies of Europe. Their role in the supplying of the army seems to have been that of middlemen; moving in armed bodies with their families, household goods, and wagons to collect grain from distant areas and to bring it to be sold in the bazaar of the army. This bazaar was set up under the direction of the Superintendent of Supplies, who was responsible for all dealings with the Brinjarees, advancing them money for the purchase of grain, settling their accounts for hire of cattle, and paying them

* "Memoir of the War in India, 1803—1806," by Major William Thorn, 25th Light Dragoons. London, 1818.

the daily allowance for all followers accompanying the army on the march. Another class of dealers, known as Biparries, were attached directly to the bazaar for the purpose of purchasing supplies locally and bringing them immediately for sale. The army was normally almost entirely dependent for the supplies on what was brought into and sold in its bazaar, only small reserves being held in the hands of the Commissary and the Superintendent of Supplies; hence the necessity for dragging this enormous mass of followers about with it.

But this by no means exhausts the list of the non-combatants. Apart from "the palankeen and doolie bearers" there were the numerous personal servants of officers and men. The number of the former was on a scale increasing in proportion to the rank of their masters, varying from ten for a subaltern to thirty for a field officer. When one reads the list of the baggage normally taken by an officer on campaign, these somewhat surprising numbers explain themselves. "His tent," says Innes Munro, "is furnished with a good large bed, mattress, pillows, etc., a few campstools or chairs, a folding table, a pair of shades for his candles, six or seven trunks with table equipage, his stock of linens (at least twenty-four suits); some dozens of wine, brandy and gin; tea, sugar and biscuit; a hamper of live poultry and his milch cow." Most officers above subaltern rank added to this a palanquin borne by nine coolies, ensconced in which they accomplished even the most arduous march in comparative comfort; while a horse was a necessity for all commissioned ranks. The tents then in use were "of thick cotton cloth; the shell as well as the walls being composed of two folds of white and one of blue cloth; which last is placed innermost—so that an officer when in camp enjoys the great comfort in this sultry clime of having six folds of this thick cotton cloth placed betwixt his head and the vertical rays of the sun." The soldiers' tents, which held ten men, were of similar pattern, but Innes Munro adds that the contractor before long, finding "too great a demand for tents in proportion to his supplies of cloth, took to leaving out two folds, thus reducing the covering to four," his tents "were each marked with a large B. S., the initials of his name, but which we very

often on hot days construed into B—se Sc—d—l." To the rank and file there were also allotted native servants in the ratio of three or four to each mess or tent.

In addition to this herd of people who attended on the European portion of the army, "every sepoy in the army carries with him to camp his whole family, be they ever so numerous, who live upon his pay and allowance of rice from the Company,"—a practice which Munro defends as regards the soldiers, but objects to in the case of the "coolies and other followers of the camp."

So much for those who attended to the army's necessities; there were others who catered rather for its luxuries. "Shroffs or money-changers," says Thorn, "are ready with their coin to accommodate those who are unprovided with the currency requisite for the purchase of the necessities or luxuries of life. European merchants, here called *sadawkers*, either by themselves or by their native agents, are busily employed in vending wines, liqueurs, and groceries; while other traders exhibit for sale fine cloths, muslins and rich cashmerian shawls. Here also are to be found goldsmiths and jewellers exercising their occupations and endeavouring to attract the fancy by a display of elegant ornaments, as though war had been deprived of its austerity or that victory had already been decided. Besides these and other traffickers, the camp exhibits the singular spectacle of female quacks, who practice cupping, sell drugs, and profess to cure disorders by charms. Nearly allied to these are the jugglers, shewing their dexterity by numerous arts of deception; and to complete the motley assembly, groups of dancing girls have their allotted station in the bazaar."

Place aux dames. These young ladies merit some more extensive mention, if only for the fact that all our authorities, being susceptible to female charms, have already given them one or more—usually more—paragraphs to themselves. Innes Munro praises their "amazing agility and grace in all their motions," but finds the effect of their attire "unpleasing." He is, however, full of admiration for the "elegance of their bodies

and limbs which are formed by nature in the most perfect symmetry. These they twist into the most wanton postures imaginable," and "accompany the music with amorous songs and a palpitation or heaving of the bosom, calculated to excite in the spectators corresponding desires . . . till, almost frantic with ecstasy, they sink down in the most inviting attitudes motionless with fatigue. The conclusion of this scene," adds this stern Scotch moralist, "it is unnecessary to describe. Where the passions rage in their utmost violence, such opportunities of indulgence are not to be lost."

Thorn, after describing how "this Cyprian corps" equipped themselves with an instrument serving as occasion demanded either as a tambourine or as a cooking utensil, also praises their "finest features and most sweet symmetry, which they set off to the greatest advantage by languishing looks and by a graceful dress called chulee. They are far," he somewhat naively—or perhaps cynically—adds, "from considering chastity among the cardinal virtues; whence it may well be imagined that the number of these votaries of pleasure in an extensive camp are (*sic*) by no means inconsiderable." This would seem to bear out Munro's dictum that "hours of relaxation in a camp are too generally devoted to injurious excesses." But did he himself, one wonders, obtain his detailed knowledge of these charmers merely from hearsay?

For the most precise particulars on this subject however, we must turn to a little-known work by Lieut. Moor, who served with an auxiliary body of Bombay troops on the side of the Mahrattas in the war against Tippoo Sahib in 1790.* and who devotes a whole chapter to "the dancing girls of Hindostan. "He begins by describing a singular female seminary in Jejoory, whose inmates, though in theory reserved for the delectation of the Brahmins serving in the temple, "do not, on proper application, withhold their favours from others or even from strangers." He then narrates in detail the rites at this temple, which "conspire at once to break down all the barriers of modesty, to over-

* "A Narrative of the Operations of Captain Little's Detachment and of the Mahratta Army against the Nawab Tippoo Sultan Bahadur," by Lieut. Edward Moor. London, 1794.

turn the fortitude of manly virtue, and to rend the veil of modesty from the blushing face of virgin innocence," and have "the effect of instantaneously setting all the senses in motion—an electric fire which is communicated from one single body to all the bodies that surround it, causing a universal tremor in the organs, and a general commotion in all the members of the assembly" (*quorum pars parva fuit?*). He, at all events, unlike Munro, highly approves of the "art and richness of their attire . . . their long black hair falling over their shoulders . . . their necklaces and bracelets and even their nose jewels, though this ornament," he admits, "shocks us at first," and on this particular point we may well accept his judgment in preference in that of the strait-laced Munro. But it is time to return from the courts of Venus to the field of Mars.

The march of such an army as this resembled, says Thorn, that of "a moving town or citadel, in the form of an oblong square whose sides were defended by ramparts of glittering swords and bayonets. On one side moved the lines of the infantry, on the opposite the cavalry. The front face was protected by the advance guards, composed of all the piquets coming on duty, and the rear by all the piquets returning from duty and then forming the rear guard. The parks and columns of artillery moved on the inside of the square, always keeping the highroad and next to the infantry . . . The remainder of the square was occupied by the baggage, cattle and followers of the camp." "The piquets having joined," writes Munro, "all the drums of the army strike up the march and the whole line steps off; the followers with the baggage being commanded to keep upon the most convenient flank of the army; but this last order is very rarely obeyed; for the baggage and multitude extend to such a length and depth that the whole line becomes a perfect convoy." If a defile be encountered "all rush forward like sheep into a fold, and the mob at last becomes a solid wedge where the cattle are lamed, the carriages broken down, and the soldiers and coolies almost squeezed to death." If the enemy appear, most of the coolies "throw down their loads, and they and their families betake themselves to the neighbouring hills and woods;

first taking care, however, to plunder the trunks entrusted to their charge," and wait till night in the hills, "when they steal off with their plunder to Madras and are never heard of more."

It is to be noted that, as before remarked, the officers were mostly carried in palanquins on the march and even the soldiers had their packs borne by black boys and cooks' mates; only the sepoys being unfortunate enough to have to shoulder their own gear. Half an hour's halt would occasionally be taken in the shade of some grove, and the perils and tortures of the heat—which were probably increased by the, to our minds pernicious, habit of allowing the troops a ration of arrack before starting out—did not apparently prevent them from enjoying on occasion "upon the road a fine chase after antelopes, hares, partridges and wild duck," while "wild boar when surprised afford great diversion in the line."

At length the toils and labours of the march are over, and the army reaches its camping ground for the night in the vicinity of some tank or pond, "into which the bulk of the native followers plunge, and after every filthy ablution is performed in it, the troops are forced to use the same liquid for drink and other purposes." The officers' tents are erected first and then those of the troops; these later are "all of a uniform description and are pitched in regular lines," but the "collection of coverings used by the followers exhibits a motley collection of colours, materials, and figures, according to the taste and circumstances of individuals. Thus in some places ragged cloths or blankets are stretched over sticks or branches of trees, and in others palm leaves are hastily spread out over similar supports; while handsome tents and splendid canopies are intermixed with asses, oxen, or ponies; to complete which confusion an endless variety of tongues is heard, altogether forming a scene that may be compared to the migration from Babel." Meanwhile the bazaar tents are also erected for business. "In a short space the rough visage of war is converted to the smiling aspect of peace; the dread of the foe is changed to the reciprocal offices of confidence; and the fatigues of professional duty are forgotten amidst scenes

of festivity. Throughout long and regular streets of shops, like the booths of an English fair, may be seen in every direction the bustling variety of trade, the relaxation of enjoyment, and the pursuits of pleasure." The other side of the picture, however, is forcibly put by Munro:—"It is merely impossible for a long time after the camp has been formed to prevent numerous bands and families from obstinately lighting their fires in every street and alley in the line; which not only subjects us to the greatest confusion but to the most offensive smells during the night." Worse than this, should it happen to rain, "every servant thinks himself justly entitled to a share in his master's tent. You may easily imagine then how much these disgusting habits must blast all the enjoyments of life; the captain being obliged in the midst of all the luxuries to repose in a close tent, surrounded by twenty or thirty of these black miscreants, lying compactly on the floor in order to keep each other warm. Some are shivering and snoring, others putrifying the damp smell of the ground with still more poignant flavours, while a few more, whose rest may have been disturbed by a fit of the cold gripes, light a piece of stinking tobacco, and without the least ceremony of respect commence a conversation together in a kind of undertone, which to a stranger sounds as if they were deeply engaged in a quarrel."

Here, after this brief glimpse of the mode of warfare and life in the field of our early Indian armies, we must take our leave of them. It is perhaps true that "their preparations for war here carry nothing hostile in their appearance, ease and comfort being far more studied upon these occasions than despatch or whatever might tend most to facilitate the service," and that both in the size of the forces employed in the field, in the profusion of luxuries with which they were attended on campaign, and in the host of ministers to their needs and desires that swelled their numbers and clogged their movements, they remind us uncomfortably of Louis XIV's so-called campaigns, at which the complete Court of Versailles attended *en masse*, or of the still more leisurely warfare of *opera bouffe*. Such a view, however, can hardly be maintained if we turn from what the armies were

to what they did, and from the course and conduct of these old-time campaigns to their stupendous results, of which we to-day are the heirs and enjoy the fruits. If the officer of Clive's or Lake's armies was often borne in a palanquin to battle, decked his table with "the ruby Carbonelle and humble Port," and found his relaxation in the embrace of some "fair Patan" or "copper-coloured Canarese" houri, he none the less so acquitted himself on the field and on the battle-ground as to deserve admiration and gratitude from his countrymen and from posterity.



ALICE IN BLUNDERLAND

"The Dragon and the Battery Horse"

The petrol pump was working,
Working both night and day ;
The remaining oats were eaten,
There was very little hay ;
And this was odd because it was
A Battery R.H.A.

The Dragon and the Battery Horse
Were walking close at hand,
They wept like anything to see
Such folly in the land ;
" If they could only keep us both,"
They said, " It *would* be grand."

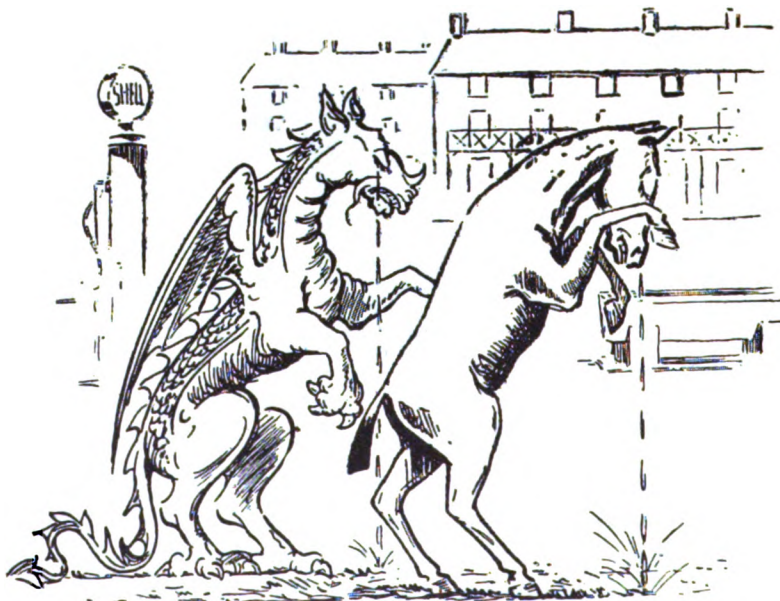
" If officers on Ordnance bikes
Should ride for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Dragon said,
" We'd get our orders clear ? "
" I doubt it," said the Battery Horse,
And shed a bitter tear.

" The time has come," the Dragon said
" To talk a little sense—
Of sport, tradition, leadership
Instead of pounds and pence,"
" I'm with you," said the Battery Horse,
" Your brain power is immense."

A trumpeter commenced to sound
A well-known Army call :
" Officers come and be damned " was heard
Around each empty stall.
But no one came because there were
No officers at all.

The Army Council hurried up.
" Now what is this we hear.
No officers are joining up,
The Army's no career ?
Each battery will run a hunt,
The horses *must* stay here."

The Dragon and the Battery Horse,
The R.A. Mounted Band,
The chargers, ponies, shoeing-smiths,
Rejoiced throughout the land ;
They drank a health to Arborfield,
They said " This *will* be grand."



Note for the unsophisticated—

The tractor which draws the guns of the R.H.A. is called a "dragon."

NOTES.

CHANGE IN DESIGNATION.

His Majesty the King has been graciously pleased to approve of the designation of the 14th/20th Hussars being changed to the "14th/20th King's Hussars."

HONOURS AND DISTINCTIONS, 5th ROYAL INNISKILLING DRAGOON GUARDS.

It has been decided that the honours and distinctions, viz., the badges, battle honours and alliances, of the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards shall in future be shown as follows :—

5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards.

The monogram "V.D.G."—In the first and fourth corners a white horse courant on a green ground, in the second and third corners the Castle of Inniskilling, with the St. George's colours, and the word "Inniskilling" on a primrose ground.

"Vestigia nullum retrorso"

"Blenheim," "Ramillies," "Oudenarde," "Malplaquet," "Dettingen," "Warburg," "Beaumont," "Willems," "Salamanca," "Vittoria," "Toulouse," "Peninsula," "Waterloo," "Balaklava," "Sevastopol," "Defence of Ladysmith," "South Africa, 1899-1902."

The Great War.—5th Dragoon Guards (Princess Charlotte of Wales's) and The Inniskillings (6th Dragoons).

"Mons," "Le Cateau," "Retreat from Mons," "Marne, 1914," "Aisne, 1914," "La Bassée, 1914," "Messines, 1914," "Armentières, 1914," "Ypres, 1914, 15," "Frezenberg," "Bellewaarde," "Somme, 1916, '18," "Flers-Courcelette," "Morval," "Arras, 1917," "Scarpe, 1917," "Cambrai, 1917, '18," "St. Quentin," "Rosières," "Avre," "Lys," "Hazebrouck," "Amiens," "Albert, 1918," "Hindenburg Line," "St. Quentin Canal," "Beaurevoir," "Pursuit to Mons," "France and Flanders, 1914-18."

Allied Regiments.

Canadian Militia.

10th Brant Dragoons, Brantford, Ont.

Australian Military Forces.

9th Light Horse Regiment, Jamestown.

New Zealand Military Forces.

The Manawatu Mounted Rifles, Palmerston North.

THE CAVALRY JOURNAL

CAVALRY FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION

RESULTS OF THE FIRST ROUND

| | | | |
|--------------------|---|------------------|-----|
| Royal Horse Guards | 4 | 4th Hussars | 3 |
| The Royals | 7 | 16th/5th Lancers | 2 |
| The Bays | 2 | The Greys | 1 |
| X Hussars | 4 | 3rd Hussars | 1 |
| 5th R.I.D.G.'s | 9 | 9th Lancers | 2 |
| 12th Lancers | 3 | The Life Guards | Nil |

BYES

4th/7th Dragoon Guards

15th/19th Hussars

SECOND ROUND

| | | |
|--------------------|-----------|-------------------|
| Royal Horse Guards | <i>v.</i> | 5th R.I.D.G.'s |
| 12th Lancers | <i>v.</i> | The Bays |
| 4th/7th D.G.'s | <i>v.</i> | 15th/19th Hussars |
| X Hussars | <i>v.</i> | The Royals |

First named Teams have choice of ground.

The time of kick-off to be arranged to allow for 30 minutes *extra play* in the event of a draw.

Referees and Linesmen will be arranged mutually, *vide* Rule No. 22.

Second Round to be completed by March 6th, 1937

Replays in accordance with Rule No. 17.

The attention of Officers in charge of Teams is drawn to Rule No. 18 (reporting results of matches to the Honorary Secretary).

Will Officers in charge of Home Teams let me know dates of their games.

The Final will be played on Queen's Park Rangers' Ground at Shepherd's Bush on Saturday, May 1st, 1937 (Football Association Cup Final Day), the day preceding laying of the wreath on Cavalry War Memorial.

* * * *

The Seventeenth Annual Report of the Officers' Association has been received and shows what excellent work is being done for the assistance of ex-officers.

* * * *

WAR AND HORSES.

- 2217 B.C.** Nimrod—Babylonian Empire.
 Assur—Assyrian Empire.
 Chariots and horsemen of Pharoah accompanying Joseph to Canaan 1690 B.C. Drowned in Red Sea in 1491 B.C.
 Greeks had not Cavalry at Marathon 490 B.C. nor Thermopylæ in 480 B.C. Persians under Xerxes had 80,000. Xenophen's remarkable treatise on Horsemanship.
 Philip of Macedon organised first efficient Greek Cavalry Force. Fall of Greece 146 B.C.
- 218 B.C.** 2nd Punic War Hannibal has 10,000 Cavalry, Romans only 3,000—Roman Cavalry reached its zenith under Scipio at Carthage 10,000 in the Gallic wars.
 Parthians had 40,000 against Crassus—descendants of Nicaean horses of Xerxes.
 Alaric the Goth had thousands of Cavalry when he sacked Rome.
 Atilla the Hun had large army of Cavalry—from the Steppes.
 Mahomet—A.D. 610—Arab development.
 First Crusade — 100,000 Crusaders, 200,000 Saracens.
 In 13th Century—Mongolians—Octai Khan—1½ million Cavalry.
 A force of ½ million Cavalry devastated Russia and part of Poland.

OBITUARY.

BRIGADIER H. A. TOMKINSON, D.S.O.

It is with deep regret that we have to record the death of Brigadier Henry Archdale Tomkinson, D.S.O., which occurred in a nursing home in London, on January 20th, after a short illness. The best type of Cavalry Officer, he excelled both as a soldier and sportsman, and was known affectionately by his brother officers and friends as "The Mouse."

Born on June 19th, 1881, he was educated at Eton and Sandhurst. He came from a military and hunting stock. He was the third son of the Rt. Hon. James Tomkinson, M.P., of Willington Hall, Tarporley, who was killed in the House of Commons Point-to-Point in 1910, when leading at the last fence, in the 70th year of his age. His uncle, Colonel Henry Tomkinson, commanded the Royal Dragoons from 1891 to 1896. His grandfather, Colonel William Tomkinson, who served with the 16th Light Dragoons through the Peninsular War and the Waterloo campaign, is well-known to all Cavalry officers from his book "The Diary of a Cavalry Officer in the Peninsula." His grandfather's nephew, Colonel Edward Tomkinson, served with the 8th Hussars during the Crimea.

"Mouse" was thus cut out by nature for the Cavalry, and joined "The Royals" in 1901 during the South African War. He was Adjutant of the regiment from 1908 to 1911, and later became Adjutant to the Cheshire Yeomanry.

In August, 1914, he was Adjutant of The Cavalry School—an appointment that carried with it the post of A.P.M. to The Cavalry Division on Mobilization. He went out to France with the Cavalry Division, and acted as A.P.M. till a vacancy

occurred in "The Royals." He was wounded at Monchy-le-Preux. Returning to duty he was given command of the 10th Royal Hussars in succession to Colonel Philip Hardwick, when the latter was wounded. "Mouse" was again wounded in 1918, and for his services he was awarded the D.S.O. and bar.

After the War he commanded "The Royals" from 1919 to 1923, and then went to India to command the 3rd Meerut Cavalry Brigade from 1924 to 1927, when he retired from the Army to become Stipendary Steward to the Calcutta Turf Club. In 1932 he was appointed to succeed Major F. Fetherstonhaugh as Manager of the King's racing establishment.

He was known to a wide circle outside the Army as an intrepid horseman, a prominent G.R., a hard rider to hounds in England, and after pig in India. When "The Royals" were stationed at Muttra in 1911, during a record season when 400 pigs were killed, he got 38 first spears. Perhaps he will be remembered more especially as an international polo player. He was No. 1 in the team that went to the U.S.A. in 1914 and wrested the Westchester Cup from American hands. He rode Dev. Milburn so hard in the first match that the latter moved up from back to No. 3 in the second. He played against America again in 1921 when England was defeated. He went back to America in 1927 as Manager of the Army in-India Polo team.

His management of the King's racing stables gave promise of more success for His Majesty than had been secured in the past, and it was hoped that he would one day supply a winner in a classic race, carrying the Royal colours.

"Mouse" Tomkinson will long live in the memory of us all, and his death leaves a great gap which will be hard to fill. As long as we can produce men of his type for officers of our Cavalry Regiments, so long will they be the best in the world.

HOME AND DOMINION MAGAZINES.

Much of the January "Army Quarterly" space is devoted to the recruiting problem. General Fuller finds the solution to it in long service and direct drafting overseas, with higher pay, better facilities for marriage, and a guarantee of Government employment on discharge. Lt.-Col. Hutchison advocates the adoption and adaptation of the "sports policies" of the great European powers for the purpose of disciplining and training the youth of the country for national defence. An anonymous writer sees in conscription the only real answer to which we must ultimately come—and in his opinion, the sooner the better. Mr. MacLennan considers the main necessity the complete recasting of present conditions of life and service in the army in the direction of greater freedom and devolution of responsibility; the present system antagonizes the serving soldier, always the best recruiter. There are several interesting historical articles on Mesopotamia, on March, 1918, from the German side, and on the battle of Ferozeshah in the first Sikh War.

The two numbers of "the Fighting Forces" include some admirable fare. Lt.-Col. Burne has articles on the Duke of Marlborough's "unfought Waterloo" in 1705, when the obstinacy and timidity of his Dutch allies prevented him winning a possibly decisive victory, and on the Japanese victory at Telissu in 1904. There is a penetrating criticism of the concluding volumes of Mr. Lloyd George's war memoirs. Capt. Liddell Hart has a useful summary of the main changes in the organization of the Army since the Great War; Vice-Admiral Osborne speculates on the probable course of a future naval war between a power which has abandoned battleships and one which still retains them, which but for neutral intervention would have

ended to the former's advantage. The Editor discusses in terms somewhat more kindly than might have been expected the future of the Equitation School at Weedon, and there is an amusing anonymous criticism of the new Field Service Regulations.

The "Royal Artillery Journal" is also a most excellent number. General Fuller's suggestive article on Totalitarian Warfare, for which the dictator-ruled nations are training and equipping themselves, will be read and pondered with interest. Another paper suggests that the long periods of half-pay which fell to the lot of most senior officers on promotion to the rank of colonel should be utilised for training them for higher command in the field in war. General MacMunn contributes an enthusiastic appreciation of Marlborough's great comrade in arms, Prince Eugene. There is an interesting account of a battery recruiting march in Somerset and a vivid and instructive chapter of reminiscences of a New Army artillery brigade commander's experiences on the Somme in 1916.

The first issue of a new periodical the "Royal Tank Corps Journal" merits a word of hearty welcome. The general standard of the articles in it is remarkably high and a list of some of them gives an idea of the varied nature of the contents. Tank Brigade Training in 1936, Mohmand Operation, 1935, and the Tank's part in them, the manœuvres in the Khojak Valley near Quetta, 1936, the first tank v. tank-battle in April, 1918, anti-tank defence, the role of the mobile division, the role of the infantry tank, a German artillery officer's story of Cambrai—if the reader cannot find something to his taste here he is hard to please.

The "R.A.S.C. Quarterly" contains besides other interesting articles, notes on the replenishment of ammunition and the carriage of baggage in the field.

The "R.A.V.C. Journal" contains some readable matter on the Italian veterinary services and the work of the R.S.P.C.A.

in Abyssinia, and an account of the Berlin Olympic Games, as well as several articles in lighter vein.

The "Journal of the Indian United Service Institution" discusses, among other topics, the defence of Burma, machine-gun battalions in the Indian Army, mountain artillery, and the Nigeria Regiment.

The "R.A.F. Quarterly" has as its principal item a discussion of air defence by the Russian General Golovine, who considers that the combination of ground defences and special high performance fighters will go far to redress the present odds in favour of the bombing attack. Two other articles advocate a closer liaison between the R.A.F. and the aircraft industry, and describe the part played in the Great War by the Canadian Air Force and its present conditions and possibilities.

FOREIGN MAGAZINES.

The United States "Cavalry Journal" for November-December, 1936, is a number of unusual interest to British officers. It opens with an account of the work of the Mechanized Cavalry in the recent American Second Army manœuvres. The article is written by Colonel Bruce Palmer, commanding the Mechanized Force, and is prefaced by a statement signed by Major-General Leon B. Kromer, Chief of Cavalry. The article is of high importance. General Kromer states, "Careful study of these manœuvres shows ways, means and methods by which mobility and fighting power may be combined and rendered effective. All cavalrymen must recognize the several means: Horse, truck (*anglice*, lorry), combat vehicle (*anglice*, tank), radio, rifle, machine gun, cannon and mortar. Our development must aid to the improvement of these and other means, to their proper combination in fighting teams and to the application of basic cavalry principles to their employment. This is the task of cavalry."

In the manœuvres, the Second Army, composed of Regular and National Guard troops, consisted of two separate exercises. The first was held at Fort Knox, the second near Allegan, Michigan. In the former a corps, composed of the 37th and 38th Divisions, 10th Brigade and 54th Cavalry Brigade was opposed by the Mechanized Force. In the latter the Mechanized Force was pitted against a corps made up of the 32nd and 33rd Divisions and 1st Squadron 14th Cavalry.

The Mechanized Force was composed as follows:—

- H.Q. and H.Q. Troop 7th Cavalry Brigade;
- 1st Bn. 68th F. Artillery (2 batteries), mechanized;
- 1st Bn. 19th F. Artillery (2 batteries), motorized;
- 113th Observation Squadron (1 flight);
- 201st Infantry (less 1 battalion), motorized;
- 19th Ordnance Company, motorized;

- "E" Company, 5th Quartermaster Regiment (less 2 platoons).

This force in both exercises was set to work in combination with mechanized cavalry, and in the Allegan exercise was increased by the addition of an infantry brigade (five battalions strong) and a cavalry regiment.

It is of interest to note the present combination of the U.S. mechanized cavalry regiment. This is :—

1 Armoured car troop (Troop A), 4 platoons; 17 armoured cars.

1 Machine gun troop, 3 machine gun platoons, 1 rifle platoon; 1 combat car, 22 troop carriers.

(24 machine guns—cal. .3; 12 machine guns—cal. .5).

1st Squadron (Troops B and C), 4 platoons each, total 27 combat cars.

2nd Squadron (Troops E and F), 4 platoons each, total 27 combat cars.

H.Q. Troop, Staff platoon, 1 combat car, 2 armoured cars, 2 scout cars; Communication platoon, operates all radio in regiment; Mortar platoon, 6—4.2 inch self-propelled chemical mortars.

Service Troop, Transport platoon, Maintenance platoon. On these manœuvres the organization of the 1st Cavalry was altered so as to link the H.Q. and Service troops, and was given 3 additional machine gun platoons in the machine gun troops.

It is impossible to do more than to reproduce a few comments of this article which needs careful reading in full. On the whole the work of the mechanized cavalry regiment, as given above, seems to have been successful and to have worked smoothly. It is interesting to note that a lack of rifle troops seems to have been felt to cover flanks and rear, to protect the artillery and such like tasks. It is believed that these rifle-men should be armed with semi-automatic rifles. It is also thought that horsed cavalry could have been employed with advantage in certain phases of the exercise. Artillery was well used; there was no hesitation to detach strong forces to fight for observation. As a result the whole artillery could be put

into action rapidly and with effect. A great feature of mechanized warfare is believed to be the employment of smoke screens to blind the enemy's anti-tank defence. There is a great need for anti-tank weapons.

The above article is followed by "A Tribute to the mechanized from an Old-Timer," by Colonel Thomas L. Sherburne, who attended the above-named manœuvres. This will appeal to all soldiers of the old school, for in spite of his admiration of mechanization remains a horse-soldier at heart.

Major-General J. B. Allison, Chief Signal Officer, next asks "Has the Army too much Radio?" and he declares that he views with distrust the use of the radio-telephone. He argues very clearly that there are limits to the use of radio in the field; and that radio has many well-known disadvantages. It would now appear that certain units are now being overdone with radio; others can do with still more. The latter are the Air Force, cavalry and mechanized troops. If the situation be judged from the strategic point of view, when whole corps are in the field, it would seem that the control of radio will have to be settled according to the needs of the moment. The number of sets in use will have to be controlled. Wherever possible, for reasons of secrecy alone, cable will have to be used as far as possible. But in order to ensure great mobility, the preference must be given to radio in any movement carried out at great speed. But there always comes the question of secrecy; and, in the last event, the technical difficulties inseparable from its use.

First Lieutenant J. Paul Bredon has an article on "Cavalry Horses in the World War" which is a carefully prepared "research" paper. He comes to the conclusion that the most valuable field for drawing any conclusions of this nature is to be found in the Palestine Campaign, since the horseflesh there employed was drawn from all parts of the world. Amongst these there is no doubt that the pick of the animals were the Australian "Walers." The author then compares the horse and the camel and concludes that the camel is definitely a means of transportation and not a cavalry mount.

Lieutenant-Colonel Karl S. Bradford contributes an illustrated description of cavalry fire-arms of the present day: this article is of some technical interest.

Major Robert W. Grow discusses the military characteristics of combat vehicles. He examines the question of gun v. armour; of tracks or wheels; then considers the ideal to be striven for in constructing such cavalry vehicles. The military characteristics must dictate to technical possibilities: but the vehicles must conform to engineering capabilities of the present time, always "with the hope that the future will offer a lighter, cheaper, commercial vehicle" whose characteristics we can accept and apply to the accomplishment of cavalry.

Major-General J. F. C. Fuller, the well-known British writer, next contributes a short and excellent study of the Duke of Wellington, which in the compass of a few hundred words could be regarded as a pattern of a military biography, free from all pedantry and instructive for all that.

The French "Revue de Cavalerie" for November-December, 1936, begins with a study, by the Russian General Inostravsev, of the cavalry action during the manœuvre of Sventziany in September, 1915. In this prolonged battle the work of the German Cavalry Corps, commanded by von Garnier (who commanded the 4th Cavalry Division at Néry a year earlier), and composed of 5 divisions was of a remarkable nature. The Russians had no less than 8 cavalry divisions. The general situation was that 7 Russian army corps were trying to hold up the German advance on Petrograd and Moscow. There was a gap between the two main Russian groups covered only by weak cavalry. Into this gap the German mounted troops forced their way and advanced straight on Molodechno, thereby threatening the entire Russian front covering Vilna. A battle for this town ensued which lasted six days. On September 21st the Russians counter-attacked. During this manœuvre the Cossack Ussuri Brigade carried out a brilliant raid on September 26th, which went some way to relieving the situation. Then the Russians withdrew. The work of the German cavalry was brilliantly planned, but in the end it failed to realize its early promise for

two causes: firstly, the German infantry were not employed to exploit the first cavalry success; secondly, the leadership was unimaginative, and failed to grasp the potentialities of the situation. A good article worthy of study.

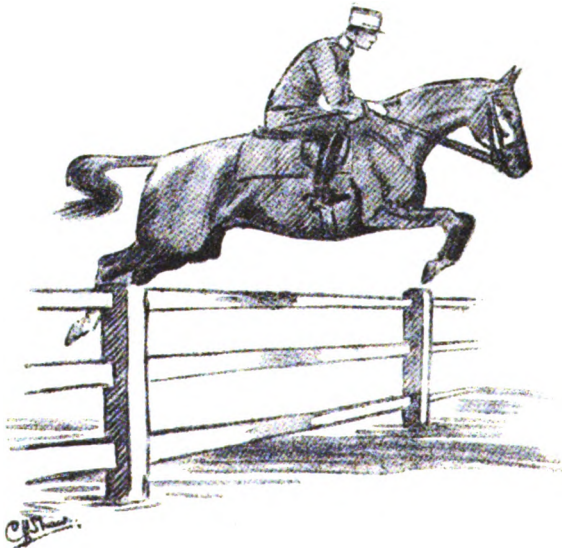
Commandant Bourgoïn begins a study of the work of the British tanks at the Battle of Cambrai, confining himself to the fighting on November 20th and 21st. It is sympathetically written and the technical criticism of the construction and handling of the tanks is just. There is a good map of the battle.

Captain Devenne discusses the question of the amphibious tank from the theoretical and practical points of view. He gives details and diagrams of all known vehicles of this type. Finally he concludes that the construction of this type of vehicle is both possible and desirable. But it is a most expensive type to construct whilst it is a delicate to maintain. He wishes a few such machines to be placed in the hands of competent and specially selected cavalry officers.

The January-February number of the same journal opens with a study of the petrol supply necessary for a mechanized cavalry division. At first sight, the author says, this supply seems to run into "astronomical figures." But compared to the supply required to keep the taxicabs of Paris on the move for one day it is not so enormous. He then studies the requirements of the different types of mechanical vehicles, gives diagrams and illustrations as to how this supply is best carried out. He concludes that the matter is entirely a matter of accurate staff work, given a clear idea of the situation and skilled officers, the problem should never prove insoluble. Commandant Bourgoïn concludes his study of the work of the British tanks at the Battle of Cambrai. He ends with the statement that tanks thoroughly fulfilled their purpose, and that the conduct of the personnel was worthy of the highest praise. The reasons of failure lay altogether outside the Tank Corps. There were no reserves of tanks, and the high command did not know how to make use of the original success secured on the 20th. The whole account of the battle is well-informed and accurate.

The "Militärwissenschaftliche Mitteilungen" of Vienna in the January number contains an article on the unusual subject of the tactical employment of incendiary fires. This is not uninteresting and leads to the opinion that such fires could be used either in the same way as gas, or to destroy villages, etc., being employed as billeting quarters by the enemy. It is a subject of cavalry interest, particularly in rearguard actions.

The "Schweizer Kavallerist" for January 25th gives the full total of reconnaissance troops that have now been sanctioned by the Swiss Parliament. They comprise:—30 cavalry squadrons, 42 cyclist companies, 6 motor-cycle companies of light machine-gun companies (motorized), 10-12 motor machine-gun companies (heavy), 22-25 motorized infantry-cannon companies, 9-18 armoured car detachments, 6 cyclist battalions, 6 reconnaissance groups, 6 light regiments, 3 light brigades. The six infantry divisions of the army each receive a reconnaissance group, a cavalry squadron and a cyclist company. Each light brigade has one light regiment as nucleus with a number of cyclists and cavalry; the infantry of these brigades is motor-borne.



RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

“Modern Horsemanship.” By Colonel Paul Rodzianko, C.M.G. (Seeley Service). 12s. 6d.

This book is the work of an author who has had thirty years' experience of riding and schooling show-jumpers and other horses. He has also held the post of Director of the Irish Free State Cavalry School which has produced so many fine horses and horsemen. It is also interesting to note that he was a pupil of James Fillis, in the opinion of many the greatest rider and horse-breaker of all time. Later he studied under Captain Caprilli whose teaching, Colonel Rodzianko considers, supercedes that of Fillis, at all events for cross-country riding.

The book deals with the whole art of horsemanship, horse-mastership, training for polo, show-jumping, hunting, steeple-chasing, the point-to-point, handy hunter competitions, hacking and swimming, in 240 pages.

There is a chapter devoted to the teaching of children which is excellent and which will be of interest to parents and riding teachers.

The conformation of the horse is dealt with in 8 pages, the author contenting himself with somewhat vague descriptions such as “The fetlock must be large,” “The arm must be long and straight.”

His theory for the training of the horse for hunting is on the same lines as that for the show-jumper but there is special instruction how to calm a young hunter that gets excited with hounds (p. 172) the author recommending that he should be ridden in circles, stopped occasionally, and backed and that the rider should dismount and allow him to graze. He then somewhat optimistically adds “if the rider has been left behind by the hunt through thus correcting his horse, he can easily catch up.”

The instruction for training the show-jumper must be of value, coming as it does, from one who holds such an exalted

record in the show-ring, but it is a pity that it is necessary to advocate what the author calls "tapping."

The book is somewhat disappointing having regard to its title and to the experience of the author.

The illustrations, mostly unrelated to the text, consist of 13 drawings and photographs taken, without alteration from Fillis's book "Riding and Breaking"; a collection of photographs such as appear from time to time in the Illustrated Press, of show-jumpers, the Grand National and other steeplechases with a good proportion of falls. The Perfect seat for a man is shown on page 27 and that for a woman astride on page 32, while the author's seat, again something quite different from either, is in the frontispiece. The last is confusing in the light of the instruction on page 32 that "the rider's seat must always be kept as near the pommel as possible." Nor are these the only discrepancies. Compare, for instance, the illustration on page 39 with those on page 158. One feels also that the author would wish to correct the illustration on page 138 which shows an incorrectly cut bridle-head and that horror—a twisted curb chain. His advice to use a snaffle with a Pelham bit (p. 142) would entail a third set of reins. The "correct flexion" on page 157 shows the line of the horse's face beyond the perpendicular and the author says (p. 141) "Over-collected horses often develop into whistlers"—it is difficult to see how this one would even breathe.

S.G.G.

"Stand To." A diary of the Trenches, 1915-1918. By Captain F. C. Hitchcock, M.C., 2nd Battalion The Prince of Wales's Leinster Regiment, Author of "Saddle Up," with a Preface by Major-General Sir J. Capper, K.C.B., K.C.V.O. (Hurst and Blackett.) 15s.

All this title and description, together with the Leinster's crest, of Captain Hitchcock's latest book, stands out boldly in white against a blue background with green diagonal stripe, the colours of the old "Royal Canadians," and makes a distinctive and pleasing jacket design.

Let no one turn down this book because its secondary title describes it as a "Diary of the Trenches"; so many are weary of diaries. There is a good deal more in this book that takes you with a young Irish officer from Victoria Barracks, Cork, to Cologne, on foot from the front line in Flanders to the Hohenzollern bridge across the Rhine. The actual account of day-by-day happenings will interest many men of other regiments who for a time were neighbours of the 2nd Leinsters in billets or the trenches, or went with them on bold adventure against the enemy's lines. There is no doubt that in the latter case the Leinsters were as irresistible in attack as they were indomitable in defence. This is characteristic of all Irish Regiments the world has ever known whether of those who supported the Stuart cause under Maréchal de Saxe, or the Irish regiments that fought under the flag of Union in most parts of the world, regiments with a glorious record, since disbanded in the Year of Sorrow, 1922. It is impossible to assess what a loss those Irish regiments are to the British Army, as social assets too. That again is evident from Captain Hitchcock's book with its many instances of hospitality to any who came their way, and of intense comradeship amongst all ranks of the battalion. It is this latter factor that brings out in its liveliest, and loveliest colours the native quality of the Irish soldier and his philosophy of life. Of this the author gives us many illustrations in making us acquainted with characters that would have delighted Charles Lever; he would have let them burst into song on the least provocation. But the Leinsters were too sternly disciplined to let their natural gaiety break out on parade, though it must have required much self-restraint not to join in when pipers played them past General Plumer on the bridge head at Cologne. German newspapers reported that the regiments of the invaders played all classic English airs; the tune selected by the Leinsters was "Paddy McGinty's Goat!"

There was no lack of those ready to oblige with a solo, too numerous to mention probably, so the author just tells us of Pte. Coleman's rendition of a "song of hate," an improvisation

of his own under great mental stress "sure aren't the Jarmans after breaking me only pipe on me when I was above on the crassiers." That the Irish soldier is at his best when things are really so bad that they could not be worse, shines through this book from beginning to end. The author starts at Ypres, reminding us that "the men speak of the town as Wypirs" according to a letter written by one of Marlborough's officers in Flanders. Here we make the acquaintance of Keegan the officer's batman, in his shirt sleeves standing out in the open counting by order and commenting upon, the shells that fell along the company front "direct hit on the Ould Farm, one gone to blow up the Colonel, a Black Maria on me father's section" for Keegan's father, a veteran of several wars, was actually serving in the company.

The story of an Irish regiment is incomplete without the mention of a horse, especially when told by the author of "Saddle Up." We are therefore introduced to gallant and lovable Father Mahoney, M.C. and the "black Uhlan horse" he had acquired, also Matilda and Peggy II, the former with Captain E. H. Stacpoole up, won the Divisional Jumping Competition in 1915, while Peggy II, not only succeeded in winning three Jumping Competitions, but also "First Place British Officers' Inter-Allied Horse Show, Calais."

The author gives us not only lighthearted gaiety but also some fine passages of writing in describing the attack on the enemy's line at Hooze, or the unknown Irish soldier standing out alone, bombing a German M.G. post at Delville Wood. His seemed a charmed life until he disappeared in a burst of smoke and soil. These add to the literary value of a work which is carefully indexed and has some interesting appendices, and is an addition welcome as it is necessary, to the collection of personal experiences of the Great War, as being the record of a very gallant band of Irishmen belonging to a famous Regiment since disbanded. There is about Captain Hitchcock's book a faint air as of promise, that at some future date those fine old Irish Regiments will again take their rightful place in the general scheme of things.

B.G.B.

“ Marshal Ney.” By Piers Crompton. (Methuen). 10s. 6d.

Mr. Crompton has given us in his book a fine colourful romantic portrait of one of the most glamorous and gallant of the Napoleonic marshals. Ney, a great leader and fighter rather than a scientific soldier, rose by dint of sheer merit, unaided by influence or interest, to the command of corps and armies under the Revolution and the Empires, and immortalized his name for ever in French military history by his conduct of the rearguard of the Grand Army during the retreat from Moscow. The author's picture of his hero is spirited and sympathetic, especially in the high spots such as the retreat, the trial, and the death scene, and for these it is the easier to overlook the faults of his book, such as a habit of misusing military terms, conspicuous carelessness in detail and in the spelling of names of persons and places, and the absence of maps and plans. Yet it is regrettable that matters of comparative unimportance such as these should have been allowed to creep in to mar such an excellent piece of work, for the author knows much, writes well, and has an admirable power of bringing to life his people and his period.

“ Something of Myself.” By Rudyard Kipling. (MacMillan). 7s. 6d.

This, the last of the splendid catalogue of Kipling's works, is by way of an outline of autobiography. It is little more than a sketch for it comes to a somewhat indefinable end between the Boer War and the Great War, and there are large gaps in the story everywhere. But we get unforgettable pictures of travel, of personalities, great and small, of homes and houses, of an ideally happy marriage, of hosts of friends, and of the great genius and great man who writes the story. A few practical hints for authors, drawn from Kipling's own wide experience, close a fascinating, lovable book in a curious but not inapposite note—that of the craftsman in love with his work and with its service to the last.

"The French War Machine." By S. C. Davis. (Allen & Unwin). 3s. 6d.

This book on the French army is welcome, for the various changes and modifications in France's military policy since the war have been many and confusing, and since in the next war, as in the last—should war come again to Europe—we shall certainly be allied with France again, the more we know of our future ally and her army, the better. The author deals in detail with the problem of the shortage of French conscripts, due to the declining birth rate, the question of the professional army, the coloured troops and the Colonial army, and air and naval developments. The final chapters are the most illuminating of the book. They discuss the confusion of military doctrine in France as elsewhere, and the divergence of opinion—which only war can finally solve—as between those who believe that modern inventions—tanks, mechanical transport, gas, the air arm—has completely revolutionized the military art, and those who consider that infantry is still the decisive arm, with all the rest as adjuncts, and that the next war will differ in essentials but little from the last. The epilogue shows the serious threat to France's position as a first class power caused by the civil war in Spain, with its corollary of Fascist predominance in the Western Mediterranean and a threat to French communications with her North African colonies and the troops there; by the falling away of her Central European *bloc* of allies; and by the growing predominance of a re-armed and aggressive Germany and a victorious and exultant Italy in that quarter. In face of these perils France must look more carefully than ever to her defences, and in this task no Government, whatever its domestic political label, can afford to be negligent.

"The Stranger Prince." By Margaret Irwin. (Chatto & Windus). 8s. 6d.

Miss Margaret Irwin's two previous historical novels on the Stuart period were so deservedly successful that a wide public for this story of Prince Rupert of the Rhine is assured. The tale deals only with his career down to the end of the Civil

War, and is not only a full length portrait of her hero, but a vivid colourful and admirably accurate picture of the times. Rupert, headstrong, proud, flamboyantly gallant, impatient of half-measures and of control, is shown with his virtues and faults full upon him, as are those who helped and admired, and those who hated and thwarted him. Miss Irwin believes that had Charles I not listened to less wise and unselfish counsel than Rupert's, his cause might have triumphed and the history of England and the world have been different. This is a book for all devotees of the historical novel—a magnificent specimen of its kind at its best.

“Murder on Manœuvres.” By S. C. Mason. (Bell.) 7s. 6d.

It was inevitable, in the present spate of crime and detective novels, that sooner or later one with a military setting should appear. A dawn attack during a brigade exercise, with much blank firing in the half light, affords good cover for the shooting of an inconvenient reporter, who happened to be in attendance to get a story for his paper. But the idea is less well worked out than it might have been. The real criminal is sufficiently obvious from an early point in the story; there are a number of improbabilities, military and journalistic, in the course of its development which will not escape the critical eye; and the inevitable young woman who gets herself mixed up in the detective work is more tiresome even than the average of her kind. The sophisticated reader will probably find the book mildly thrilling as a story, but hardly a serious test of his problem-solving faculties.

“Mesopotamia—The Last Phase.” By Lt.-Colonel A. H. Burne. (Gale & Polden). 5s.

A book on military history by Lt.-Colonel Burne is always an event to which his many readers may look forward with enjoyment, and in this latest work he has taken ground which will be new to most of them. The period dealt with runs from the morrow of the fall of Baghdad to the end of the war and, as the author describes and comments on it, is packed full of valu-

able lessons—the prime importance of leadership; the great results that may be achieved by boldness, often by recklessness, even in the most unpromising situations; the extent to which a modern army's huge paraphernalia of rearward services tends to hamper and slow up its operations; the convincing validity of the eternal principles of strategy even in these latter days. The book is quite short, but every page in it is full of interest and instruction; and it is gratifying to see in a volume so low-priced such an excellent equipment of clear and beautifully-produced coloured maps—one had almost forgotten that such things had ever existed.

“Air Strategy.” By Lt.-General N. M. Golovine. (Gale & Polden). 7s. 6d.

In this book, which originally came out serially in the “R.A.F. Quarterly,” Lt.-Colonel Golovine, who has already to his credit several valuable books on the Russian part in the Great War, discusses the whole question of British air strategy. All relevant strategical and technical considerations are briefly reviewed, and the author comes to the general conclusion that our Air Force should be divided into three branches, one for auxiliary duties in co-operation with the other two services, one for local strategic duties (defence of the United Kingdom, and service in the Mediterranean, the Middle East, India, and the Singapore area), and one for general strategic duties (action or mobile defence of home territory and trade routes in a European war). In the adequate fulfilment of these tasks he considers a first line strength of 2,500 machines necessary (1,750 home, 400 overseas, and 350 in the Fleet Air Arm), and to keep these up to full strength in wartime another 4,000 in training units and in reserve, and replacements for this total another 10,000 (based on a wastage of fifty per cent. per month). These sound large figures, and one of the first thoughts to which they give rise is, whether, if these huge aerial fleets are required to wage intensive air war, such a war can possibly last more than a few weeks at most. Meanwhile the author's sober well-reasoned views are well worthy of widespread perusal and consideration.

"The Last of the Gentlemen's Wars." By Major-General J. F. C. Fuller. (Faber & Faber.) 12s. 6d.

This book consists of the edited diary of the author, at the time a subaltern in the 43rd Foot, dealing with his experiences in the Boer War. The regiment arrived only after the Black Week of December, 1899, and the writer was away sick with appendicitis, then an almost unknown disease, from February to October, 1900, when Lord Roberts' great advance on the two Boer capitals was taking place. Major-General Fuller's story deals mainly therefore with the guerilla warfare phase, and a most amusing and remarkable story it is. The tremendous area of country to be covered, the exiguity of the forces involved; the latitude perforce left to the most junior officers; the scope for independence, ingenuity, daring and self-reliance; the length and uneventfulness of the days—these are the points that first strike the student of this oddest and most light-hearted and happy-go-lucky of all our larger scale wars. There is a good equipment of pictures and maps with the book, and if the attention of the reader at times tends to flag under the pressure of a series of small incidents leading up to no great climax, that is not the fault of the author, who writes as pungently and amusingly as ever, but of his subject, which does not tend itself to dramatic treatment. But there is at least this to be said for a war waged in the spirit and with the methods of the Boer war—it leads to a more perfect peace, which Sherman said was the only object and justification of war at all.

"Italy's Conquest of Abyssinia." By Major E. W. Polson Newman. (Butterworth.) 12s. 6d.

Major Polson Newman eschewing considerations other than purely military ones, has set himself to give a plain straightforward account of the Italian campaign in Abyssinia, purely and simply as an operation of war, and admittedly a very difficult and complicated operation, brilliantly accomplished. With a wealth of facts and figures and an excellent equipment of maps—on one or other which all but a few unimportant places mentioned by him are to be found—he gives us a full picture

of Italy's large scale preparations, of the steady and resolute development of her plans, and of the brilliant tactical manœuvres which finally broke up the hostile armies and cleared the road to Addis Ababa just before the campaigning season ended. While admitting that the foundation of Italy's success was her excellent administration and rear services, he considers that the fighting was no walk-over for her, and that the qualities of leadership displayed by Marshals Badoglio and Graziani and their principal subordinates were of the highest order and counted for much in the ultimate result. He believes that poison gas played a very small part in the operations, but that the role of the Italian aircraft— of which he gives full details— was not only preponderant, but invaluable in its lessons for future use in colonial warfare and elsewhere.

Altogether this is an excellent account of the war, somewhat but not unduly pro-Italian, but of high interest and value, and from the point of view of the military student, the best yet published by a long way.

E.W.S.

"Field Sports of Scotland." By Patrick R. Chalmers. (Published by Philip Allan and Co.) 5s.

This the 21st volume of the Sportsman's Library, is a delightful little book to read, especially by anyone who spends part of his summer holidays in the Highlands. The book is divided into nine chapters, the Roe Deer, the Capercailzie, Black Game, the Ptarmigan, Estuary and Shore shooting, the Otter, Loch fishing for Trout and Sea Trout, Salt Water fishing, and the Blue Hare. Mr. Chalmers describes the habits of the animals in such a charming manner that one feels inclined to leave rod and gun at home and go forth into the wilds to see with one's own eyes what the author has evidently spent many years in studying.

"My Sporting Life." By The Rt. Honourable J. W. Hills. (Published by Philip Allan and Co.) 12s. 6d.

Hills major, as I remember him at Eton, describes fifty odd years successful fishing under varied circumstances. If you

walk into a fishing tackle shop they will soon relieve you of 12s. 6d., the price of a few flies and a cast or two, but here is a book which really tells you how to catch fish, not so much the nature of the lure as the manner in which it is presented. As a pupil of the late Arthur Wood, the description of his methods with the floating fly are most interesting. Having read the book from cover to cover I feel that the next time I walk down the "bank" of the Wye, "there" will the salmon be also.

"Green Memory of Days with Rod and Gun." By Captain J. B. Drought. (Published by Philip Allan and Co.) 10s. 6d.

Irish tales always make fascinating reading for those who know the "Distressful Country" but Captain Drought's style of writing will appeal to all. Where, save in Ireland, will you be greeted in the morning with the statement "The bog is fair quaking with the number of snipe that will be in it." Ireland was a grand country in the old days when the British Cavalry were dotted about in small detachments, which the inspecting officer would visit about twice a year and then only if he was sure the date would not interfere with sport. From this most readable book it would seem that the country has little changed.

T.T.P.

The following have also been received :—

"The Shot Gun." By the Purdey's. (Philip Allan.) 5s.

"Sporting Prints." By G. Marsh-Phillips. (Bell & Sons.) 7s. 6d.

"Hunting for All." By C. R. Acton (Sidney the Standard). (H. F. & G. Witherby.) 7s. 6d.



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By permission of the Officers, 9th Lancers.

THE 9th LANCERS, 1820
From the original Water Colour by Denis Dighton.

THE
CAVALRY JOURNAL

NOV. 1914

THE 100TH REINFORCEMENT BATTALION
CANADIAN INFANTRY

By GENERAL T. C. H. LEE

1914

That night of September 22nd
We had reached the
pursuit were yet to begin
soon had to start in pursuit
Tanks VII and VIII A
Now it would come in w
condition was not the best

In the light of the situation
a brigade, carrying out the order
ing of the 20th and 21st Divisions
and to start a new
ing north from the
banks of the river and
to take this action as
lines of water and his
criticism being long "I have
divisions had to play a
El Afule, that it had been
ations had not been delivered. The

1914
1914
21st

* C.A.M. p. 108.



by John Frederick Lewis, 1820

THE 9th LANCERS, 1820

From the original Watercolor of the 19th Lancers

THE CAVALRY JOURNAL

JULY, 1937

TWO CAVALRY EPISODES IN THE PALESTINE CAMPAIGN, 1917-1918.

By GENERAL SIR GEORGE DE S. BARROW, G.C.B., K.C.M.G.

PART IV—*continued.*

THE night of September 20th/21st passed without incident. We had reached our march objective; the fruits of our indirect pursuit were yet to be reaped. It was certain that we should soon have to stand up against the backward rush of the defeated Turkish VII and VIII Armies; that is what we were there for. How it would come, in what force, in what moral and physical condition, was uncertain.

In the light of after events it would have been well to have sent a brigade, supported by another brigade southward on the morning of the 21st with the object of securing the Jordan crossings and to stretch a hand towards Chaytor's force which was pushing north from the neighbourhood of Jericho, along the right bank of the Jordan. The official Account describes the omission to take this action as "the sole blot on an operation the main lines of which had hitherto been perfection." It softens the criticism by adding "It must be remembered, however, that the division had had to piquet the road from Beisan half-way to El 'Affule, that it had been encumbered with prisoners, and that rations had not been delivered at Beisan till the 21st."* These

* O.A. II, p. 538.

reasons put forward by the O.A. as a possible explanation and partial excuse for the blot were difficulties with which we had to contend, but were not the sole reason of our inaction on the 21st. A more impelling cause was the fog of war, a fog which does not pervade the calm atmosphere of peace, but which hid from our view all movements and happenings outside the vicinity of Beisan on that September morning. There was an absence of all the factors on which to make a plan. I did not know where any of our other forces were; how the 5th Cavalry Division at the other end of Esdraelon was faring; how far away the Australian Mounted division was; what Chaytor's force was doing; where Corps head-quarters were established; what the Arab forces east of the Jordan were doing and to what extent they were occupying the Turks on that side. Most important of all I did not know whether the enemy had any large body of troops which he could bring up from the direction of Damascus and whether I might not be obliged to meet a strong attack coming from north or east, as well as from the south. One must take risks in war certainly, if one is to achieve anything, but there must be some relation between the size of a risk and the magnitude of the results for which it is taken. There was, in my opinion, only one sound course to take until the fog lifted, which was to keep concentrated ready to meet any contingency and in a position to present an united front in any direction. Whether the higher command had information which passed on to me would have helped to dispel the fog, I do not know. It is probable that it had. But, here again, it must be remembered that the 4th Cavalry Division had shot far ahead of the main army—was out in the blue so to speak—and communication with it was difficult.*

The Division, therefore, remained concentrated at Beisan during the 21st September. A line of outposts formed by the 10th and 11th Cavalry Brigades stretched from across the Jordan to Shatta Station, halfway between Beisan and Afule. In the night 21st/22nd a large body of Germans and Turks tried to

* Anyone who has read "Liaison 1916" by Brig. General E. L. Spears, C.B., M.C., will appreciate the difficulties of getting orders and information to formations often only a few miles distant, and in a country with good motor road, telegraphs and telephones, assisted by airplanes and wireless.

force a way through the outposts. It was driven off by the combined action of the Dorset Yeomanry rifles, the guns of the Hants battery and a mounted charge made in the bright moonlight by a troop of the Central India Horse. Throughout this night numbers of Turks, singly and in small parties, weary, hungry and demoralized surrendered themselves voluntarily to the piquets. Three thousand prisoners were collected at Beisan on the morning of September 22nd.

During the course of the day some German lorries, entirely ignorant of our presence at Beisan, arrived to load up rations at the railway station. In one of the lorries was a German paymaster with several hundred gold coins all of which we took into our keeping and faithfully transmitted to G.H.Q.

All war is crowded with disappointments, mistakes, misunderstandings that frequently lead to tragic results. Here is a minor example, which fortunately caused mirth in place of the casualties that might have easily followed. Two squadrons of the 2nd Lancers were sent on the night of the 21st/22nd to support the piquet holding the bridge of Sheikh Husein over the Jordan, east of Beisan. The account is taken from the narrative of Captain Whitworth, M.C.* given in the regimental history—"Soon after dawn one of our planes came over. First it dropped a bomb on one of the Dorset's piquets not far from us. Not wishing the same thing to happen to us we began waving all our aeroplane flags and showing white aircraft strips of American cloth. After a short chukker round the aeroplane flew over the same piquet of the Dorsets and dropped a message to say that a large force of Turks was close to them and that it would fly over the position and fire a red light there. It flew over *us* and fired its red light; then it made off, to the unbounded joy of the Dorsets and ourselves."

It will be remembered that the 19th Lancers had marched from Beisan to Jisr Mujamie on the night of the 20th/21st with the object of preparing the bridge for demolition and holding the crossing over the Jordan. This precaution was taken because of the possibility that the enemy, rushing up troops

* Now Lieut.-Colonel Whitworth, M.C., commanding 2nd Lancers (Gardners' Horse).

through Deraa from Damascus, might attempt to sweep us out of the way of his retreating armies. Up to the evening of the 21st local and distant reconnaissance reported no signs of any hostile bodies approaching Mujamie and it appeared that the bridge would soon be more useful to us than it was to the Turks. The 19th Lancers were therefore ordered to withdraw the charges from the bridge and rejoin their brigade, their places being taken by the 38th C.I.H.

On the morning of the 22nd September information was received that a hostile column of infantry, guns and transport was moving towards Beisan along the track that leads from the Wadi Fara. The situation at Beisan was become easier, from the absence of any immediate threat from trans-Jordan, while we were secured towards the west by the arrival of the Australian Mounted division at Lejjun. There was therefore no longer the same need as before to keep the whole of the division concentrated about Beisan. On the other hand, the adoption of the measures required to prevent the enemy from escaping across the Jordan could no longer be delayed. Jacob's Horse (belonging to the 11th Cavalry Brigade) was sent across the Jordan at Sheikh Husein to patrol towards Merka and southwards along the Jisr-ed-Damieh track as far as the Wadi-ed-Jisr. The 11th Cavalry Brigade (less Jacob's Horse) was ordered to be ready to march early on the 23rd down the west side of the Jordan, to gain contact with the enemy, and attack him wherever met. While the D.H.Q. staff were engaged in drawing up the orders for this operation a message came from the higher command instructing me to carry out the very operations for which we were arranging.

By the morning of the 22nd the number of prisoners had risen to 4,000, including 166 officers. Of these, 16 officers and 177 other ranks were Germans. The bag also contained a battery of medium howitzers and 36 machine guns.

The 11th Cavalry Brigade (less Jacob's Horse on the farther side of the river) marched off at 6 a.m. on the 23rd. Near Khanes Samariyeh, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles south of Beisan, the 29th Lancers, who were finding the advanced guard, came upon the enemy in

occupation of a position covering the ford at Makhadet Abu Naji. Turks could be seen making use of the ford and hurrying across the river in considerable numbers. The position extended westwards from the river and in the centre was a small hill which gave good command of the ground in front and flank and on which the enemy had placed several machine guns. Captain M. H. Jackson, commanding the part of the advanced guard which struck the position, had in hand two squadrons, reduced during the last three days to half their establishment strength. He sent one squadron, supported by the hotchkiss guns against the enemy's left flank, and making a wide chukker with the other squadron galloped the position from the rear. The result was an astounding success: the enemy was overwhelmed by the audacity of the assault. Two weak squadrons of the 29th Lancers had driven the enemy off his defensive position and captured 800 prisoners (including the G.O.C. 16th Division), 18 machine guns, 12 automatic rifles, at a loss of 8 killed and 17 wounded. The senior Indian officer present was killed by a rifle bullet after the position was taken. He received a posthumous V.C. Because of the technicality which requires the presence of a senior officer on the spot, Captain Jackson was not awarded the V.C. which he so richly deserved and for which he was recommended, and instead was awarded the D.S.O.* The quick decision, the tactical appreciation, the confidence of Captain Jackson in his men, and of his men in him, and his ready assumption of the responsibility of ordering this attack whose success was dependent on moral and not on material factors, earn our admiration even more than the physical gallantry displayed by all ranks concerned. Once again, as the Yeomanry and 4th Cavalry Division had already proved on several occasions, surprise is the most powerful of all weapons.

According to the Official Account, it was the rearguard of V. Oppen's Asia Corps which had occupied the position captured by the 29th Lancers. The official account says that the commander of the 19th division, reported missing in the Asia Corps diary, was probably killed in this affair.

* I had the honour of describing this combat and Jackson's gallant action to the late King George V, and to the Prince of Wales (Duke of Windsor).

It was whilst this brilliant little attack was in progress that a long column of enemy infantry and Turks was observed coming from the West and evidently heading for the ford at Fath Alla, 2 miles south of Abu Naj. On the east bank Jacob's Horse were brought up by a large number of Turks holding a defensive position covering the fords. The regiment promptly charged the position, but coming unexpectedly on the deep Wadi Yalis was thrown into some confusion and retired. After reforming it again went forward, but bad ground broke both pace and formation and the regiment was obliged to fall back under heavy fire. Several saddles were emptied during this retirement. Brigadier-General Gregory, finding the number of Turks on both banks greater than he could well cope with, ordered up the Hants battery R.H.A. which was permanently attached to the brigade, but which had been left behind, for what reason I do not know, when the Brigade marched in the morning. Regardless of heat, dust and heavy country, the battery trotted the six miles without checking the pace and came into action at 11 a.m. 400 yards west of the ford against the Turks opposing Jacob's Horse. It was immediately engaged by two Turk batteries concealed on the other side of the Jordan. The enemy's fire was well directed, three of the four guns of the Hants Battery being hit and the detachments being obliged to go temporarily to cover.

Meanwhile the Middlesex Yeomanry had galloped into the enemy column coming from the west as it came near to the Fath Allah ford and drove it in confusion into the river. One squadron, treading on the heels of the column, crossed at the ford and charged the guns that were firing on the Hants battery. The Turkish gunners fled and their guns were captured. A squadron of the 29th Lancers having succeeded in crossing the river a little farther to the north joined Jacob's Horse, and the regiment thus reinforced, charged for the third time and on this occasion reached and routed the enemy. The several attacks made by the 11th Cavalry Brigade ended in the complete demoralization of the Turks and a "sauve qui peut" ensued. Four thousand prisoners, 3 camel guns and 4.77 mm. quick-firing guns were captured. The banks were strewn with the

bodies of dead Turks, rifles and equipment. A large quantity of ammunition and stores of bread and date cake were found abandoned. The bread and date cake was welcome booty for the men of the Middlesex Yeomanry, rations being far behind.

The further movement southwards of the 11th Cavalry Brigade on the 24th September was somewhat delayed owing to the necessity of awaiting the arrival of rations which were sent from Beisan during the night 23rd/24th September. At 10.30 a.m. Colonel Lawson* received a report from one of his observation posts that a body of Turks estimated at 1,200 infantry and many machine guns had been sighted at the Wadi Maleh and was apparently heading for the ford at El Masudi. Colonel Lawson, with admirable decision, ordered 'A' Squadron Middlesex Yeomanry to gallop at once straight for the ford and sent "B" Squadron† along the foothills to turn the head of the column. "A" Squadron coming under hot machine gun fire was pulled up by a deep ravine. The race for the ford was accordingly won by the Turks who lined the banks of a small wadi with some 300 men and several machine guns in an effort to cover the crossing of the main column, which was now making for the ford at Ed Saidye, 2 miles south of Mahsudi. "B" Squadron coming up with the main body charged it repeatedly and checked its progress. This enabled the Hants Battery, which together with the 29th Lancers had been ordered forward by General Gregory on receipt of a report of the situation from Colonel Lawson, to play with dire effect into the midst of the column. The Turks broke and fled closely pressed by the 29th Lancers led by Colonel Sangster. Jacob's Horse on the east bank, had been delayed by another of those irritating mistakes which abound in war, the Indian officer in charge of the rations coming from Beisan having taken the wrong road. Directly it had got its rations the regiment moved swiftly down the east bank and in concert with "A" Squadron, reinforced by "C" Squadron of the Middlesex Yeomanry and the fire of the Hants Battery, which had now been turned on the Turks east of the Jordan,

* Colonel the Hon. F. Lawson, D.S.O., M.C., commanding Middlesex Yeomanry.

† Captain Bullivant, a popular and gallant officer was killed at this time whilst reconnoitring in front of the Squadron which he was commanding.

brought the final act of the drama to a conclusion. Few Turks escaped to the hills : five thousand were taken prisoners together with many machine guns, hundreds of rifles and quantities of other war material. The bodies of dead Turks littered the neighbourhood of the fords and the adjacent banks. The Turkish VII Army and the Asia Corps had ceased to exist.

General Gregory having reported that men and horses were becoming exhausted and ammunition running low, I directed him not to proceed beyond Ras Umm Foka and the Wadi Kafrinji, sending patrols to get touch with Chaytor's force which was marching northwards up the Jordan Valley.

The 25th September the main body of the Brigade returned to Beisan—the Middlesex Yeomanry and certain details arriving the following day.

I have described the operations of the 11th Cavalry Brigade during the 23rd and 24th September in some detail because, according to the Official Account, they "may stand as a pattern to Cavalry upon the flank of a beaten and demoralized foe." Brigadier-General Gregory and the regiments of the 11th Cavalry Brigade together with the Hants Battery have a right to be proud of the results obtained by them during these momentous days.

Enemy troops being reported at Beisan in the early morning of the 24th, the Dorset Yeomanry was sent to deal with them. A thousand prisoners were taken. The 10th Cavalry Brigade collected 8,000 rifles in the country south of Beisan.

While the fighting south of Beisan was in progress there was much to be done at Beisan itself. The large number of prisoners, daily increasing, was a difficult problem as they had to be fed and watered, and we had barely enough for ourselves. The alternative was to get rid of them. With some difficulty we got one of the captured engines working and succeeded in running a train back to Afule which enabled us gradually to evacuate the Turkish and some of the German prisoners down the lines. Others, who were rested and strong enough to go on foot were marched back under mounted escort. Hearing that there was a general officer amongst the prisoners I went down and found

the poor old gentleman seated with his staff among the mass of captives, looking very disconsolate. It was Rushdi Bey, commander of the 16th Division. I took him, along with his A.D.C. and G.S.O.I. to the headquarters mess in the station waiting-room and gave him a meal of eggs, bacon, jam and coffee. He and his two officers ate enormously; they were really hungry. Rushdi Bey said Turkey had made a great mistake in coming into the war against us. He had great contempt for the Arabs and said that if it had not been that the Turks had to send the mass of their best troops against the British they would have wiped out the Arabs with the greatest ease; that the Arabs gave them pin pricks whereas the British gave them blows with a sledge hammer. He was sent down the line in a Ford car, and when bidding me goodbye he shook me warmly by the hand and with tears in his eyes called on Heaven to bless the British Army for the good breakfast he had received at its hands.

On the 25th September I received instructions to march at once to Deraa, join hands there with the Hedjaz force and then proceed to Damascus driving back or mopping up the remnants of the 4th Turkish Army which were fleeing northwards. The 10th Cavalry Brigade left the same day for Jisr Mujamie to act as advanced guard. The division followed on the 26th in accordance with divisional order which ran, "4th Turkish Army is reported moving via Remte to Deraa. 4th C.D. will move on Deraa. An Arab force is in area and will co-operate with us. Following moves will take place to-day. 10th C.B. will move from Jisr Mujamie to Irbid. 12th C.B. will leave Beisan at 10.00 and move to a position covering bridge just south of Es Shuni. D.H.Q. and 11th C.B. will leave Beisan at 13.00 and march to Jisr Mujamie. . . ."

Only two days rations for man and one day for horse were to be carried. When this supply was exhausted we were to live on the country.

The division bivouacked at Jisr Mujamie on the night of the 26th and continued its march to Remte the following morning. The road from Beisan to Jisr Mujamie had not been easy; several wadys had to be crossed and heavy rain during the night

had made the surface very slippery. Two miles south of Jisr el Mujamie a wady 20 feet wide with steep slippery banks and down which a torrent of water 2 feet deep was rushing, caused considerable delay, all wheels having to be double horsed and motor vehicles dragged over by horses after the field squadron had made a crossing place. But this was nothing compared with the difficulties we encountered after entering the mountains of Gilead on our way next day to El Remte. This march of 38 miles, all the way as far as Irbid against the collar, along a narrow track strewn with large boulders and sharp stones with tired animals and without water, was the most wearisome of all the many marches made by the 4th Cavalry division in Palestine. The pace was confined to a walk. The passage of the Wadi Zaker, 3 miles west of Kefr Esrud was impossible for transport, guns and ambulances until a bridge had been built strong enough to carry them. This caused a long delay. The 11th Cavalry Brigade and divisional troops only reached El Remte long after dark, having been on the move since dawn. The 12th Cavalry Brigade bivouacked at Es Shuni, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles east of the Jordan.

On the morning that the main body of the division left Beisan, the 10th Cavalry Brigade set out at 8 a.m. from Jisr Mujamie with the intention of reaching Irbid the same evening. But a flank guard of the 4th Turkish Army, retiring from Amman through Deraa denied its entry till the following morning. As at Megiddo, again it fell to the lot of the 2nd Lancers to be in the van when contact was made with the enemy. The regiment was pressing on as fast as the difficult ground would permit when, after traversing a tortuous defile in the gorge of the Wady el Gafr, the advanced parties came under fire from El Bariha village, 2,000 yards west of Irbid. A troop of the leading squadron cleared the village at the gallop. A machine gun opening long range fire on the regiment notified the presence of the enemy in Irbid. A ridge extends for 500 yards northwards from Irbid and village and ridge are fronted towards the west by open glaxis-like stony ground, the whole making up a strong defensive position.

It was 4 p.m. and Major Gould, commanding the 2nd Lancers, eager to gain Irbid with its much coveted wells of water before nightfall, decided on an immediate attack. He did not, therefore, spend time on reconnaissances and gave orders for "B" Squadron to move through Bariha and turn Irbid from the north, "D" Squadron, moving northwards, to make a mounted attack on the ridge, "C" Squadron also to move north and attack mounted as nearly simultaneously as it could with "D." Two subsections machine guns* to come into action on a small hill south of Bariha : "A" Squadron to remain in reserve. These orders were misunderstood by the Squadron Commanders detailed to the attack. "B" Squadron, on account of its having been the leading squadron during the march, furnished the patrols and was widely disseminated, had only the hotchkiss troop in hand when it received its orders. It never reached the position intended by Major Gould, and took up a position 1,100 yards from the ridge, opening fire with its hotchkiss. "D" Squadron coming under heavy fire of rifles and machine guns and finding the ground too rough and the slope too steep to allow of a successful charge, swung half-right when within 200 yards of the position and entered the village. The leading troop was unfortunately too far ahead to be stopped and carried on most gallantly as far as the ridge, where it was annihilated. When Captain Vaughan, the squadron commander, got into the village he found himself, wounded, with two Indian Officers also wounded, 6 to 8 sowars and 4 wounded horses besides his own horse which was mortally wounded. Coming under intense, if ill-directed, machine gun fire and having too few rifles to give a hope of being able to hold the village, the party retired, clambering through houses and over walls. Vaughan's left arm was shattered and his thigh broken. His orderly stayed by him and eventually carried him to safety, being awarded the I.D.S.M. for this brave act. "C" Squadron mistook Bariha for Irbid, saw his mistake when fortunately too late to operate in the attack and took his men into cover. The two subsections of the 17th M.G. Squadron coming into action

* 17th M.G. Squadron.

on an unsuitable position at a range of 2,700 yards were ineffectual. The attack was a complete failure.

When the 2nd Lancers were nearing Irbid the Brigade Commander, Brigadier-General Green was coming up to join the advanced guard. He arrived at 4.15 p.m. just after the attack had started, and gone too far to be stopped. Turks could be plainly seen hurrying to occupy the position. He at once ordered up the Berks battery, which being still in the defile in rear of the Central India Horse could not get through in time to be of assistance to the 2nd Lancers. It opened fire at 5 p.m. Orders were sent by word of mouth by a galloper to the two M.G. sections already in action and to the C.I.H. to move south and east and turn Irbid from the south—one squadron of the C.I.H. was acting as right flank guard to the brigade. The Brigadier's intention was that the C.I.H. should cut into the road to Remte east of Irbid. Again there was a misunderstanding of the orders and the officer commanding the C.I.H.—Major J. R. Hutchinson—took it that he was to follow a squadron of the 2nd Lancers down a wady which leads towards the southern end of Irbid. Hearing heavy firing he set off at a gallop in squadron column. The leading squadron catching sight of "C" Squadron 2nd Lancers followed it and went out of the picture. The next squadron was met by a blast of machine gun fire and took cover in the wadi. The remaining two squadrons (the squadron as flank guard having been collected on the way) were then sent farther round to get in rear of Irbid. They struggled across the stony country and eventually reached some high ground due south of Irbid. One squadron endeavoured to reach the road farther to the east, along which a large number of Turks could be seen retiring. It was stopped by machine gun fire. Darkness put an end to further operations that night, and the troops bivouacked on the ground they occupied at the cease fire. Men and horses passed a cold, waterless, cheerless night.

The unsatisfactory result of the attack made by the 2nd Lancers was the natural consequence of a series of tactical errors. There was no reconnaissance of the enemy's position:

there was no reconnaissance of the ground. There was no time given for the squadron commanders to make their individual reconnaissances. The orders, given verbally, were misunderstood, from which one concludes that the squadron commanders were not made to repeat the orders given them, which is essential in the case of verbal orders. There was over-confidence, born of the success which had attended previous mounted attacks, which were however made under different conditions. It is true that opportunities must be seized and risks often taken, but they must be opportunities with observation. The troops* attacked though to some extent suffering from the demoralization attendant on retreat, had sustained no serious defeat. The brigade was close at hand and would soon arrive. As it was the brigade commander found himself committed to a line of action which was not in conformity with his wishes. For the second time verbal orders miscarried, emphasizing the necessity of written orders being given in all cases when the extreme urgency of the situation does not permit of a few minutes delay.

The above remarks are not made for the sake of criticism. Criticism of military operations is too easy. Anyone, even the most ignorant of the conduct of troops in the field, can indulge in armchair criticism, as some recent publications have shown. It is only those who have actually faced an enemy who realize the vast difference there is between warfare on paper and warfare on the battlefield. It is solely for the lessons to be gained from them that the above reflections have been made. It is suggested that the 2nd Lancers might have been disposed to cover the deployment of the brigade from the defile and best serve the brigadier by occupying the tactical points—Bariha and the hill to the south with two troops each, and with a troop to the N.W. and S.W. of Irbid to watch the flanks, the remainder of the regiment being kept under cover in reserve. These dispositions would have ensured watch being kept on the enemy's movements and the patrols and flank troops would

* A flank guard moving via Irbid on Mezariib, part of the 4th Turkish Army retreating north through Deraa.

draw his fire sufficiently to disclose the approximate extent of his position. Meanwhile the advanced guard commander would have employed the short time at his disposal in personal reconnaissance and thus be prepared to give the Brigadier on his arrival an outline word sketch of the situation.

Inhabitants put the number of Turks in Irbid on September 26th at 5,000.

Patrols sent forward by the 2nd Lancers and C.I.H. at dawn on the 27th found Irbid empty. The march on El Remte was continued, the Dorset Yeomanry leading. The country now opened out, the rocky hills were left behind, the easy going track descended gently in the direction of Deraa. The change was a great relief for horses and men. About 10.30 a.m. when the Dorsets had arrived within two miles of El Remte one of our aeroplanes dropped a message to say the place was clear of the enemy. Lt.-Colonel G. K. M. Mason wisely determined to verify this report before acting on it and sent two troops to reconnoitre. They were met by machine gun fire when they were within 1,000 or 800 yards from the village, and took cover behind a ridge to the south west. Directly afterwards 200 to 300 Turkish infantry with 4 machine guns issued from El Remte. The machine guns with a portion of the infantry took up a position and opened fire whilst the remainder continued to advance. Colonel Mason skilfully assembled the Dorsets behind the ridge and charged. The enemy was dispersed, 25 being killed with the sabre, the rest running for safety into the village. Turkish cavalry were observed galloping out of the village, the Berks battery coming up did good execution on them as they got into the open. The Dorsets, working round the south edge of the village were held up at first by machine guns and fire from the houses. Brigadier-General Green who had arrived on the scene, sent one squadron of the C.I.H. to support the Dorsets and the remainder of the regiment under cover of the high ground north of El Remte to cut the enemy's line of retreat on Deraa. Sighting a large number of the Turks retiring in scattered bodies the C.I.H. charged into them with two squadrons in extended formation and many who had escaped from the sabres

of the Yeomanry fell to the lances of the Indian Cavalry. A third squadron was directed against another party of the enemy who were observed withdrawing from a covering position they had been holding. This charge was also successful and captured four machine guns and nearly 100 prisoners besides killing many. The C.I.H. then took up a position on the hills N.E. of El Remte, covering the brigade which watered and rested. By 11.30 we were in possession of El Remte and all Turks not killed or wounded were in full retreat. The total captures of the 10th Cavalry Brigade since leaving-Beisan were 19 officers, 177 other ranks and 22 machine guns.

It had been Brigadier-General Green's intention to continue the march towards Deraa, the day being still young. I joined the 10th Cavalry Brigade at noon, and observing the fatigued appearance of the horses, and not knowing what fighting there might be for us to do at Deraa, I considered it advisable to call a halt and allow time for the division to concentrate. The night of the 27th/28th September was passed by the divisional troops, 10th Cavalry Brigade and 12th Cavalry Brigade at El Remte* and by the 11th Cavalry Brigade at Irbid. Contact was made with Sherifian Mounted troops, a party of them riding into our bivouac late at night. They gave me a momentary shock as I took them at first sight to be Turks.

From the outpost positions, which were taken over from the C.I.H. by the 2nd Lancers during the afternoon, a clear view was obtained of Deraa. It was full of troops and it was reported to me that enemy columns were marching through the place. At 4.30 a.m. on the 28th, the 10th Cavalry Brigade occupied the hills looking down on Deraa in order to cover the concentration of the division. The light of conflagrations had been seen by the O.P. during the night, and the roof of a large building marked with a Turkish Red Cross, which had been visible on

* El Remte has been identified with Ramoth Gilead of the Bible—the place where the notorious Ahab, King of Israel together with Jehosaphat, King of Judah, fought against the King of Syria and where Ahab was slain. There are, however, at least four other places that are equally identified with Ramoth Gilead. But there is little doubt that Irbid and El Remte were important places in past days, strongly sited for defence and the latter a station on the immemorial Hajj road to Mecca. Ancient reservoirs which contained an ample supply of good water marked the antiquity of El Remte.

the previous evening, had fallen in. Pillars of smoke as from smouldering ruins were rising up from different parts of the town. Rifle shots could be heard continuously. It was not certain yet who was in occupation of Deraa—Turks or Arabs. There was also a possibility of Deraa being bombed by our aeroplanes if the Turks were still there. A cautious advance was therefore indicated. Consequently it was not till 7 a.m. when patrols reported that in spite of much rifle firing and commotion there did not appear to be any works or dispositions made for the defence, that I ordered a general advance. Soon after, Brigadier-General Green was met by Colonel T. E. Lawrence, who gave the information that the Arabs were in occupation of Deraa, having entered during the previous afternoon. Colonel Lawrence then accompanied the brigade which rode into Deraa. He did not meet me outside and ride to the town with me as Robert Graves says in his book "With Lawrence and the Arabs." There are statements in the same book which are also to be found in Lawrence's own book "Revolt in the Desert" that are not in accordance with actual facts or are entirely supposititious. It is said for instance that I "seemed annoyed that the Arabs had got to Deraa first," Such an idea never entered my head. On the contrary, I was relieved that the place was in the hands of Allies instead of those of the enemy and pleased to think that by drawing off, as officer prisoners told me, the best organized Turkish forces to oppose us, as being the enemy most to be feared, we had enabled the Arabs to enter Deraa without difficulty. Graves continues that "Lawrence was not sorry for him (Barrow), particularly since he had delayed a day and night watering at the poor wells at Remthe. . . ." If he had consulted the war diaries instead of simply taking Lawrence's word, he would have learnt that the division reached El Remte after a 38-mile very difficult march on the 27th and was in Deraa the next morning by 9 a.m. and he would have saved himself from making a statement as inaccurate as it is ill-natured.

There are people who imagine that some peculiar merit attaches to troops who are the first to occupy a town or locality of historic interest in enemy territory, as if it was a sort of race

between the various corps or units of an army, notwithstanding that the length of the course, the fall of the flag and the obstacles to be negotiated are different for each formation. There is no merit and, when the place is unoccupied or only weakly defended, there is no glory in being the first to enter.*

As a result of a propaganda which seems to have been inspired to some extent with the view of obtaining "good copy" the parts played by the Arab forces in Allenby's final campaign which ended in the capture of Damascus and Aleppo has been grossly exaggerated. That the Arabs were useful in harassing the Turks and detaining a considerable number of them east of the Jordan, no one would deny. But they were not indispensable to the final result. To claim otherwise is unjust to the renown of Lord Allenby and injurious to the reputation of the British arms. The Arab achievements bear the same relationship to Allenby's operations in Palestine that the Spanish "partidas" and guerillas bore to Wellington's operations in the Peninsular War. A relation similar in kind but of lesser effect. "The Arabs gave us pin pricks; the British blows with a sledgehammer."

I got to Deraa myself at 9.30 a.m. and near the railway station met Lawrence for the first time when he introduced himself to me. I said, "this place is in a bloody awful mess, where are the Arab Headquarters?" He replied, "over there" and pointed to a house with the Sherifian flag displayed from the balcony. This was the only conversation I had with him until the morning that we entered Damascus. None of those recorded in his book ever took place and the assumption, as for instance that I "came looking on the Arabs as a conquered race" are manifestly too absurd to call for any refutation. I can only conclude

* Graves further writes in "Lawrence and the Arabs": "Later General Allenby's Chief Political Officer assured Barrow that Lawrence's attitude was politically right"! The C.P.O. never assured or addressed me in any way on this subject. If he had I should not have understood any more than I do now, what he was talking about. Also "There had been no disturbances, though the Indians pilfered freely from the Arabs and the Bedouin were horrified at the manner of the British Officers towards their men . . ." This is a gratuitous insult to the Indian soldiers and their British officers and an unwarranted reflection on their fine discipline and comradeship.

that at this period his imagination took charge at the expense of his sense of veracity.*

As a spectacle of destruction Deraa was not to be compared with the obliterated towns and villages of France. The material and moral effect of masses of artillery of all calibres, the barrages and shattering bombardments of warfare on other fronts was unknown here, and in this the Arab forces were indeed fortunate. But the whole place was indescribably filthy, defiled and littered with smouldering cinders and the soiled leavings of loot. Turks, some dead and some dying, lay about the railway station or sat propped against the houses. Those still living gazed at us with eyes that begged for a little of the mercy which it was hopeless for them to ask of the Arabs; and some cried feebly for water. Water we could give, and we did; and that was all that lay within our power to do. In all this there was nothing that is uncommon in war. But a revolting scene was being enacted at the moment when we entered, far exceeding in its savagery anything that has been known in the conflicts between nations during the past 120 years and happily rare even in earlier times. A long ambulance train full of sick and wounded Turks was drawn up in the station. In the cab of the engine was the dead driver and a mortally wounded fireman. The Arab soldiers were going through the train, tearing the clothing off the groaning and stricken Turks, regardless of gaping wounds and broken limbs, and cutting their victims throats. The atrocities which the Turks are said to have inflicted on the Arab people gave cause for vengeance. But it was a sight which no average civilized human being could bear unmoved. We quickly got together some of our men, turned all the Arabs off the train and piqueted it with our sentries. I then went with Foster to the Sherifian headquarters, followed by Lawrence. After exchanging a few words of greeting I suggested to the Arab Commander, Muri Bey, that during the

* It is with reluctance, the greater since he is no longer here, that I have felt obliged to rebut Lawrence's perverse account of this and of a subsequent alleged meeting. I have not done so before, because the occasion did not arise, and his disparagements did not affect me. But to pass it by unnoticed now that I am writing this story would be taken as an admission that the account is true. Furthermore, his remarks cast a wholly unjustified slur on the Indian troops whom I had the honour to command.

march to Damascus we should remain west of the railway and that his forces should keep east of it, the railway forming a convenient dividing line. He agreed. As I should be forced to withdraw all my people from Deraa as soon as we continued our march, I spoke to him about the railway train and asked him to take steps to prevent a continuation of the massacre directly our sentries left. He said he would see to it. I then left. Lawrence was present all the time but took no part in the conversation.

When it was ascertained that the Turks were not holding Deraa the division, with the exception of the 10th Cavalry Brigade, had turned towards Mezerib. It was, in any case, undesirable for more troops to enter Deraa on account of its extremely insanitary and disordered condition. The 10th Cavalry Brigade did all that lay in their power for the unfortunate Turks still alive in Deraa, dressed their wounds and made them as comfortable as circumstances permitted. They also burned a number of the dead and piqueted the station. Many of the horses were off-saddled that night for the first time, except for two hours, since they had left Jisr Mujamie.

Dawn of September 29th saw the division again on the move and heading for Damascus. The main body marched along the pilgrim road to Sheikh Miskin where it was joined by the 10th Cavalry Brigade (less one squadron left at Deraa to protect the wounded Turks from the Arabs and guard the captured rolling stock). Reports stated that the rear of the 4th Turkish Army retiring on Damascus had been in the Sheikh Miskin area on the preceding night. It was now 2 p.m. and hearing that there was good running water at Dilli and also hoping that we might catch up the Turkish rearguard, I decided to push on to that place—22 miles from Mezerib.

We were now traversing the western part of the Hauran, a treeless, desolate plain broken by outcrops of basalt and dotted with the remains of many ancient cities built of basalt blocks. The volcanic rocks reflected the burning rays of the sun and the exhalation from over 2,000 dead Turkish bodies and as many

or more animals poisoned the air. Abandoned carts and equipment were strewn all over the country. The Pilgrims road on which we were supposed to be marching was practically non-existent having been superseded by the railway. The only sign of a road visible for a great part of the way was the substructure of the old Roman road, remarkable for its solidity and permanence, but of no use to us because of its jagged and uneven surface. A track had to be prepared for the wheels in many places by moving aside huge blocks of basalt which barred the way and caused much delay. The work of the patrols was difficult and fatiguing.* The whole division bivouacked the night of September 29th/30th in the Dilli area.

The march was resumed on the 30th at dawn, the 11th Cavalry Brigade leading, followed by divisional troops, 12th Cavalry Brigade and 10th Cavalry Brigade. Kiswe had been given as the objective of the day's march—a distance of 32 miles. But on reaching Sanamein I came to the conclusion that it was inadvisable to try and make Kiswe on that day. The horses and transport were nearly worn out. They had not had any rest since leaving the Jordan Valley at Jericho. They had made long and trying marches; on many occasions they had remained saddled up all night, they had often been inadequately watered at long intervals; they had been on short rations since the morning that they went through the Gap. The men too, many of them carrying the germs of malaria, were beginning to show the effects of the long sojourn in the Jordan Valley that immediately preceded this phase of continuous fighting and hard work. There was no urgent tactical reason for pushing to the extent of exhaustion. The division therefore halted at 4.30 p.m. while the 11th Cavalry Brigade forming the advanced guard went 4 miles farther on to Khiyara.

Passing through the village of Ghabaghib I dismounted to eat my lunch of ration biscuit and cheese when suddenly from the door of the house by which I was standing a general officer

* Lawrence remarks in "Revolt in the Desert," that it irked Stirling and him to see the caution of our advance "Scouts scouting empty valleys, sections crowning every deserted hill, and screen drawn forward so carefully over friendly country." The reply to this criticism is so obvious to any soldier or even to a boy-scout as to need no comment.

in Turkish uniform appeared and said he wished to surrender himself. He was an Arab, Ali Riza Pasha Rikabi, who had been in command of the 6th Turkish Army Corps. He had taken the first opportunity to desert in order to join his own people. We took him along to Zerakiye and in the evening he rode out with me to some high ground from where we could see the hills covering Damascus to the south. He pointed out the heavy gun positions and said that when he was Governor of Damascus under the Turks at the beginning of the war, he had carefully selected these positions because, owing to their inaccessibility and distance from water, it was certain they would never be occupied!

About 5 p.m. the 11th Cavalry Brigade came into contact with some of the enemy at Khiyara and was lightly shelled by guns on Jebel el Mania. Khiyara was cleared by mounted action. A hostile column was then seen retiring on Kiswe round the west slope of Jebel el Mania. The Hants Battery shelled this column with apparent effect. Colonel Lawrence now appeared and begged Brigadier-General Gregory, to some cavalry to attack the column. It was obviously useless request as owing to the difficult nature of the ground and approaching darkness there was not a chance of being able to reach it. However, in order to appease Lawrence, who seemed very excited, a squadron of the Middlesex Yeomanry was sent off in the dusk and after an hour's futile exertion rejoined the brigade at Khan Denun, 11 miles from Damascus without having got anywhere near the enemy.*

Along our route from Deraa we passed hundreds of wounded and exhausted Turks and at least as many horses and transport animals dying of exhaustion as well as the carcasses of those already dead. We took on with us some of the worst wounded of the Turks but we had to ignore the entreaties of others to make prisoners of them for we had neither the food nor the transport. It was dreadful to think of the fate that awaited

* This is the whole story of the incident of which a flamboyant account appears on p. 197 of "Revolt in the Desert"—"Middlesex Yeomanry appeared and were pushed in among the Arabs to charge the Turkish rear, etc."

them at the hands of Arab and Bedouin, but we had no alternative.*

We were beginning to get short of food, and men and horses were going hungry. The 10th Cavalry Brigade had consumed one of the special emergency rations on the 27th. On the 28th the brigade consumed its second and the rest of the division the first emergency ration. We were fortunate in capturing 9 tons of barley at Irbid and also a small herd of cattle which we took along with us. At Deraa we succeeded in requisitioning some goats for the Indian troops and a little tiben for the horses.

On the 29th the 10th Cavalry Brigade drew a ration from the train to replace the second emergency ration already consumed on the 28th and the rest of the division consumed its second emergency ration. There was now left only the contents of 13 G.S. wagons and the iron ration which was finished by the division on the 30th. After that we were dependent on requisition until the arrival of the convoy on October 3rd. It was fortunate for us that we reached the rich district of Damascus where supplies, grain and fodder were to be had adequate in quantity and without much difficulty. The lorry convoy had been arranged and sent to join us at Jisr Mujamie on the 27th September. It had great difficulty in crossing the Wadi 2 miles south of Jisr Mujamie in spite of the efforts of reinforcements that were accompanying it and who worked all night of 27th/28th to make a passage. It only reached Jisr Mujamie on the afternoon of the 28th. It marched again at 7 a.m. on the 29th and in spite of all difficulties and almost impassable roads it arrived at Damascus on October 3rd. Had we been held up for two or three days we would have been in a parlous state without this convoy to fall back on. Its appearance at Damascus was most welcome.

* R. Graves, writes in "Lawrence and the Arabs": "Thousands of prisoners had been taken (in the vicinity of Deraa) by the Arabs. Most were boarded out in villages, some were handed over to the British who counted them again as their own captures." If it is meant that the prisoners were handed over to the 4th Cavalry division the statement is wrong. We really did not need to stoop to such a foolish subterfuge. We had not the means of feeding and transport to drag a crowd of prisoners along with us. As a matter of fact, it was the other way about, and we handed over to the Sherifians 700 prisoners whom we had taken between Jisr Mujamie and Deraa.

The work of the medical staff and ambulances during these arduous marches was performed with that unobtrusive efficiency to which we have become so accustomed that, because it is carried on behind the combatant line and therefore out of sight, we generally pass it unnoticed. On this occasion their task was immensely complicated by the fact that the division was completely cut off for the time being from the main army and had no line of communication. Evacuation of casualties down the line in the normal manner was therefore out of the question. In addition to the care of our own sick and wounded help was given to a number of Turks picked up on the way by carrying them to the nearest watering place and there leaving them.

We were on the move early on October 1st—breakfasted at 2.30 a.m. The H.Q. mess had brought along a small tent and outside this the breakfast was laid on a house door supported on two basalt blocks. I sent for Ali Riza Pasha to come and share the meal with us. He tripped over one of the tent ropes and fell head foremost on to our improvised table sending poached eggs, obtained with difficulty from a village, and steaming cocoa in a crashing heap to the ground. It was a sad sight but Ali Riza seemed to think it a huge joke and got up roaring so loudly with laughter that we were infected and could not help laughing too. In an incredibly short time our messman, a miner from Wales, and the cook produced some more eggs which were being kept for our next meal and cocoa, and soon all was well again. Ali Riza had been constantly urging me to let him go to join the Sherifans, but I would not agree as not knowing whether he was really the person he represented himself to be. He might have been a spy for all I knew and I always put him off by telling him he would be robbed and perhaps murdered by Bedouins if he left our protection. Now that we were within a march of Damascus I thought it safe to release him. When I next saw him he was Governor of Damascus, and he told me that I had been quite right. The Bedouins had robbed him of his money, watch and most of his clothes.

Going on ahead in the dark to join the advanced guard I met Lawrence for the first time since leaving Deraa, close to

Gregory's bivouack. He remarked: "That was a very pretty fight we had yesterday evening, General." I replied that I heard some guns firing but not having had any report of a fight from the Advanced Guard, I had concluded that it was nothing important.*

The Division marched at 3 a.m., crossed the Jebel el Aswad unopposed and came to rest amongst vineyards of muscatel grapes 4 miles south-west of Damascus city. For us the alarums of the Great War were ended, if not its "excursions."

In order to regularize what could not have been prevented a message was sent round authorizing everyone to help himself to as many grapes as he liked. After several days on dry and scanty rations men ate their fill with more zeal than discretion, and nosebags being filled, the horses devoured grapes with as much relish as the men.

There has been considerable discussion as to which troops were the first to enter Damascus. It is a question of no military value whatever. Whoever Chance brought first to the city were probably the first to enter.

The long sojourn in the Jordan Valley at Jericho and subsequently at Beisan now began to take toll. As long as there was an enemy to be faced an indomitable spirit had kept down the malaria germs which a large number of officers and men carried with them. With the reaction that followed the cessation of strenuous operations the germs asserted themselves and in a short time a large proportion of the division was laid low. Consequently, although we were able to get to Baalbek and beyond after a 3 days rest at Damascus the division which had commenced operations on 18th September up to full establishment could now only produce a sabre strength equivalent to one brigade.

* Colonel Lawrence relates ("Revolt in the Desert," p. 419): that after leaving Deraa he had ridden his camel across to where he saw me watering my horses at a stream and that "like other confirmed horsemen, he (Barrow) had been a little contemptuous of the camel . . ." He did not, of course, know when he wrote, that Indian Cavalry regiments used to have a certain number of riding camels on their establishments and that I had been accustomed to ride a camel myself when inspecting posts on the Indian frontier. Had he been aware of this it is probable that he would not have gone out of his way to record an incident which never took place outside his imagination.

I cannot conclude this account without paying a tribute to the work of the officers and men, combatant and administrative of the Yeomanry Mounted Division and the 4th Cavalry Division during the 1917 and 1918 campaign in Palestine. Fatigue, short rations, hardships often, discomfort always were met by the Yeomen with the good-humoured, high-hearted gallantry which has always been the hallmark of the British soldier, and by the Indian troopers with the confidence in their leaders and the ready courage that have made the reputation of the Indian Cavalry in bygone days and whose renown their present deeds have enhanced. British Yeoman and Indian trooper—all alike gave of their best. Their pride lay in self-sacrifice. Fortunate is the man who is called to command such troops; most fortunate is the country that can produce them.



*GENERAL JOHN MORGAN. A CONFEDERATE
CAVALRY RAIDER.*

By "SHABRACQUE."

WHENEVER Cavalry raids are discussed, there is one that is almost invariably mentioned and about which everyone has heard; that is General J. E. B. Stuart's famous raid round the Federal forces opposite Richmond during the American Civil War. Now the Confederates boasted another cavalry leader quite as dashing as Stuart, and his name for some queer reason has sunk into comparative obscurity while that of his contemporary has become correspondingly famous. His name was John Hunt Morgan, and in his day the fame of his daring exploits rang the length and breadth of the States and is still a legend in the country in which he operated. The damage he did to the Federals was enormous, and before he was killed at Greenville in Tennessee, he penetrated further North than any other Confederate commander, and for three years kept the Federal forces in Kentucky and Tennessee in a state of perpetual alarm and excitement.

He was born in 1825 in Alabama, but his family soon moved to Lexington in Kentucky, where he spent his life until the Civil War. In 1846, the Mexican war broke out, and Morgan at once enlisted in the 1st Kentucky Cavalry, but he saw very little fighting and at the close of the campaign he returned to Lexington where he had a business inherited from his grandfather.

Life in those days was a gay one in Lexington and Morgan was as handsome and dashing as any of the young bloods who lived in the famous Blue Grass country. His good nature was a by-word, and when any charitable enterprise was on foot, or when anyone was in trouble or financial difficulties, "Go to Captain Morgan" was the first thought that entered their heads.

In 1857 he organized a company of volunteer militia, called

the "Lexington Rifles" and every gentleman's son in the town flocked to join. Their motto, "Our Laws are the commands of our Captain" was hung up over the entrance to their Armoury and gives some indication of the admiration they bore for their leader. It was in command of 40 to 50 of this company, who had signified their will to go South with him, that he began his career as a cavalry leader in the Confederate Army.

When the Civil War broke out, the State of Kentucky endeavoured to remain neutral but this attitude it was found impossible to maintain. Both sides sent recruiting parties into the State and popular sympathy inclined somewhat towards the North. By September, 1861, the Union had established control over Kentucky and an order was issued for the disarming of all State guards and militias. Morgan was determined to save his arms at all costs. One night he assembled his company in their drill hall, and, loading two wagons with arms, drove them secretly out of the town towards the South. In the meantime, he drilled his men noisily in the hall in order to create the impression that his rifles were in use. The Federal troops were completely deceived, and the next morning, when they came to collect their spoil, they found the Armoury empty. An order for Morgan's arrest was issued immediately, but during that day he collected as many of his men who would accompany him and rode for the South. On the march he was joined by several other companies who had elected to fight for the Confederacy, and by common consent, he took command of the whole force. He reached the Confederate lines on September 30th at the head of some 200 men.

Morgan's men were a dashing, dare-devil crew, ready for any enterprise however wild. Born and bred among the horses of the famous Blue Grass country, they were fine natural riders and fighting to them was little more than a pastime. The officers were, for the most part, elected from the ranks by the men themselves or promoted for good work in the field. There were a few regular United States officers who had resigned their commissions to fight for the South. Arms were very scarce, and for powder and shot they often had to rely upon what they

could capture. Several engagements, which were on the verge of success, had to be broken off, and the enemy left to retreat unharrassed owing to lack of ammunition at the crucial moment. It was almost impossible to obtain a regular pattern of rifle for the whole command, but when it could be got the men preferred the "medium Enfield," as it was both handy and accurate. They had no faith in the new breechloaders that were now making their appearance, as after one or two shots, the cartridge had a habit of sticking in the breech. The officers also maintained that once the men were trained to load and fire a muzzle loader, they became much steadier in action. If a man was cool enough to load his gun, he would be cool enough to take an accurate aim, but if he only had to stick a cartridge in the breech, he would be tempted to fire fast and wildly.

The winter of 1861-62 was spent in organizing the command and carrying out skirmishes and raids into Federal country, paving the way for the expeditions to come. His force soon grew large, for at that time, men were allowed to enlist under whichever commander they chose, and Morgan's activities appealed to all the most dashing. Previous to his arrival, the cavalry had been almost useless and was practically entirely confined to doing picket duty. Morgan at once realized the error in these tactics and the waste of employing cavalry on duties that could well be done by the infantry. Although he had little experience of actual warfare and no military training he quickly saw how the cavalry was being misused. In the last big war, the Crimean, the cavalry was employed either as scouts or in shock action. Morgan realized that in the thickly wooded and mountainous country in which he was operating, there would be little or no opportunity for Balaklava-like tactics. The method of fighting he devised was almost exactly that of present-day cavalry in dismounted action. He would gallop forward to a position, the men would dismount and take up positions in a long firing line. One man from every four would act as horseholder. A small mounted reserve was kept in the rear to act on the flanks, cover a retreat or press a victory. When on the move, he had a permanently detailed advanced guard of specially picked men,

and to be chosen for the advanced guard became a much sought after honour. It marched about 900 yards ahead of the main body, with six advanced points spread out ahead and three "vedettes" as connecting files. There was also a regular drill for reconnoitring and picketing cross-roads or forks while the main body passed.

Scouting also was not neglected, and during periods of comparative quiet, he used to send men on frequent expeditions behind the Federal lines to note and report on anything they saw and to harrass any body of troops within their power. He also organized frequent night attacks on the Federal pickets, a practice, which for some reason, the Federal officers much condemned.

On one occasion, with five men, he penetrated some sixty miles inside the Federal lines, to Lebanon, where several regiments were stationed and a considerable quantity of stores. Disguising his men with captured greatcoats, he marched into the town and burned the dépôt. He was chased back by two squadrons of Federal cavalry but managed to cross the Green River (the boundary) by boat, just as the Federals reached the bank. He brought back with him nine prisoners and several trophies. It was expeditions such as these that instilled into the Union Army in the West, a very healthy respect for "Morgan's Men," as they never knew when or where he would turn up next. Colonel Basie Duke, his biographer, says of this period, "that although greatly inferior in dash and execution to the subsequent cavalry operations of the West, this service of Morgan's was much superior in both, to anything which had up to that time been attempted by either side, and it served to educate Morgan's men and Morgan himself for the successful conduct of more daring and far more important enterprises."

In January, 1862, the Confederate line in the West ran along the Cumberland River, but in that month began the great Federal outflanking movement which, culminating in Sherman's march through Georgia, was to end the war. By April, the Confederates had been driven behind the Tennessee River and an attempt to regain the lost territory failed at the battle of Shiloh. But

the Federal advance was held up and the invading Army seriously crippled. Directly after the battle, Morgan applied for, and was granted, leave to make a raid into Middle Tennessee. This was his first real long-distance raid and it very nearly ended in disaster. His outposts were surprised during the night, at Lebanon, on the Cumberland River, and although Morgan managed to extricate some hundred men, one hundred and twenty were captured after a desperate battle lasting several hours. His haul, however, was not inconsiderable for a first attempt, as he succeeded in burning a train of 40 wagons full of stores and carrying off some 8,000 dollars in specie.

The next two months, May and June were spent in reorganizing the command at Chattanooga and Knoxville. In this he was helped by an English soldier of fortune, St. Leger Grenfel, whom he made his Adjutant-General. This officer had served the French in North Africa as a Chasseur d'Afrique, under the British in the Crimea and Mutiny and under Garibaldi in the Argentine, so he was well fitted for the task of disciplining Morgan's somewhat unruly command. All Morgan's great successes occurred while Grenfel was with him. Ultimately the two quarrelled and Grenfel left him to become Inspector-General of Cavalry and the terror of the entire front. From that day Morgan's star began its decline.

On July 4th, 1862, Morgan moved out of Knoxville on another raid, with a command of about 850 men, of which at least 200 were unarmed and many more badly mounted. He reached Tomkinsville on the 8th and after a brief battle, lasting ten minutes, routed the Regiment holding the town. In the engagement he lost only one man. After burning all the stores and equipment the town held and remounting his men on the horses he found there, he moved on to Lebanon. The town was surrendered by the commandant after a slight skirmish. Large quantities of arms and ammunition were found and distributed to his men and all the stores the town contained were destroyed.

Still pressing on North, Morgan arrived at Harrodsburg on a Sunday morning. The town was one of distinctly Southern

sympathies, and the whole population turned out to do him honour. From there, he sent out two detachments, one to burn the bridges on the Kentucky railway, and the other to destroy the bridges on the Louisville-Lexington road and to give the impression that the command was heading for Louisville. Louisville was the Headquarters of the Union in Kentucky and there absolute panic prevailed. No one seemed to know where Morgan was or how many men he had with him. The telegraph hummed furiously and one wire, sent in the panic stated: "Morgan has invaded the State with 3,000 men and is burning and robbing everywhere." Morgan added to the general confusion by tapping the telegraph himself. He received a message from the General in Lexington destined for the commander in Frankfort, giving his exact position. This would never do, so he wired back to Lexington that "Morgan was moving in the direction of Frankfort." This message he followed up by another, purporting to come from Frankfort: "Tell General Ward that our pickets are just driven in. Great excitement. Pickets say enemy force must be 2,000." Then, leaving this commotion behind him, he pushed on North to Georgetown, where he remained two days to rest his men and horses. He was, however, by no means idle during those two days, and detachments were sent out to destroy supplies and railway bridges between Lexington and Paris.

The detachments which he had sent out previously now rejoined, their missions having been accomplished, and not content with the havoc he had already committed, Morgan determined to push on to Cynthiana. Here he met with considerable resistance. To reach the town he had to cross the South Fork of the Licking River. There was a bridge over the river, and beside it, a ford. A mile up the river was another ford, and to this he sent a squadron with orders to work round the enemy's rear while he forced the bridge. This he succeeded in doing in the face of a most galling fire, St. Leger Grenfel leading the final charge. The Federals were completely routed with a loss of over 100 killed and 400 captured. At 2 o'clock on the same afternoon, he headed South, leaving his wounded in the hands of local sympathisers.

The Federals were now closing in on him and he had to force the pace, but even so, he found time to turn aside at Crab Orchard and capture and burn 130 government wagons full of stores and to destroy the arms and ammunition. On July 23rd he was safely back across the Cumberland River, but before he crossed he sent a telegraph to the Federal General Boyle: "Good morning, Jerry; this telegraph is a great institution. You should destroy it as it keeps me too well posted."

This galvanized Boyle into some show of activity and he telegraphed Secretary Stanton at Washington to the effect that: "Morgan passed through Somerset. I have ordered General Smith to drive Morgan out of the State."

The results of this raid are best summed up in the words of Morgan's official report:—

"... having been absent just 24 days, during which time I travelled over 1,000 miles, captured 17 towns, destroyed all government arms and supplies in them, dispersed about 1,500 Home Guards and paroled nearly 1,200 regular troops. I lost killed, wounded or missing, of the number I carried into Kentucky, about ninety." Even allowing for a certain amount of exaggeration and the fact that he had many sympathisers, this was no mean achievement.

After a brief rest to reorganize and refit, Morgan was ordered out to surprise the garrison at Gallatin and destroy the tunnels on the Louisville-Nashville railroad just north of the town. This railway was of considerable importance to the Federals as it was their main line of communication from the North. From July 1st, 1862, to July 1st, 1863, it was only open for seven months owing to the damage done to it by Confederate raids. "All the bridges and trestle works were destroyed during the year, some twice, some three times. In addition to this, most of the water stations, several depôts and a large number of cars were burnt, a number of engines badly damaged and a tunnel in Tennessee filled up for a distance of 800 yards." This statement was made by the Superintendent in his "History of the Railroad during the Civil War." The fact that the railroad was open for so long in the face of such

depredations, shows how important it was considered by the Federals and the energy with which they repaired it.

Morgan approached Gallatin from the rear and immediately sent a party into the town to capture the commander, Colonel Boone. This gentleman was persuaded to write an order to the officer of the day telling him to surrender the garrison in order to prevent "an effusion of blood." This order was carried out and some 200 prisoners and many officers were captured, together with a loaded freight train of eighteen cars. The railway bridge between Gallatin and Nashville was destroyed and a tunnel six miles long was rendered impassable for some months. These operations were too much for the Federals to swallow, and a force of 700 picked cavalry under General Johnston was sent out to round up Morgan. A sharp battle ensued in which the Federals were completely routed with a loss of over 300 killed, wounded or captured. The General and his staff were included in the bag of prisoners. Morgan's success was due to the rapid and accurate fire of his men, which broke up the Federal sabre charges before they could come to grips. Out of 700 men Morgan only lost seven killed and eighteen wounded.

The Confederates now began a drive into Tennessee with the object of destroying Buell's army at Nashville. Bragg left Chattanooga for Murfreesboro' and Kirby Smith moved from Knoxville aiming for the Ohio. While Morgan was at Harts-ville, shortly after his action with Johnston, he received a message from Kirby Smith to meet him in Lexington. Morgan's men were in the highest spirits. They had just defeated the pick of the Federal cavalry in the west with considerable loss were now riding back as victors into their beloved Blue Grass country. They reached Lexington to be fêted by the whole town. To meet the Confederate advance, Buell concentrated his army at Louisville. Ten thousand men were killed in the murderous battle which ensued. Both sides claimed the victory, but as far as the Confederates were concerned, it was barren. Bragg had been completely out-generalled by Buell, and he was forced to retire back behind the Tennessee. Morgan, his command now

increased to 1,800, remained behind in Kentucky. He marched round the rear of Buell's army, burning a long wagon train of supplies. Returning south by way of Gallatin, he indulged in another orgy of bridge burning on the unfortunate Louisville-Nashville railway, before he gained contact with Bragg's army in Murfreesboro'.

The year closed with yet another raid, this time directed against the Federal garrison at Hartsville, which numbered about 2,500 men. Morgan's force was barely over 1,000 but by a brilliant dawn attack he captured 1,800 prisoners and a supply train. His loss was about 125, but he left 400 Federal troops dead and wounded behind him when he retired. The Confederates were greatly elated and Morgan was promoted Brigadier-General.

That December, two events occurred to which are attributed the subsequent decline in Morgan's fortunes. The first was his marriage to a lovely Southern girl, and the second was the resignation from the command of St. Leger Grenfel. The wedding was a brilliant affair attended by President Jefferson Davis himself, Bragg, the Commander of the Army and his Corps Commanders. The marriage ceremony was performed by General Polk with his Bishop's canonicals put on over his General's uniform. That evening "St. Leger Grenfel was in a high state of delight; although he regretted General Morgan's marriage—thinking it would render him less enterprising—he declared, that a wedding at which an Episcopal Bishop militant, clad in a General's uniform, officiated, and the Chief of an Army and his Corps Commanders were guests, certainly ought not to soften a soldier's temper. On his way home he sang Moorish songs . . . and was as mild and agreeable as if someone was going to be killed."* Unfortunately his good humour did not last for long. The next day, Davis himself ordered Morgan out on a raid into Kentucky with 4,000 men and St. Leger Grenfel refused to accompany them, Whether he did this out of pique at not being given a Brigade or whether he disagreed with the

* "History of Morgans Cavalry." Col. Basil Duke.

project will never be known, but from that day Morgan's luck began to run out.

Rosenkranz had now relieved Buell in command of the Federal Army, and he had concentrated his forces at Nashville. The Confederates lay at Murfreesboro'. A battle was fought there on December 30th, but Morgan and his four thousand, which might just have turned the scales in the Confederates' favour, were absent. Bragg had sent desperate messages to recall him when the clash was imminent but the couriers never reached him, as by then he was over a hundred miles away. But he drew after him nearly 5,000 infantry and 2,000 cavalry and it was only after a stern rearguard action that he managed to escape across the Rolling Fork river. While on this raid, he accounted for two thousand feet of railway bridging and captured 1,800 prisoners. But both men and horses were exhausted and it was many weeks before they were again fit for service after the hardships of that winter raid.

After the battle of Murfreesboro' both armies went into winter quarters, and Morgan's cavalry were given a hundred and twenty miles of front to watch. The winter was very hard and both men and horses fell off in condition. Food was getting scarce, and apples were being sold for as much as 50 cents. each. To relieve the pressure, two of Morgan's regiments were sent to winter in Kentucky, where they managed to maintain themselves somewhat precariously till April. But in spite of the desperate weather, the cavalry line was never quiet and raids and skirmishes were almost daily occurrences. Morgan, however, was rarely with his men, as he now had a lovely wife and she demanded his attention, as wives will. For this reason, he began to lose some of his old prestige and to regain it, set off with 50 men to burn the supply depôt at Nashville. He dressed his men in blue union overcoats and tried to pass them off as Federals. This ruse had succeeded before, but this time a sharp-sighted Union captain caught a glimpse of grey under the coats and Morgan barely escaped with his life.

In March, 1863, one of his garrisons in the line was attacked by an overwhelming force and compelled to retire. Morgan was

ten miles away when the news reached him, but he covered these ten miles with his men strung out in a cheering mob behind him. The effect of his arrival was electric, and notwithstanding the fact that both horses and men were exhausted by their furious ride, Morgan had arrived, and the Federal attack was beaten off. But as so often happened with the Confederate Army, ammunition ran out at the crucial moment and although the Federals retired, they could not be followed up. That winter Bragg wrote somewhat ominously to Johnston:—"I fear Morgan is overcome by too large a command: with a Regiment or a small Brigade, he did more and better service than with a Division." Subsequent events were soon to prove him right.

The command was concentrated by June and the two Regiments rejoined from Kentucky. On the 10th of that month Morgan announced to his assembled officers that he intended to make a raid into Ohio. A certain amount of mystery hangs over this raid. At the time, Bragg's army was being threatened by overwhelming Union forces under Rosenkranz, and although he gave Morgan permission to operate in Kentucky, he definitely forbade him to cross the Ohio. Now, much as Morgan liked working alone, and knowing Bragg's precarious position, it is highly improbable that he would have deliberately disobeyed his orders and taken the Division so far afield. A theory put forward is that Jefferson Davis had heard that the State of Ohio was seriously disaffected, and by sending Morgan with his strong and now famous troops behind him, he hoped to raise a rebellion against the Union. That Davis sent Morgan secret instructions (as he had done once previously) can indeed be the only explanation of his disobedience of Bragg's orders. On July 2nd, 1863, Morgan moved out across the Cumberland at Burkesville with 2,400 men. Ten days previously another Confederate cavalry leader set out on a raid that was to become world-famous. J. E. B. Stuart began his ride round the Union Army in Pennsylvania.

On July 4th Morgan reached the Green River but the bridge was held by some 400 Federals and his attack failed. Nothing daunted, he crossed by a nearby ford and pushed on to Lebanon.

After a sharp skirmish, in which one of his young brothers was killed, the town surrendered. But there was no time for stopping now as the Federals were gathering behind them. The telegraph was working overtime preparing the States ahead and his force was estimated at between four to five thousand. He reached the Ohio at Brandenburg two days later, and immediately a bridgehead was secured by two Regiments, but no sooner had they got across than a Union gunboat appeared round a bend in the river, and opened fire on both banks. Morgan was seriously alarmed as he did not know what enemy forces there might be on the far bank, but luck was with him. All the gunboat's shells burst short, and when her ammunition had run out, she turned back up the river and the interrupted crossing was resumed. That night, when all had crossed, Morgan, with one of his theatrical gestures, burned the boats.

Once across the Ohio, looting broke out on an unprecedented scale, and Morgan and his officers were powerless to stop it:—St. Leger Grenfel, the iron disciplinarian, had gone. With the looting came demoralization and straggling and the command was strung out for miles along the hot dusty road. Still they pushed on! They were averaging 21 hours in the saddle now. Indiana was thoroughly alarmed, as there were 6,000 Confederate prisoners in Indianapolis and the Governor feared that Morgan would seize the city and release them. Eleven hundred recruits were hurriedly raised to cope with the situation. Morgan, however, turned westwards in the hopes of reaching Cincinnati before his pursuers. If he could do this he hoped he would be safe, as he could outride the Federal cavalry and infantry could not be moved by rail in sufficient force to cut him off from the river. He reached Cincinnati on the 13th of July but he rode round the town, as his men and horses were so exhausted that he dared not risk a fight. The news of their coming was going before them now, and his telegraph operator, tapping the wires, learned that trees were being felled across the roads to delay their advance and allow the pursuit to catch up.

This July the whole Union was in a turmoil and there were anti-war riots in every big town. Ohio and Indiana were honey-

combed with secret societies of Southern sympathy, but they would not rise. Both States had had experience of Morgan's men and would not follow a leader who allowed his men to loot their homes and plunder their countryside. Morgan's name was losing its magic.

They reached the Ohio river at Chester on the 18th and began to cross. But the weather was against them and the river was in flood, which made crossing difficult. The pursuit caught them when some 300 were on the far bank. In the ensuing fight, the confusion was appalling. They were almost surrounded on the bank and were being shelled by gunboats from the river. The position was desperate and it looked as if their last hour had come, but in some remarkable manner Morgan was able to extricate about a thousand men and continue his wild march. But he left seven hundred as prisoners behind him. For six more days the remnants struggled on seeking to evade their relentless pursuers. But even their endurance had its limits and they were compelled to surrender at East Liverpool, as both men and horses were completely exhausted.

Although Morgan and his officers had been granted their parole by their captor, this was disallowed by the U.S. Government. With the anger that is born of fear, they were ordered to be confined as common felons in the Civil Penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio, while the men were sent to proper prisoner-of-war camps. To Morgan's officers, Kentucky gentlemen, who had led, for the last two years, a life of activity and excitement, the sentence was little better than death. In spite of vigorous and continued protests, they were treated as convicts and had to submit to the degradation of having their hair and beards shaved as such. Morgan and six of his officers immediately set about trying to escape and they succeeded in getting clear on November 24th. The method they employed is a mystery to this day. When they reached the Confederate lines, all seven told an identical story of how they had dug a tunnel under the prison walls and made their way out through it and over the walls under cover of darkness. But in 1913 excavations were made under the walls of the penitentiary, and only six feet of

tunnel was discovered. Beyond those six feet was virgin soil. The inference is that they managed to bribe their way out and circulated the story of the tunnel to shield their accomplices in the prison. In this they were successful, for although the prison warden was transferred, he went unpunished.

Morgan spent that winter in the Confederate capital, Richmond, recruiting men and money. A subscription list was opened to mount a command for him and 4,000 dollars was rapidly collected. His name was still one to conjure with in the South. With men he was not so successful, as by this time the South was very hard put to it to fill its ranks. Desertion was rife and discipline was going from bad to worse, but somehow, with a nucleus of his old command behind him, he managed to collect 2,500 men, ruffians and desperadoes as they were.

With this force behind him, he was sent out to defend the salt works and lead mines in Virginia. These works, of the greatest importance to the Confederates, were threatened in May by two converging Union columns, and Morgan, with a flash of his old genius, defeated both in detail. But it was the final flare before the candle went out. Morgan yearned to be off on his own again and at the end of May, he announced his intention of leading yet another raid into Kentucky in the hopes of raising the State for the Confederacy and recruiting men and horses. After a terrible march across the mountains, in which they covered 150 miles in seven days, they reached Mount Sterling. The town was captured without a shot, 300 prisoners being taken and a large quantity of stores burned. That night, a terrible orgy of looting and drinking broke out. The bank was robbed of 80,000 dollars, and women had their jewellery torn off them in the streets. Retribution followed swiftly. At 3 o'clock in the morning, they were attacked by a Federal force under Burbridge and completely surprised, with the greatest difficulty and after heavy losses, they extricated themselves, leaving the victorious Federals across their natural line of retreat. There was nothing for it but to push on deeper into Kentucky. Cynthiana was captured and part of the town

burned in the fight. Burbridge was now close on his heels with double his number of men. Morgan was in desperate straits. He fought an action with Burbridge but his ammunition gave out and after suffering heavy losses, he managed to effect a retreat back into Virginia.

Morgan returned to the Confederacy with both his reputation and command almost ruined. Ugly rumours were circulating about the conduct of his men at Mount Sterling, and an inquiry was appointed to examine the affair by the Government. Morgan, disregarding the rumours, set about reorganizing the command, but this was now even more difficult than before. He suggested that he should co-operate with another Confederate cavalry leader, Wheeler, and carry out a raid on Sherman's long lines of communication. Lee would not permit the move, but rumours of it reached the Union commanders in Tennessee and Kentucky and they appealed wildly for reinforcements. Sherman, however, was not impressed and refused the request. He was too great a soldier to be put off his purpose by the mere threat of a raid.

Not permitted to carry out this project, Morgan determined to attack the enemy before him, and drive them back behind Bull's Gap. He marched out of Jonesboro' on September 2nd with 1,600 men and made for Greenville. He arrived there in a blinding storm of rain and it was late at night before his men were in bivouac before the town. Morgan and his staff established their headquarters in the biggest house in the town. Thirty miles away, Gillem, the Union commander, received reports of Morgan's dispositions and determined to attack him at once. He marched out of Bull's Gap with 600 men "in rain so torrential that only vivid and almost constant lightning made it possible to march." Morgan had, by some oversight, left one road into the town unguarded, and down this, just after dawn, dashed Gillem's men. Morgan and his staff, hearing sounds of firing, left the house, only to find the town full of Federals and every avenue of escape blocked. They took refuge in a nearby church cellar, and one of the staff urged Morgan to surrender, but he said it was useless, as they had sworn never to take him

alive. Gillem's men smashed their way into the church, but as they did so, Morgan and his staff escaped by another door. As they scattered into some nearby bushes a woman, who was watching from the window of an adjacent house, screamed "There he is; that is Morgan" and a Federal trooper shot him down at point-blank range. At this very moment a rescue party of 25 men dashed into the town and in the ensuing confusion, two of the staff escaped, but the remainder were captured. The confederates, demoralized by the death of their leader, and thrown into confusion by the surprise of the attack, were easily driven back. The men of Morgan's old command wished to fight to the last to avenge him, but retreat was insisted upon, and they retired to Jonesboro'. The enemy only followed them up for a short way.

How Gillam knew the exact location of Morgan's headquarters and the unguarded route into the town, is still uncertain. The town was violently Union in sympathy and there must have been many who could have given him the information, although there is no mention of how he received it in his official report. It was widely stated at the time that he was betrayed by the lady whose house it was, but there was very little foundation for that gossip.

Morgan's body was stripped of its clothing by the exulting Federal troopers, and left lying in a ditch, but as soon as Gillem heard of the outrage, he caused it to be handed over to the captured Confederate officers. Later, it was sent to the Confederates under a flag of truce and was buried with all military honours at Richmond. Morgan's fellow raider, Stuart, and the fighting Bishop, Polk, were already lying there. The sands of the Confederacy were fast running out now, but the ragged remnants of Morgan's men were formed into a Brigade under Duke, his brother-in-law, and fought on to the bitter end. Before the close of the war, once again they carried war into the enemy country, and by twice defeating Gillem, they avenged their gallant leader.

*THE QUALITIES AND FAILINGS OF NAPOLEON'S
CAVALRY.*

By "THISTLE."

THE cavalry of Napoleon at its best was never as highly trained in shock action as the cavalry of Frederic the Great. Colonel Maude in his "Cavalry: Its Past and Future" says: "The French cavalry only began to make itself respected in 1800—that is to say by its opponents—and even after Austerlitz was by no means sure of itself." Jomini (who should know), states definitely that the French cavalry never equalled the Austrian, German or Russian cavalry in horsemanship, organization, or in the care of animals. It is most probable, that this mention of the Russians was due to the fact that he had entered the service of the Czar, after deserting that of Napoleon.

It is doubtful whether Napoleon, in any circumstances, could have raised the standard of training of French cavalry to that of Frederic's cavalry. Discipline in the French Army subsequent to the Revolution was poor. The officers had not the same authority over the men as is the case in armies where the officers and men are drawn from different social classes. The senior officers were in any case mostly products of the revolution and even when scions of the old nobility, as subsequently was the case, began to become reconciled to the new régime and enter the army as officers, the spirit of the revolution was still strong enough in the army to prevent the fact of better birth and breeding from carrying with it the usual authority which an officer of an upper class have over a rank and file drawn from the people.

Besides this, the French Army from 1805 to 1815 was nearly always at war. Squadrons consisting of well-trained men on well-trained horses can neither be organised or maintained at strength during extended active operations; where there generally is no opportunity of collective training of large bodies. Nothing destroys cavalry efficiency in close order drill and manœuvre like constant campaigning.

Captain Nolan writes :—"The French cavalry at last defeated the Austrians at the battle of Hochstedt in the year 1800; gained by degrees a complete ascendancy over all other continental cavalry; and in spite of its many inherent defects, contributed, in no small degree to Napoleon's successes in the field until their victorious career was buried with them in the snows of Russia in 1812."

Captain Nolan goes on to say : "Napoleon tried to give his cavalry the same part to act in battle as Frederic the Great had given to his; but he organised them differently: and widely different were the results. Napoleon's horsemen were not at home in their saddles; they were heavily equipped and could not move at speed: he therefore formed them into very large masses which obtained the curious name of *Corps d' Armée de Cavalerie*. In the large Corps he attached guns to each regiment, and used deep formations for attack; thus his cavalry played a secondary part to the artillery; its movements were cramped, its approach necessarily slow, and as it was always heralded with its own cannon, the enemy were seldom taken by surprise (except at Marengo), but had time to prepare a reception which cost the French masses of horse very dear. Still his horsemen mostly clad in defensive armour were poured on slowly but in irresistible numbers, and thus, regardless of loss of life, Napoleon by their means won many a field. Even allowing for all the brilliancy of Murat, it may be doubted whether he had one cavalry general whom Frederic the Great would have called good."

Nolan is inclined to minimise the skill of the leaders, and does not assign the real reason for the absence of skilful manœuvre.

This was the inability of the units to carry out changes of direction without losing order and cohesion. Nor does he grasp the reason which decided the Emperor to employ masses in battle.

Napoleon himself, not having been trained as a cavalry officer, could not supervise the training of individuals and squadrons like a general who had been brought up in that arm. However, he realized the necessity of individual training, and formed in France a number of cavalry training schools. The school at Saumur had been organized prior to the Revolution but soon after his assumption of authority as First Consul, other schools were organized. One was formed at Versailles. At these the system of training laid down by Frederic the Great was followed, as far as it was understood.

De Marbot in his *Memoires* mentions that he was detailed to attend one of these schools as a student. He relates with glee that he was able to escape from it after one term. De Marbot was a very keen soldier, but it does not seem to have occurred to him that what was being taught at the school would improve his efficiency as a cavalryman. It is also instructive to note a course at the school was followed by a tour of duty at a cavalry depot, so the course must have dealt with the elementary training of remounts and recruits, rather than with the training of the personnel of squadrons of the field army.

As the only hope of promotion in the Imperial army lay in service in the field, a keen ambitious officer would naturally try to avoid attending such schools, and the tendency must have been for the students to be drawn from that class of officer who in war time prefers depot duty. Such a state of affairs is of itself sufficient to prevent any school from having much influence on the thought of an army. Veterans trained in war have seldom much respect for the ideas of theorists from depots. In an army which had been at war for many years like that of the Emperor, where a large proportion of the officers had little or no education, but owed their position to personality or perhaps mere physical courage, this feeling was accentuated. It is only too probable that such men would regard with contempt

any theory or practice, which had for its basis the idea that cavalry efficiency was based on the individual training of men and horses given at depots, rather than on actual experience in the field.

Napoleon realized the limitations of the French cavalry. In the operations prior to the battle of Jena (where the decadence of the Prussian cavalry was first exposed), he shrank from exposing his cavalry to the risk of a defeat.

The battle tactics of Napoleon's cavalry were very simple. There was little or no manœuvre because the French cavalry were not well enough trained to attempt anything elaborate. The masses were formed up in column. There were successive lines, placed one behind the other. These columns could take ground to the right or left if necessary. Movements were executed at the trot. The force of their charge was derived from the onset of the successive lines.

Cavalry attacking dismounted men use a similar formation to-day except that the lines are in extended order. It is however and always has been an unsuitable formation for attacking mounted men.

It is to be borne in mind that the heavy cavalry of the French Empire was not trained to charge a pace faster than a trot. Part of the reason for this was undoubtedly the lack of opportunity to train them to maintain order and cohesion at a faster pace. Constant campaigning prevented time being made available. Another undoubted reason was the lack of trained instructors, and the lack of discipline in the French army. This made the high standard of individual training of man and horse, required for the charge at the gallop, impossible to attain. If on occasions their regulation trot finally turned into a gallop it was because of the lack of control of the riders over their horses.

Colonel Maude in an essay on "Cavalry versus Infantry" gives an extract from a book on cavalry tactics by Colonel Graf von Bismarck (of the Wurtemberg cavalry), whose regiment rode alongside the French cuirassiers in a charge at Eckmühl.

He says—

“ Meanwhile the cuirassier divisions had followed at a trot, and met the attack of the Austrian reserve cavalry in so brilliant a fashion that the infantry of Lannes’ corps halted to cheer them. The cuirassiers laid special stress on riding boot to boot, and never moved at a faster pace than the trot. One constantly heard from their ranks the officers speaking to the men, not commanding, Serrez, Cuirassieurs Serrez! Just before closing with the enemy the generals and colonels again repeated the command ‘ En avant, Marche! Marche! ’ which was repeated by all the men, but the pace was never increased. This ‘ En avant ’ was only the French equivalent of the Russian ‘ Hurrah. ’ ”

From de Brack’s book it is quite clear that the French light cavalry did carry out attacks at the gallop, but the light cavalry was not really either intended for, or often used for, shock action in a pitched battle.

The following extracts from “ Conversations on Cavalry ” by Prince zu-Hohenlohe Ingelfingen gives a German opinion on Napoleon’s cavalry :—(“ H ” is the Prince himself while “ S ” is General Snaft von Pilsach).

“ H ” : But, surely, cavalry although its individual training may be incomplete, can be used to advantage in masses, provided it is led according to the principles of Frederic the Great.

“ S ” : Allow me to dispute this point.

“ H ” : Take Murat for instance; the individual training of his cavalry was below mediocrity, yet it achieved many a great success.

“ S ” : Murat did not lead his cavalry at all according to the principles of Frederic the Great; he formed deep massive columns and put them in action towards the point of attack. Not one of the horsemen of these masses would have been able to give his horse another direction, had he meant to do so. Besides Murat attacked at a trot to preserve the close formation; that was not in accordance with the principles of the great King either.

“ S ” : I admit the fact that the men had no control of their horses. My own uncle, who brought up a brigade against

Murat's great attack at Leibertwolkwitz, told me that his horse ran away with him (he had just mounted a troop horse, his own having been killed). It galloped with him towards Murat's masses and passed them within ten paces. The hostile horsemen cursed him and struck at him, but not a single one had sufficient control over his horse to approach him, and all rushed on in the direction once taken in the wild, deep mass, without order and without stop. Hence it would seem that, although Murat started the cavalry at a trot, it became voluntarily or involuntarily a runaway at full speed. Nor did they remain closed up, at least they did not preserve order, for my uncle describes them as "a wild runaway mob."

The description of course related to 1813 after the cavalry of the French Grand Army had been destroyed in Russia; it would be unfair to assume that the cavalry of Austerlitz and Jena were of this standard. When all is said and done, despite the manifold faults pointed out by the German writer, the French cavalry had met and defeated the Prussian cavalry in battle, despite its tradition of high individual training. Whatever its faults, the French cavalry at least proved its merits on the battlefield, and was greatly feared and respected.

Strangely enough Sir Evelyn Wood includes this very action of Leibertwolkwitz amongst the two incidents of notable French cavalry exploits of 1813. He says at Dresden, Murat with ten thousand cavalry, and Victor's army corps in support, made a charge which killed and wounded four thousand and took twelve thousand prisoners; at Wachau (near Leipsic) Murat with six thousand cavalry captured twenty-six guns, but owing to want of supports, was driven back by one enemy regiment and lost all the fruits of the victory except two guns.

The latter action is apparently that of Leibertwolkwitz mentioned by Hohenlohe. It is strange that Sir Evelyn should class it as "An Achievement of Cavalry," as in this case bad leading, as much as the indifferent quality of the cavalry brought about its ultimate defeat.

The real value of Napoleon's cavalry lay neither in training

nor in its discipline. It was formidable because of its high morale, its skilful direction and its extensive war experience. Its leaders, although mostly quite young, were victors of many a stricken field, and they had risen from obscurity to eminence by reason of their inherent talents, courage and personality.

The morale of Napoleon's cavalry is well illustrated by the affair at Somo-Sierra on 30th November, 1808, where Montbrun (then a general-of-division temporarily in disgrace) was given a chance to retrieve his fortunes. With a regiment of Polish light cavalry he charged a defile in the mountains, defended by an entrenched battery. The cavalry captured the defile and sixteen guns. There was no generalship or manœuvring here: the spirit of the cavalry gained this victory. A full account of this action is given by Sir Evelyn Wood in his "Achievements of Cavalry."

While the disaster in Russia was due to many causes, indiscipline must take a high place. The horses were overloaded with finery and unnecessary articles; very little attention was paid to horse-mastership. During the advance the French cavalry swarmed over the country like a flight of locusts and ate it up. One can understand that food was difficult to obtain during the retreat from Russia, but only five thousand horsemen out of ninety-five thousand reached Moscow. The lack of food and fodder cannot be held altogether responsible for the colossal casualties among the cavalry during the advance.

Baron de Marbot appears to have maintained in his own regiment a standard of discipline above the average and it can be seen from his memoirs that this regiment (even allowing for the fact that it did not actually go to Moscow), suffered far smaller losses in proportion than was the average case. Sir Evelyn in his "Cavalry in the Waterloo campaign" mentions that the 4^{ième} Lanciers entered Russia six hundred strong and returned with only one officer and seventeen other ranks. The lack of discipline in the French cavalry was an inheritance of the revolution. It was to a great extent unavoidable, but it was the greatest defect of Napoleon's cavalry.

THE CAPTURE OF GHAZNI, 1839.

By "ZARIF."

JUST under one hundred years ago, Lord Palmerston, the British Foreign Secretary, was setting the ears of young civil servants in the Foreign Office a-tingle with horrible predictions of a Russian attempt to invade the plains of India through Afghanistan. So much did it prey upon their fears that they sent a despatch to the Governor-General of India, Lord Auckland, conjuring him to keep a very watchful eye on Dost Mohamed, who had wrested the Afghan throne from Shah Sujah, to do his utmost to seduce Dost Mohamed from his Russian flirtation by promises of commercial treaties and giving him "carte blanche" to "adopt any other measures that may appear desirable" should it appear to him "that the time had arrived to interfere decidedly in the affairs of Afghanistan."

Of the methods adopted by Lord Auckland to obey these instructions, of the unsound strategical plan which was adopted by the Government in spite of strong opposition from the Commander-in-Chief, of the Government's decision to expel Dost Mohamed from the throne of Afghanistan and to replace him by the weak-kneed Shah Sujah who they hoped would be a puppet to dance to the British tune, of the horrors endured by the army on the march to Kandahar in extremes of heat and cold, in the face of thirst, starvation, and disease, we will say nothing; but we will pass on to join the army which invested Kandahar in April, 1839, without resistance.

Sir John Keane, who was in supreme command of the force, believed that Ghazni would surrender without opposition,

and marched off gaily down the road, leaving behind his few pieces of heavy artillery.

With only two days' rations in hand, his troops arrived in front of Ghazni to find a formidable fortress which was inaccessible by storm. They had no means of battering down the walls, and they were in grave danger of starvation. The outlook was distinctly poor.

At this point it is interesting to read the report of the taking of Ghazni written by Captain George Thompson, Royal Engineers, who was the Chief Engineer of the Army of the Indus. Thompson was the man who planned the assault, and who really deserved the credit for the successful capture of the city. Unfortunately (and to quote the words of the Oxford History of India) "the ministry in London, delighted at the undeserved success thus gained by their rash policy, showered honours and awards upon Lord Auckland, Sir John Keane, and the political officers. The engineers received scant attention." *Memorandum of the Engineer Operations at the taking of Ghuznee, 1839.*

"The accounts of the Fortress of Ghuznee, received from those who had seen it, were such as to induce His Excellency the the Commander-in-Chief to leave in Kandahar the very small battering train then with the army, there being a scarcity of transport cattle. The place was described as very weak, and completely commanded from a range of hills to the north.

"When we came before it on the morning of the 21st July, we were very much surprised to find a high rampart in good repair, built on a scarped mound, about 35 feet high, flanked by numerous towers, and surrounded by a 'fausse-braye' and a wet ditch. The irregular figure of the 'enceinte' gave a good flanking fire, whilst the height of the citadel covered the interior from the commanding fire of the hills to the north, rendering it nugatory. In addition to this the towers at the angles had been enlarged, screen walls had been built before the gates, the ditch cleared out and filled with water (stated to be unfordable), and an outwork built on the right bank of the river so as to command the bed of it. The garrison was variously stated to be from

three to four thousand strong, including 500 cavalry; from subsequent observation we found it had not been overrated.

“ On the approach of the army a fire of artillery was opened from the body of the place, and of musketry from the neighbouring gardens.

“ A detachment of Infantry cleared the latter, and the former was silenced for a short time by shrapnel from the Horse Artillery, but the fire from the new outwork on the bank of the river was in no way checked. A nearer view of the works was, however, obtained from the gardens which had been cleared. This was not at all satisfactory, the works were evidently much stronger than we had been led to anticipate, and such as our army could not venture to attack in a regular manner with the means at our disposal. We had no battering train, and to attack Ghuznee in form a much larger train would be required than the army ever possessed. The great height of the parapet above the plain (60 or 70 feet) with the wet ditch were unsurmountable obstacles to an attack merely by mining and escalading.

“ It therefore became necessary to examine more closely the whole contour of the place, to discover if any other mode of attack could be adopted. The Engineers with an escort went round the works, approaching as near as they could find cover; the garrison were on the alert, and kept up a hot and well-directed fire on the officers, whenever they were obliged to show themselves.

“ However, by keeping the Infantry beyond musket range and the Cavalry at a still greater distance, only one man was killed and another wounded, and the former was hit by men sent out of the place to drive off the reconnoitring party. The fortifications were found equally strong all round, the only tangible point observed was the Cabul Gateway which offered the following advantages for a *coup de main*. The road up to the gate was clear, the bridge over the ditch was unbroken; there were good positions for the Artillery within 350 yards of the walls on both sides of the road, and we had information that the

gateway was not built up—a reinforcement from Cabul being expected.

“The result of this reconnaissance was a report to His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, that if he decided on the immediate attack on Ghuznee, the only feasible mode of attack, and the only one which held out a prospect of success, was a dash at the Cabul Gateway, blowing the gate open by bags of powder. His Excellency decided on the attempt; the camp was moved that evening to the Cabul road, and the next morning (22nd) Sir John Keane in person reconnoitred the proposed point of attack; he approved of the plan and gave orders for its execution. Preparations were made accordingly; positions for the Artillery were carefully examined, which excited the jealousy of the garrison who opened a smart fire on the party. It was arranged that an explosion party, consisting of three officers of Engineers, three sergeants and eighteen men of the Sappers in working dresses carrying 300 lbs. of powder in 12 sandbags, with a hose 72 feet long, should be ready to move down to the gateway at day-break.

“At midnight the first battery left camp, followed by the other four at intervals of half an hour. Those to the right of the road were conducted to their positions, and the ground for the guns was prepared by the Sappers and Pioneers, taking advantage of the inequalities of the ground on the right, and some old garden walls on the left.

“The Artillery were all in position and ready by 3 a.m. of the 23rd, and shortly after dawn the first Engineer party moved down to the gateway, accompanied by six men of the H.M.’s 13th Light Infantry without their belts, and supported by a detachment of the same Regiment, which extended to the right and left of the road when they arrived at the ditch, taking advantage of what cover they could find, and endeavouring to keep down the fire from the ramparts, which became heavy on the approach of the party, though it had been remarkably slack during the previous operations. Blue lights were shown which rendered the surrounding objects distinctly visible, but luckily

they were burned from the top of the parapet, instead of being thrown into the passage below.

"The explosion party marched steadily on, headed by Lieutenant Durand; the powder was placed, the hose laid, the train fired, and the carrying party retired to tolerable cover in less than two minutes.

"The Artillery opened when the blue lights appeared, and the musketry from the covering party at the same time; so quickly was the operation performed, and so little were the enemy aware of the nature of it, that not a man of the party was hit.

"As soon as the explosion took place, Captain P—— of the Engineers, though hurt, his anxiety preventing his keeping sufficiently under cover, ran up to the gate (accompanied by a small party of H.M.'s 13th Light Infantry) and ascertained that it was completely destroyed.

"There was some delay in getting a bugler to sound the advance, the signal agreed on for the assaulting column to push on, and this was the only mistake in the operation.

"The assaulting column consisted of four European Regiments: H.M.'s 2nd, or Queen's; The Bengal European Regiment; H.M.'s 13th Light Infantry; and H.M.'s 17th Regiment. The advance moved steadily through the gateway, though a passage inside the gate ending in a domed building with the opening on one side made everything obscure, and rendered it difficult to find the outlet into the town. They met with little opposition, but a party of the enemy seeing a break in the column owing to the difficulty of scrambling over the rubbish in the gateway, made a rush, sword in hand, and cut down a good many men, wounding the Brigadier and several other officers. These swordsmen were repulsed, and there was no further regular opposition; the surprise and alarm of the Governor and Sirdars being so great, when they saw the column occupying the open space inside the gate and firing on them, that they fled, accompanied by their men; even the garrison of the citadel following their example. Parties of the Afghans took refuge in houses, firing on the column as it made its way

through the streets, and a good deal of desultory fighting took place in consequence, by which some loss was sustained. The citadel was occupied as soon as daylight, and the whole of the works was in our possession by five o'clock. We lost 17 men (6 Europeans and 11 Natives) killed; 18 officers, 117 Europeans and 30 Natives wounded, total 182. Of the Afghans, more than 514 were killed in the town, that number of bodies having been buried, and about a hundred outside by the cavalry; 1,600 prisoners were taken, but I have no means of estimating the number of the wounded. There were nine guns of different calibres found in the place, a large quantity of good powder, considerable stores of shot, lead, etc., and a large supply of flour and other provisions.

GEO. THOMPSON,

Chief Engineer, Army of the Indus."

This is a plain, clear statement of the strength of the fort and the capture of it. Thompson planned the attack, superintended the blowing open the gates, and the advance; yet he never mentions himself. Contrast this with the Irish blarney and humbug of Sir John Keane's report, which, bursting with bombast, begins: "After six and forty years' service in the four quarters of the globe, it has never been my lot to witness so gallant, so brilliant an exploit as I have now the honour to report. . . ." As one of his contemporaries drily remarked, any one would imagine that the capture of Ghazni, which was carried in half an hour with the loss of six men in the actual assault, had completely thrown in the shade St. Sebastian and Badajos.

The 16th Lancers were present with the force, and, serving with them, was a Captain Lowe, who has left a diary, which he wrote up daily, giving his impressions of the operation. Without repeating more than can be helped of what has already been told of the battle, there are some interesting details in his account which was written from the cavalryman's point of view. On the day before the arrival of the force before Ghazni "it was reported that two of the sons of Dost Mohamed were certainly in the fort; they had a large force and were determined to fight

to the death. No one seems to attach any importance to this; we have now marched so many hundred miles without opposition that the general opinion seems to be that the fort will be evacuated during the night. There is a report that a large body of cavalry under the eldest son has left the fort, resolved to attack our camp during the night; and some importance is attached to this, for the whole of our troops are ordered to stand to their arms at half past nine and to remain in front of their lines during the night.

21st July, 1839. At half past four this morning the army moved towards Ghazni in three columns, the cavalry on the right, the artillery supported by some infantry in the centre, and the main body of the infantry marching along some rising ground on the left.

The advance was a beautiful sight, each column being distinctly visible. My troop formed the advanced guard of our Brigade. We did not get a view of Ghazni till we got within about five miles of it, and it then appeared to stand on a considerable eminence, rising from a sandy plain, and backed by hills to the north and east. We saw no scouts and not a sound was heard from the fort.

I would have wagered all I was worth that the place had been evacuated during the night, and that we should have nothing to do but take quiet possession; but this idea was quickly dispelled by my being ordered forward with my troop to protect the Commander-in-Chief, whom I found posted a short mile south-west of the fort."

Lowe describes the encounter in the gardens, and exclaims at the folly of trying to batter the walls with nine-pounder guns: an operation which he declares to be silly, ineffectual, and a disgraceful waste of precious ammunition. The fire was eventually stopped, and "a party of Engineers, protected by some of the 13th Light Infantry (one of whom was killed) and a squadron of the 2nd Cavalry were sent to reconnoitre the fort. I was now told that Sir John Keane had retired to his breakfast, and I was to rejoin my Regiment, which I found drawn up in close column of squadrons well within the range of the enemy's guns. Here

we remained for several hours unmolested, but at last the sun was so oppressive that I ordered a small "shuldaree," a tent like a gipsy's, to be pitched. Three other officers and myself had just got in, nearly filling it, when whack came a shot from the fort, which shivered one of the tent pegs, and brought the tent about our ears, wounded a servant who was close to me, and the ricochet broke another man's legs and wounded a horse. We were now moved out of range, and the men kept standing by their horses till nearly four o'clock, when we were again marched a very short distance; the tents were ordered to be pitched and the men to get under cover. This, however, was no sooner accomplished than we were again ordered to march, and the whole force encamped north-east of the fort, the right of the camp extending across the Cabul road, and near the easternmost of the two celebrated minarets, which, by-the-by, look at a distance like huge Eau-de-Cologne bottles. After having been up all night, the men were kept standing to their horses from eight o'clock in the morning till eight o'clock at night; this unnecessary exposure might surely have been prevented."

"July 22nd. Expected a quiet day while the preparations are making for the siege to-morrow, but these are no times to expect such a blessing. At about 11.30 a.m. firing was heard in our rear, and the crest of a range of hills east of the fort was observed crowded with men. General T—— galloped past my tent as I was mounting, and shouted out that the whole of Dost Mohamed's army was coming down upon us. We were soon mounted. I had command of the left wing of the Regiment with orders to get round the right flank of the enemy, if possible, and to drive them back.

This, however, was not possible, for the enemy remained on the heights where no animal could have carried a dragoon, provokingly shouting at us. Cavalry were of no use whatever.

The orders are out for the storming of the Fort of Ghuznee tomorrow before daybreak, and most anxiously must this event be looked forward to, which is of vital importance to our army. Taken, the place must be at whatever sacrifice of life, for a

failure would ensure such annihilation that scarcely an individual of the army could ever expect to reach our provinces."

Lowe describes the assault on the fort, as he saw it from outside, and then gives a brief account of how he was used to surround the place and cut off any fugitives who might try to escape. He regrets that he never had an opportunity of doing this, but was very pleased with himself for spotting some exceptionally fine horses running loose inside the city, which he captured, and used as remounts.

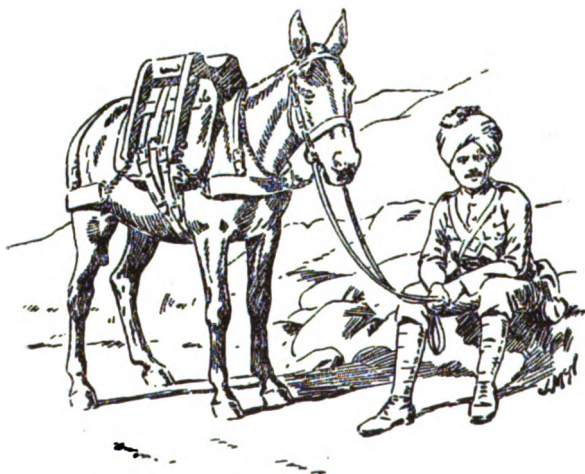
There are, perhaps, three points of interest to modern students of war, in this operation. The first is the failure of the commander to appreciate the situation properly, perhaps through over-confidence engendered by previous successes, perhaps through distrust of the available information. He was told that the fort was strongly held, and also that a force of cavalry would attack the camp during the night of the 20th July. The first piece of information was correct; the second was false. But the commander got the wrong answer in each case, and also made the fatal mistake of leaving behind his heavy artillery.

The second point is the mistake of keeping troops standing to all night, and then keeping them standing to all day. There seems to have been no thought of providing protective detachments, or using the cavalry as a mobile reserve. All the troops were kept on the alert all the time. This, surely, is a violation of the principle of economy of force.

The third point is the use of cavalry in mountainous country.

Because the hills were too steep for a heavily trapped dragoon to scale mounted, the cavalry were useless. Perhaps ideas have changed as to what a horse is capable of doing, or perhaps the modern rifle has given the present-day cavalryman a great advantage over his fellow of a hundred years ago; but that all but the steepest crags, where an infantryman has to use his hands as well as his feet, are now passable to cavalry, who, having arrived, can dismount and use their rifles and Light Machine Guns effectively, has been again exemplified by the actions of the 18th Cavalry in the Mohmand Operations of 1935, and by

Probyn's Horse in the recent Khaisora Operations. Cavalry dismounted are not economical; but in mountain warfare their mobility disconcerts the tribesman, who heartily dislikes the feeling that he is being outflanked; and their fire-power is sufficient to seize and hold features until the arrival of the infantry, which considerably accelerates the speed of the advance of a column.



LUTZEN, 1632.

By MAJOR OSKAR TEICHMAN, D.S.O., M.C., T.D.

LUTZEN, one of the most sternly contested battles of the 17th century, was fought between Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, and Wallenstein, who commanded the Imperial Army. The influence of cavalry in this action is very marked, mainly owing to the exploitation of that arm by the King of Sweden and also owing to the élan displayed by Wallenstein's cavalry leaders.

Gustavus Adolphus, the greatest tactician of his age, was a great reformer of cavalry during the Thirty Years War and was the first to appreciate the true use of that arm under the conditions which obtained in the early part of the 17th century.

Instead of the large, unwieldy and heavily armed cavalry regiments of the day—which relied chiefly on their firearms and moved at slow pace—he evolved smaller, more mobile, and lightly armed units which were capable of charging at full speed.

“He made his cavalry famous in hand-to-hand fighting; and in making the efficiency of this arm to depend mainly on the shock of the charge and the keen edge of the sabre, he is said to have first established in modern Europe the true principles of cavalry tactics.”

The Swedish cavalry (in 1632) consisted of Cuirassiers, who wore helmet and cuirass and carried a long sword and two pistols; Dragoons, who wore the helmet only as a means of defence and, armed with a long musket and sword, sometimes fought on foot; and Light Cavalry, who wore no defensive armour and carried sabre and pistol. The strength of a cavalry regiment was about 528 (8 troops of 66 men) with two light guns

attached. These regiments were named Red, Green, Blue, Yellow, etc., from the colour of their respective standards.

Gustavus did not mix his infantry and cavalry, as has been stated by some authors, but he combined the two arms to enable them to support each other. He frequently placed his infantry and cavalry alternately (i.e., a troop of cavalry between two infantry companies, and so on) in line of battle with artillery interspersed along the line, and cavalry en masse on both flanks. This does not mean that the cavalry depended for the speed of their charge on the pace of the infantry; for when the enemy had been demoralized by artillery and musketry fire, the cavalry charged through the intervals and also from the flanks.

The Swedish cavalry generally charged in three ranks, the first firing one volley with their pistols before using the sword, while the second and third ranks reserved their fire until the enemy's line had been broken. After a successful cavalry charge the Swedish infantry would advance at the double until they came to 'push of pike.'

Wallenstein was adored by his troops and probably no general, except Napoleon, excited such blind faith in the success of his arms, or received such implicit obedience from all ranks.

At Lutzen he was well served by his cavalry leaders; first and foremost by Count Gottfried von Pappenheim, the greatest cavalry leader of Germany who could be compared with Gustavus Adolphus; by Colloredo (a cavalry general); by Isolani, who commanded the irregular light horse; by Tersky of the Carabineers; and by the dashing Piccolomini, whose regiments of "black" Cuirassiers (they wore black cuirasses) were so much respected by Gustavus Adolphus.

The cavalry of the Imperial Army consisted of Cuirassiers, Carabineers, Dragoons, Hussars, Polish Lancers and Croats. Regiments were usually over a thousand strong and were drawn up in 8 or 10 ranks.

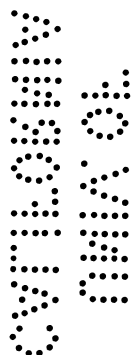
The Croats, a considerable force of irregular light horse, were the forerunners of those who fought in Maria Theresa's army a hundred years later. They were of great value in per-



GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, KING OF SWEDEN
(*After Van Dyck*)



**ALBRECHT OF WALLENSTEIN
DUKE OF FRIEDLAND, MECKLENBURG & SAGAN**
(*After Van Dyck*)



forming outpost duties, surprising convoys, cutting off communications, etc., and in a general action they were posted on the extreme wings of the army. Being considered heathen barbarians by the Swedes, during the Thirty Years War, they were slaughtered when captured; and with this fate in prospect they fought ferociously.

Although Wallenstein's heavy cavalry regiments were somewhat unwieldy, owing to the troopers being mounted on large horses the sheer weight of their charge often carried all before them. He usually posted his cavalry on the flanks only and charged across the enemy's main infantry formations or on their opposing cavalry: the idea being to get round the enemy's lines so as to capture his guns and, if possible, use them against him.

Van Dyck and Rubens revelled in the officers' uniforms of this period and it is chiefly due to these great painters that we know how the generals of the Thirty Years War were dressed. The helmet was generally only worn by junior officers and other ranks; a brown beaver hat adorned with two or three ostrich feathers being the usual headdress of the senior officers. The breastplate, often inlaid with gold and lined with rich velvet which showed at the interstices, was worn by nearly all commanders. Arm pieces were generally worn, but were sometimes dispensed with by the more active. Rich lace collars were worn over the cuirasse, as shown in Van Dyck's portraits of Gustavus Adolphus and Wallenstein. A coloured silk scarf, richly embroidered with gold and silver encircled the waist. The order of the Golden Fleece was worn over the cuirass by those general officers of the Imperial Army on whom it had been conferred. Golden chains, bestowed like decorations for acts of bravery (Wallenstein always took a chest of these on his campaigns for immediate awards) adorned the breast of many an officer. Below the cuirass showed a buff coat, the legs being encased in brightly coloured (usually red) woollen breeches, with rough leather boots reaching above the knee.

Although the cuirass was worn by most of the commanders at Lutzen, on this occasion both Gustavus and Wallenstein fought in plain buff coats: the former because a recent wound prevented him from wearing armour, and the latter owing to his

being indisposed—he was suffering from an attack of gout at the time.

On November 4th, 1632, Wallenstein (Duke of Friedland, Mecklenburg and Sagan) who earlier in that year had been reinstated as Commander-in-Chief of the Imperialist Forces, was on his way to Leipzig en route for Dresden, where he intended to defeat the Saxon Army or force the Elector to make peace, when he heard that the King of Sweden had arrived at Naumburg some thirty miles in his rear. The Duke of Friedland made up his mind at once to countermarch as far as Weissenfels and attack the Swedes with his whole army before they could join the Saxons. The odds were in his favour; his army being nearly twice as strong as that of the enemy; his men had been refreshed, reinforced and re-equipped since the indecisive action at Nuremburg (August, 1632); and he was anxious to wipe out the reproach that he feared to take the offensive in the open against the King of Sweden.

Wallenstein chose Weissenfels for his rencontre with the Swedes, because he knew that this place consisted of a number of narrow defiles; if he could attack them in this locality he would have the advantage; if, on the other hand, the enemy retreated, they would either have to proceed slowly through this dangerous terrain, or else march through Thuringia, which owing to its desolate condition was incapable of supporting an army. Finally the month was November, and Seni, astrologer to Wallenstein, had read in the stars that—"The good fortune of Gustavus Adolphus will decline in the month of November!"

The King of Sweden also had "an eye for a country" and, anticipating Wallenstein's intention, never marched as far as Weissenfels, but halted at Naumburg and entrenching himself there put some of his troops into billets, owing to the cold weather and awaited reinforcements.

As soon as Wallenstein became aware of the state of affairs, he called a council of war, probably for the first and only time in his life. It appears that he was not himself present at the meeting and that Pappenheim took the lead in the proceedings.

But a council of war seldom fights, and this one was no exception. It was unanimously decided by all the generals present that it would be unwise to attack the Swedes in the strong position which they occupied; that the preparations which Gustavus had made to fortify his camp signified that he probably meant to stay there for the winter; that as Cologne was reported to be threatened by the Dutch, Pappenheim should be sent to its relief with some 10,000 cavalry and infantry, and that the rest of the army should go into winter quarters, ready to assemble if necessary at short notice. Possibly they had forgotten an aphorism uttered by Gustavus two years previously—"The Austrians may do as they please, but the Swedes are soldiers in winter as well as in summer!"

Strange to say, Wallenstein agreed to these suggestions, convinced that he had no reason to fear an attack from Gustavus at this time of year, and despatched Pappenheim to Cologne with orders to capture a Swedish garrison at Halle en route.

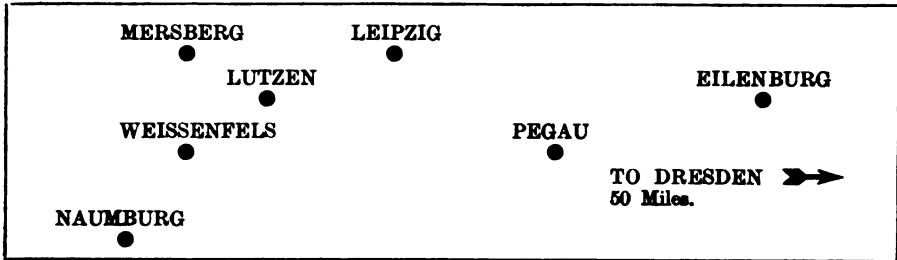
But to divide an army under the very eyes of Gustavus Adolphus was a serious blunder.

Leaving a small force under General Colloredo at Weissenfels to watch the Swedes, Wallenstein, with his much diminished army now only 12,000 strong, proceeded to the neighbourhood of Lutzen with the intention of marching to Leipzig in order to prevent any communication between the Saxon and Swedish armies.

Diodati, the Imperial Q.M.G., who was afterwards authorised by Wallenstein to draw up an account of the events leading up to, and the battle of Lutzen for the Emperor, ends his report on the council of war with the following platitude—"But as the views of the King were in direct opposition to our own and as he became aware of Pappenheim's departure he decided to attack us as quickly as possible."

Meanwhile Gustavus, far from thinking of winter quarters had written to the Elector of Saxony, proposing to meet him at Eilenburg, marching via Pegau which was south of Wallenstein's position. But on November 5th, Gustavus, without waiting for a reply, set out at 1 a.m. for Pegau after leaving

a garrison at Naumburg. The positions of the above-named places are roughly as follows :—



Gustavus had not reached Pegau when some peasants informed him of Wallenstein's movements. They and some straggling prisoners, stated that Pappenheim was well on his way to Halle,* that strong detachments occupied Mersberg and Weissenfels, that the remainder of the Imperial Army were dispersed in the various villages in the triangle formed by these two places and Leipzig, and that Wallenstein with a few regiments was at Lutzen.

When Gustavus realised that this extraordinary news was true he is said to have exclaimed—"I verily believe that the Lord has delivered him into my hand!"

The King of Sweden immediately summoned his generals and told them the news. The fiery Duke Bernard of Weimar was for attacking Wallenstein at once, while Kniphausen, an elderly general, advised waiting for the Saxon Army to join them. But to wait for the Saxons was to let Wallenstein wait for Pappenheim. After some other generals had given their views, it was decided to attack at once, the King pointing out that the absence of Germany's greatest cavalry leader was worth more than the presence of thousands of Saxons!

At 10 a.m., on being informed that Lutzen was only five miles distant—it was really ten—Gustavus wheeled his army to the left and marched towards that village.

In the afternoon, Colloredo from the heights of Weissenfels perceived an army moving northwards in the plain beneath him. Immediately he ordered three cannon shots to be fired, the preconcerted signal that the enemy was advancing. An hour later

* A captured officer tried to negative this information saying that Pappenheim had rejoined Wallenstein.

Hussars came galloping in to G.H.Q. at Lutzen to confirm the alarming news. Wallenstein had been taken by surprise.

To retreat was impossible, as the Elbe and hostile fortresses were behind him : to fall back on Leipzig was to abandon his detached troops, who were in cantonments : to follow Pappenheim was to cut off his own communications and allow the Saxons to join the Swedes. Under these circumstances he decided to give battle to Gustavus Adolphus. Pappenheim was by this time some way off and Wallenstein only had some 12,000* men to oppose to 20,000 of the enemy : but at this critical moment the Duke of Friedland, in spite of the confusion which the sudden advance of the enemy had caused in the Imperial ranks, made all his arrangements and issued all his orders with the utmost calmness. His outlying detachments were hastily recalled from their cantonments and ordered to rendezvous near Lutzen. Messengers were sent to Pappenheim to return immediately : the order has been preserved and runs as follows :—

“ The Duke of Friedland to Fieldmarshal Pappenheim ” :—
“ The enemy is marching towards us. Leave everything standing, and hurry (*incaminire*) here with every man and piece available, so as to arrive early in the morning. Lutzen d 15(5) Nov. 1632.”

“ P.S. He is already at the pass where the road was destroyed yesterday.”

(This letter, still covered with the blood of Pappenheim, who had it in his pocket on the day of the battle, is to be seen in the War Archives in Vienna).

Meanwhile the Swedes were advancing, but slowly, for the King had miscalculated the distance and the roads were very heavy. Wallenstein felt reasonably certain that if he could delay the enemy's advance till dark, it was now 3 p.m., he would not be attacked until next day : and delay was of vital importance to him. The Swedes tried to occupy some villages on the river Ripach (a tributary of the Saale between Weissenfels and Lutzen), which separated the two armies, but the going was very

* Increased on the following day to 25,000 after the arrival of Pappenheim and other detachments.

heavy and the marshy banks of the stream further delayed their march. This enabled Count Isolani, Imperial General of the Croats, to dispute the passage of the Swedes with his Light Horse aided by two Cuirassier Regiments; and although eventually routed with loss, much valuable time was gained for the assembly of the Imperial Army.

It was now late afternoon and, luckily for Wallenstein, a thick winter fog brought the day to a close before the Swedes could get far enough to do more than skirmish with the Imperial outposts.

The position of the two armies on the plain of Lutzen was roughly as follows:—The high road (K on plan) from Leipzig (and Lutzen) to Weissenfels is intersected about two miles west of Lutzen by a canal (I Ruisseau on plan). Both armies faced the high road, which ran between them and divided their order of battle. On the canal rested the left wing of the Imperialists and the right of the Swedes, the cavalry of both extending on to the opposite side of the water. The small town of Lutzen was on the Imperialists' right front, while at the extremity of their right flank were several windmills and a miller's house (L). Wallenstein made good use of the hours of darkness; while his generals Holk and Colloredo were placing the outlying troops in position, as they arrived during the night, he superintended the conversion of the dry ditches which bounded the road into efficient fire trenches and filled them with musketeers. Behind them he erected a heavy battery of seven guns; and established some batteries of field guns on the eminence on which the windmills stood, whence they could sweep the greater part of the plain. The main body of the army was drawn up about 300 yards behind the high road. Wallenstein took post in the centre with four brigades of infantry. Colloredo commanded the cavalry of the right flank, which included Terzky and his Carabineers, and one brigade of infantry. Holk commanded the cavalry of the left flank, including Piccolomini's Black Cuirassier Brigade. Isolani's Croats and the Polish Lancers occupied the extremities of both wings, and in order to conceal the weakness of the Imperial Army, as many camp followers*

* The Imperial Army was encumbered by some 20,000 followers of whom about half were women.

as possible were mounted and posted on the extreme left (under the large trees in foreground of plan) with orders to remain there until Pappenheim should arrive.

It may be noted here that although all contemporary battle plans of Lutzen show Wallenstein's infantry in five enormous squares with platoons of pikemen at the angles, it is improbable that he used this formation ("Low Country Principles") remembering the lesson of Leipzig where Tilly was defeated in the previous year. In a rough sketch of Wallenstein's Order of Battle (by himself and probably adhered to), his infantry is drawn up in twelve parallelograms—six in front, then four and two in reserve.

All authorities, however, agree that generally speaking the Imperialists were drawn up in three lines of battle and the Swedes in two.

Gustavus Adolphus meanwhile had placed fifty pieces of artillery along his whole front facing the road—thirty regimental pieces in front of the interspaced squadrons and platoons, and twenty pieces of heavy ordnance before his centre. Behind the guns the Swedish Army was drawn up in two lines. Four Brigades of infantry under Count Brahe occupied the centre, the cavalry the wings, each squadron being separated from squadron by platoons of musketeers 50 to 100 men strong. The King took post on the right wing, the cavalry of which included Stalhaus's Finnish Cuirassiers. The allied German cavalry of the left wing was commanded by Duke Bernard of Weimar. Colonel Henderson's Brigade of Scottish infantry was placed in the centre between the two lines. The cavalry of the second line was commanded by Bulach and the Prince of Anhalt, the infantry in the centre by Kniphausen, and in rear of the whole army a cavalry Brigade (not shown on plan) under Colonel Oehm was held in reserve. (The Swedish cavalry nearly equalled the infantry in strength, as was also the case in the Imperial Army after the arrival of Pappenheim).

In this position the two armies awaited the fateful dawn of November 6th, 1632. It was an anxious night and, unlike Napoleon before Austerlitz, Gustavus Adolphus could not sleep.

He passed the night talking to his own generals and to Duke Bernard of Weimar, his faithful ally. "The Bride never longed for the Wedding Morn," says the Swedish Intelligencer, "as the King longed for day to break." But day broke dimly on the plain of Lutzen and a thick November fog obscured the sun, thus rendering early active operations impossible. During the morning the Swedes advanced to within 1,000 yards of the Imperialists, then they halted while Gustavus Adolphus ordered prayers to be said before each regiment. He then addressed a few words of encouragement first to the Swedes, then to his German (Protestant) allies. To the former he said:—"Now is the time to prove your discipline and courage. Yonder is the enemy, not sheltered by strong ramparts nor posted on inaccessible heights, but ranged in fair and open field. Advance and spare not your lives, your blood, for your King, your Country and your God—but if, which God forbid, you prove cowards, I swear that not a single bone of you shall return to Sweden."

The King's exhortation to his German troops was in a similar vein, but did not terminate with a threat.

At 11 a.m. the fog lifted and Lutzen was seen to be in flames; set on fire by the order of Wallenstein in order to prevent his being outflanked on that side, or in order to stop his own men from retreating by the road through it. The day began with artillery and musketry fire from both sides, but the Swedes pressed forward almost to the Leipzig road. Gustavus mounted on a white charger—said to have been thrown in his way by the enemy—and accompanied by some English and Scottish aides-de-camp put himself at the head of the Steinbock Cuirassiers and ordered the charge to be sounded. Immediately the Swedish squadrons, emerging from between the infantry companies, charged impetuously forward, being received with steady musketry and artillery fire from the Imperialists.

Meanwhile the King, realizing that the Imperialists' left wing extended further than his own right, ordered up three of Bulach's cavalry regiments from the second line. Thus reinforced nothing could stem the irresistible charge of the Swedish right wing, led by their beloved King himself, who was the first to leap the ditches on the Leipzig road. Soon the

Imperialists' trenches had been seized, the guns behind them captured and turned upon the enemy. Gustavus now at the head of his right wing fell upon the Imperialists left, and the Finland Cuirassiers made short work of the lightly mounted Polish Lancers and Isolani's Croation cavalry whom they encountered. But the latter, according to their usual plan, after retreating a short distance swung to their left and fording the canal turned right, outflanking the Swedes and attacked the baggage wagons behind the second line. "Never mind the Croats," cried Gustavus to Colonel Stalhaus, commanding the Finlanders, "but charge me those black fellows soundly for they are the men who may undo us." The King had just caught sight of three regiments of Piccolomini's Cuirassiers, wearing their black cuirasses. But the "black fellows" fought like demons, led by Piccolomini in person.

Meanwhile the Swedish infantry in the centre, especially the Blue (English) and Yellow Brigades, after scattering the troops that lined the road had captured the heavy battery of seven guns and had fallen on the first line of the Imperial infantry.

We must now turn to the Swedish left wing commanded by Duke Bernard of Weimar. At the commencement of the action that impetuous cavalry leader, with his Dragoons and Hussars, had crossed the trenches, cleared the road and had charged the windmill battery killing or putting to flight most of the Imperial gunners. Without waiting to render the guns useless, Bernard rushed on the Imperialists' right.

Here Colloredo commanded, a most resolute soldier; but even he could not stem the torrent of cavalry which swept through his infantry and Terzky's carabineers. Things looked bad for the army of the Emperor, its centre pierced and the right wing forced back, when suddenly Wallenstein's brilliant genius re-animated the spirits of his troops. Up till now carried in a large wicker basket, he was suffering from gout* at the time, in

* History repeated itself over 100 years later. At the battle of Fontenoy, 1745, Maurice de Saxe, suffering from gout, was carried in a basket, but when the famous attack by the English Guards took place, he leaped on to his horse in fearful pain and by his energy restored the fortunes of the French Army.

spite of acute pain he quickly mounted his horse and galloped to his right wing with a reserve cavalry Brigade.

Suddenly, dashing through Colloredo's broken infantry, there faced Duke Bernard's cavalry, now somewhat disorganized by its too rapid advance, this fresh formation led by the great Duke of Friedland in person. With tremendous élan the Imperialist Brigade charged their tired opponents, and with the aid of Terzky's Carabineers the temporary rout of Bernard's cavalry was completed. Not only was he forced back across the road, but the windmill battery was recaptured. This effected, Wallenstein galloped to his partly broken centre, encouraging his troops and putting a stop to the flight of the fugitives, at the same time taking careful note of who these were for future reference. Amidst a hail of bullets, the Duke of Friedland, his doublet pierced by several balls and one spur torn from his boot, supporting his beaten troops with a reserve cavalry regiment charged vigorously into the Swedish centre.

Animated by "der Friedlander's" presence in the thick of the fight, the Imperialists not only recaptured their seven gun battery, but also obtained possession of their trenches again. At the same time a spirited charge by two of Piccolomini's Cuirassier regiments routed the Swedish Yellow and Blue Infantry Brigades, killing every Company Commander and also their General, Count Brahe.

Meanwhile Gustavus Adolphus, hearing that, in spite of its initial success, his centre had been forced to retire and that Bernard of Weimar had been driven back on his left, hastily left the scene of his successful charge on his right in order to rally the troops. Putting himself at the head of the Steinbock Cuirassiers once more, he led them to the support of his hardly pressed centre and left. But mounted on his splendid charger he outstripped the Cuirassiers and, arriving at the decisive point, rode forward to reconnoitre the best point of attack alone. At this moment the fog came down and the King of Sweden, not realizing his proximity to the enemy, was entirely alone. A few minutes later some attendants found him with his left arm shattered by a musket ball. As Gustavus was being helped to

the rear by his rescuers, they, in order that the whole army should not see that the King was wounded, in attempting to clear the front of their own men came too near to a party of the enemy. A corporal of the Imperial Army seeing that everybody made way for Gustavus, remarked that he must be a man of importance and ordered a musketeer to fire at him. The King, hit in the back, immediately fell from his horse and his attendants fled when a party of Imperial cavalry galloped up and enquired who he was. "I was the King of Sweden," replied the dying monarch.

The sad news soon ran through the Swedish army; and inflamed all ranks with rage at the loss of their beloved King. Duke Bernard of Weimar now took command, and when retreat was suggested to him by Kniphausen replied that it was a question of vengeance, not retreat. The colonel of a cuirassier regiment who hesitated to advance when ordered to do so, was immediately run through the body by the new commander-in-chief, who, placing himself at the head of the regiment, led a victorious charge.

Undismayed by the heavy fire from the trenches, the Swedes once more crossed the road, and, with the death of their King to avenge, they attacked with such fury that in a short time the left wing of the Imperialists was once more routed, their centre was driven in and nearly all their guns were captured and turned upon themselves. The victory of the Swedes was almost decided, when suddenly Pappenheim, the most brilliant cavalry officer of the day, appeared on the field with his cuirassiers and dragoons; his dramatic appearance at this highly critical moment for the Imperialists at once gave them a chance of retrieving their defeat, and the battle had to be fought again.

Pappenheim was at Halle, his soldiers sacking that town after ejecting the Swedish garrison, when he received Wallenstein's urgent order to return to Lutzen. Realizing that he could not afford the time to collect his scattered infantry battalions, he instantly sounded to horse and ordered eight regiments of cavalry to mount: and, after leaving orders for the infantry and artillery to follow as soon as possible, galloped

ventre a terre with his dragoons and cuirassiers for the scene of action.

His arrival instantly altered the whole aspect of affairs, and had a similar effect to that of Dessaix at Marengo.*

Pappenheim quickly rallied the Imperial cavalry which had become disorganized, and with his fresh troops, assisted particularly by Piccolomini's cuirassiers and Terzky's carabineers, threw himself impetuously on the fatigued ranks of the Swedish right wing, which broke and fled.

Wallenstein, in the midst of the fire, quickly availed himself of this favourable moment, reformed the infantry of the centre and brought them to the charge once more. He was hit several times, his horse shot under him, the whole of his personal staff were killed, but he seemed to bear a charmed life. The Imperialist infantry, shouting their war-cry "Jesus Maria" and inspired by "Der Friedlander's" bravery, pressed on, and, in the hand-to-hand fighting which followed, not only drove the Swedes back across the trenches, but also regained their twice captured artillery. Pappenheim, replacing Colloredo, who had been killed, now led his cavalry against the Swedish left wing, and once again did his dashing bravery inspire his men. Nothing could withstand the impetuous charge of Piccolomini's cuirassiers. Seven times did this intrepid general of cavalry charge the enemy, seven horses were shot under him, and each time, like Maréchal Ney at Waterloo, he returned with a fresh horse and leading another regiment. The famous Swedish regiment of Blues was literally cut to pieces by Piccolomini's cuirassiers and the Yellow regiment experienced the same fate at the hands of Terzky's carabineers.

But the luck of Pappenheim, the bravest of the brave, could not last for ever, and, like Dessaix, after having restored the fortunes of his side, he was borne dying from the field at the

* On the day before the battle of Marengo (June 14th, 1800) General Dessaix, who had just returned from Egypt, was despatched with a strong force to reconnoitre the road to Genoa. Napoleon's divisions were scattered, when on the following day Melas and the whole Austrian army suddenly fell on the advance portion of the French army. The scattered divisions were hastily called in and an urgent message was sent to Dessaix, by this time some distance off. He arrived with his reserves after riding 12 leagues at 6 p.m., when the battle was apparently lost, and with the aid of the younger Kellerman turned defeat into victory.

conclusion of the last charge, his breast pierced by two musket balls. While he was being conveyed to the rear he heard for the first time of Gustavus's death; and with his last breath said to those around him:—"Then tell the Duke of Friedland that I die happy, since I know that this irreconcilable enemy of my religion has fallen with me on the same day!"

With the death of Pappenheim the good fortune of the Imperialists ended. His brilliant star had suddenly led them to victory, and when it fell, just as suddenly, depression seemed to fall upon his troops. His cavalry of the left wing, fatigued by their long and hurried march from Halle, were unable to follow up their advantage, and depressed by the death of their great leader, eventually retired. On the right flank, however, the cavalry, inspired by the bravery of their commanders, Terzky and Piccolomini, kept their ground.

Bernard of Weimar seeing that something was amiss, collected the Swedish infantry for a fresh charge, and for the third time crossed the trenches and captured the guns! Wallenstein was to be seen riding through the ranks with the utmost coolness, encouraging his men to resist the Swedish onslaught. But the Imperialists were completely worn out, and at length their exhausted condition compelled them to leave the long disputed field of battle, at sunset. Finally the armies separated, as if they had agreed to do so, each claiming the victory.

George Fleetwood, an Englishman in the Swedish service, who later became a general, gives a good account of this battle in a letter* to his father dated "22nd November still. vet. 1632," but is under the impression that Wallenstein was captured: the following is an extract (after the victorious charge of the Swedes following the King's death):—"At last when they (the Imperialists) weare quite beaten and wee had turned the cannons at the mills upon them, about 3 of the clocke there came on eight thousand soldyers, Popenham's (Pappenheim's) army, which charged againe at the mills, and gave so brave a solvo that the whole day wee had not the like, which the remainder of Hertick Bermerdes (Duke Bernard of Weimar) regiment, which at most

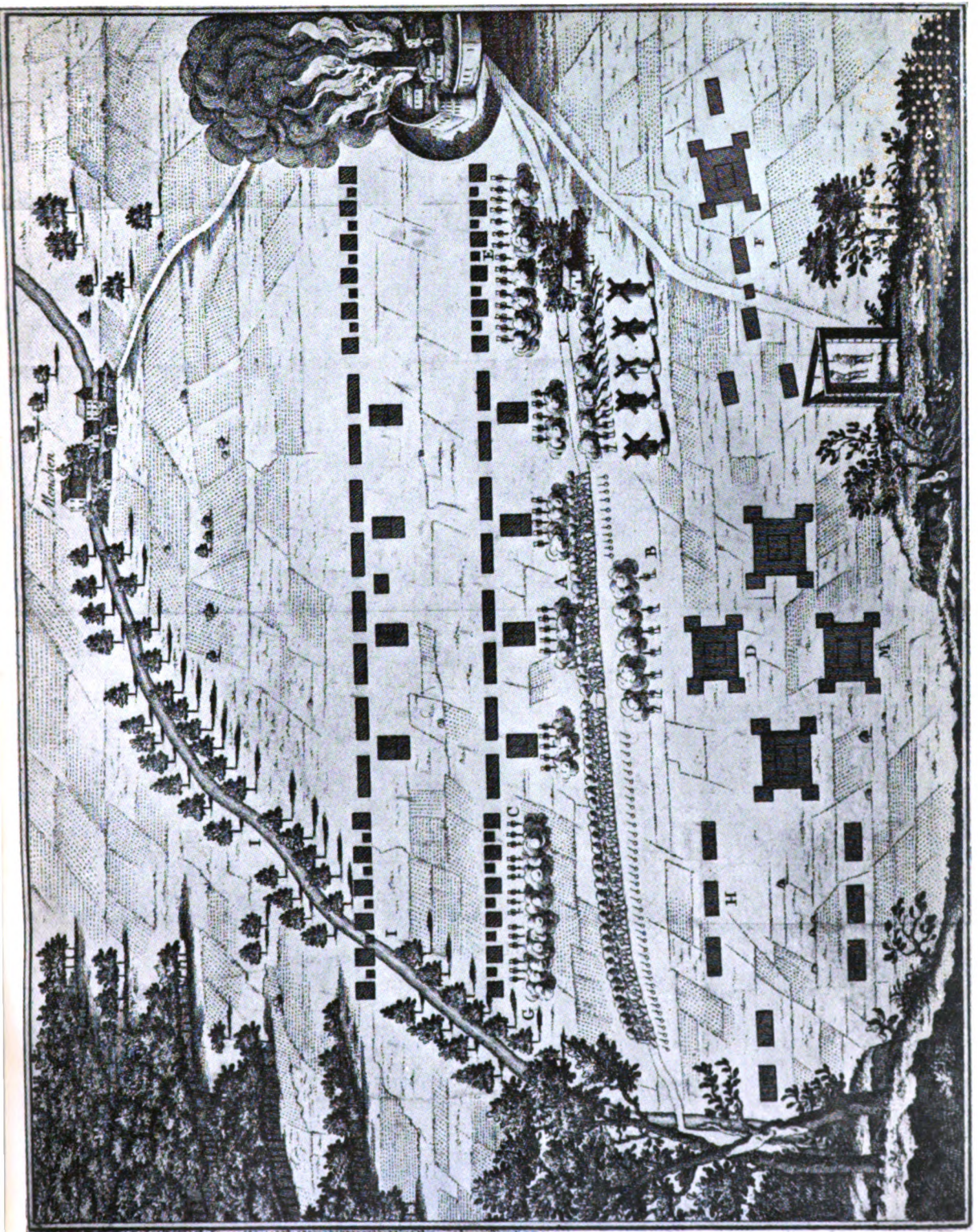
* Published by the Camden Society, 1847.

was but 50 strong, answered, with which the commander of the fresh army fell, which wee suppose was Merado, for Poppenham was slayne at the beginning of the bataile, before his army was all come upp. The losse of this commander soe astonished them all that the officers ran about him, and the soldyers flonge down their armes and rann awaye. . . . Duke Bernerde charged himself the milles, beating them from theire cannon, and there lodged himself all that nighte . . . we pursued not our victorie that night, but contended ourselves with the wyning of the feild and cannon. . . . On the enimies side most of the great commanders are dead, but Walleston, hee is certenly shott, and they say taken prysoner: but however I count our losse the greatest, haveing lost the bravest commander in the world . . . had not our foote stooode like a wall, there had not a man of us come off alyve, they being certen twice our number; and our horse did but poorely. The enimie fled in great disorder. . . .

So ended the great battle*; but the plains of Lutzen to which it owes its name, were yet to become the scene of two of the most decisive cavalry battles of the 18th and 19th centuries. In three centuries the vicinity of Lutzen saw the development of the *arme blanche* by three of its most distinguished exponents. In the battle just described, Pappenheim, the beau-ideal of a cavalry general, and the King of Sweden, showed the importance of shock tactics in an age when cavalry was usually a slow and cumbrous arm. The Austrian cavalry probably never fought better either before or afterwards, than at the battle of Lutzen.

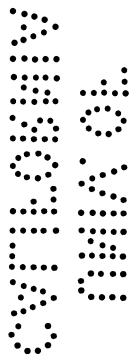
At the eastern end of the plain of Lutzen lies the tiny village of Rossbach. Here on November 5th, 1757, in the Seven Years War, Seydlitz won the famous battle of Rossbach, for Frederick the Great, by his inimitable cavalry tactics. On the southern side of the plain of Lutzen is the field of Jena, where on October 14th, 1806, Murat, King of Naples, at the head of 12,000 horsemen charged in perfect order and drove the Prussians from the field. The battle of Lutzen, May 2nd, 1813, does not come into the above category. Although on that occasion the allies had

* The author has read at least ten different accounts of this battle, but believes that his above very brief description is mainly correct.



THE BATTLE OF LUTZEN, November 6th, 1632

*From a contemporary sketch given by Arkenholtz in his *Histoire de Gustave Adolphe*.*



vastly superior forces of cavalry, they did not seem to know how to use them, and Napoleon won a victory.

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HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH HORSE.

(Extract from a book entitled "The Horse," published in 1831.)

By LIEUT.-COLONEL B. M. MAHON, Scinde Horse, I.A.

THE earliest record of the horse in Great Britain is contained in the history given by Julius Cæsar of his invasion of our island. The British army was accompanied by numerous war-chariots, drawn by horses. Short scythes were fastened to the ends of the axletrees, sweeping down everything before them and carrying terror and devastation into the ranks of their enemies. The conqueror gives a most animated description of the dexterity with which the horses were managed.

What kind of horse the Britons then possessed, it would be useless to enquire; but, from the cumbrous structure of the car, and the fury with which it was driven, and from the badness or non-existence of the roads, they must have been both active and powerful in an extraordinary degree. Cæsar deemed them so valuable, that he carried many of them to Rome; and the British horses were, for a considerable period afterwards, in great request in various parts of the Roman empire.

Horses must at that time have been exceedingly numerous in Britain, for we are told that when the British king, Cassibelanus, dismissed the main body of his army, he retained four thousand of his war-chariots for the purpose of harassing the Romans, when they attempted to forage.

The British horse now received its first cross; but whether the breed was thereby improved cannot be ascertained. The Romans having established themselves in Britain, found it necessary to send over a numerous body of cavalry to maintain a chain of posts and check the frequent insurrections of the natives. The Roman horses would breed with those of the

country, and, to a greater or less extent, change their character; and from this time, the English horse would consist of a compound of the native and those from Gaul, Italy, Spain, and every province from which the Roman cavalry was supplied. Many centuries passed by, and we have no record of the character or value, improvement or deterioration, of the animal.

It would appear probable, however, that Athelstan, the natural son of Alfred the Great, and the second in succession to him, paid some attention to the improvement of the horse; for having subdued all the rebellious portions of the Heptarchy, he was congratulated on his success by some of the continental princes, and received from Hugh Capet of France, who solicited his sister in marriage, various presents, doubtless of a nature that would be thought most acceptable to him; and among them several German *running-horses*. Hence our breed received another cross, and probably an improvement.

Athelstan seems to have seriously devoted himself to this important object, for he soon afterwards decreed (A.D. 930) that no horses should be sent abroad for sale, or on any account, except as royal presents. This proves his anxiety to preserve the breed, and likewise renders it probable that that breed was beginning to be esteemed by our neighbours. In a document bearing date A.D. 1000 we have an interesting account of the relative value of the horse. If a horse was destroyed, or negligently lost, the compensation to be demanded was thirty shillings; a mare or colt, twenty shillings; a mule or young ass, twelve shillings; an ox, thirty pence; a cow, twenty-four pence; a pig, eightpence; and, it strangely follows, a man, one pound.*

In the laws of Howell the Good, Prince of Wales, and passed a little before this time, there are some curious particulars respecting the value and sale of horses. The value of a foal not fourteen days old is fixed at fourpence; at one year and a day it is estimated at forty-eight pence; and at three years, sixty pence. It was then to be tamed with the bridle, and brought up either as a *palfrey* or a *serving horse*; when its value became one hundred

* According to the Anglo-Saxon computation, forty-eight shillings made a pound, equal in silver to about three pounds of our present money, in value to fifteen to sixteen pounds, and five pence made one shilling.

and twenty pence; and that of a *wild* or unbroken mare, sixty pence.

Even in those early days, the frauds of dealers were too notorious, and the following singular regulations were established. The buyer was allowed time to ascertain whether the horse was free from three diseases. He had three nights to prove him for the staggers; three months to prove the soundness of his lungs; and one year to ascertain whether he was infected with glanders. For every blemish discovered after the purchase, one-third of the money was to be returned, except it should be a blemish of the ears or tail.

The practice for letting horses for hire was then known, and then, as now, the services of the poor hack were too brutally exacted. The benevolent Howell disdains not to legislate for the protection of this abused and valuable servant. "Whoever shall borrow a horse, and rub the hair so as to gall the back, shall pay fourpence; if the skin is forced into the flesh, eightpence; if the flesh be forced to the bone, sixteen pence."

One circumstance deserves to be remarked, that in none of the earliest historical records of the Anglo-Saxons or the Welsh, is there any allusion to the use of the horse for the plough. Until a comparatively recent period, oxen alone were used in England, as in other countries, for this purpose; but about this time (the latter part of the tenth century) some innovation on this point was creeping in, and, therefore, a Welsh law forbids the farmer to plough with horses, mares, or cows, but with oxen alone. On one of the pieces of tapestry woven at Bayonne in the time of William the Conqueror (A.D. 1066) there is the figure of a man driving a horse attached to a harrow. This is the earliest notice we have of the use of the horse in field-labour.

With William the Conqueror came a marked improvement in the British horse. To his superiority in cavalry this prince was chiefly indebted for the victory of Hastings. The favourite charger of William was a Spaniard. His followers, both the barons and the common soldiers, came principally from a country in which agriculture had made more rapid progress than in England. A very considerable portion of the kingdom was

divided among these men; and it cannot be doubted that, however unjust was the usurpation of the Norman, England benefited in its husbandry, and particularly in its horses, by the change of masters. Some of the barons, and particularly Roger de Boulogne, Earl of Shrewsbury, introduced the Spanish horse, on their newly-acquired estates. The historians of these times, however, principally monks, knowing nothing about horses, give us very little information on the subject.

In the reign of Henry I (A.D. 1121) the first Arabian horse, or, at least, the first on record, was introduced. Alexander I, King of Scotland, presented to the church of St. Andrew's, an Arabian horse, with costly furniture, Turkish armour, many valuable trinkets, and a considerable estate.

Forty years afterwards, in the reign of Henry II, Smithfield was celebrated as a horse-market. Fitz-Stephen, who lived at that time, gives the following animated account of the manner in which the *hackneys* and *charging-steeds* were tried there, by racing against one another. "When a race is to be run by this sort of horse, and perhaps by others, which also in their kind are strong and fleet, a shout is immediately raised, and the common horses are ordered to withdraw out of the way. Three jockeys, or sometimes only two, as the match is made, prepare themselves for the contest. The horses on their part are not without emulation; they tremble and are impatient, and are continually in motion. At last, the signal once given, they start, devour the course, and hurry along with unremitting swiftness. The jockeys inspired with the thought of applause, and the hope of victory, clap spurs to their willing horses, brandish their whips, and cheer them with their cries." This description reminds us of the more lengthened races of the present day, and proves the blood of the English horse, even before the Eastern breed was tried.

Close on this followed the Crusades. The champions of the Cross certainly had it in their power to enrich their native country with some of the choicest specimens of Eastern horses, but they were completely under the influence of superstition and fanaticism, and commonsense and usefulness were forgotten.

An old metrical romance, however, records the excellence of two horses belonging to Richard Cœur de Lion, which he purchased at Cyprus, and were therefore, probably, of Eastern origin.

Yn this worlde they hadde no pere,*
 Dromedary nor destrere,†
 Stede, Rabyte,‡ ne Cammele,
 Goeth none so swifte, without fayle :
 For a thousand pownd of golde,
 Ne should the one be solde.

The war-steed was defended by mail or plate, much on the plan of the harness of the knight himself. His head was ornamented with a crest. The head, chest, and flanks, were wholly or partially protected; and sometimes, he was clad in complete steel, with the arms of his master engraved or embossed on his *bardings*. The bridle of the horse was always as splendid as the circumstances of the knight allowed, and thus a horse was often called *Brigliadore*, from *briglia d'oro*, a bridle of gold. Bells were a very favourite addition to the equipment of the horse. The old Troubadour, Arnold of Marson, says, that "nothing is so proper to inspire confidence in a knight, and terror in an enemy."

The price of horses at this period was singularly uncertain. In 1185, fifteen breeding mares sold for two pounds twelve shillings and sixpence. They were purchased by the monarch, and distributed among his tenants, and in order to get something by the bargain, he charged them the great sum of four shillings each. Twenty years afterwards, ten capital horses brought no less than twenty pounds each; and, twelve years later, a pair of horses were imported from Lombardy, for which the extravagant price of thirty-eight pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence was given. The usual price of good handsome horses was ten pounds, and the hire of a car or cart, with two horses, was tenpence a-day.

To King John, hateful as he was in all other respects, we are yet much indebted for the attention which he paid to agriculture

* Peer equal.

† War-horse.

‡ Arabian.

generally, and particularly to improving the breed of horses. He imported one hundred chosen stallions of the Flanders kind, and thus mainly contributed to prepare our noble species of draught-horses, as unrivalled as the horses of the turf.

John accumulated a very numerous and valuable stud. He was eager to possess himself of every horse of more than usual power; and, at all times, gladly received, from the tenants of the crown, horses of a superior quality, instead of money, for the renewal of grants, or the payment of forfeitures belonging to the crown. It was his pride to render his cavalry, and the horses for the tournament and for pleasure, as perfect as possible. It could not be expected that so haughty a tyrant would concern himself much with the inferior kinds; yet while the superior was becoming rapidly more valuable, the others would, in an indirect manner, partake of the improvement.

One hundred years afterwards, Edward II purchased thirty Lombardy *war-horses*, and twelve heavy draught-horses. Lombardy, Italy, and Spain were the countries whence the greater part of Europe was then supplied with the most valuable cavalry or parade horses. Horses for agricultural purposes were chiefly procured from Flanders.

Edward III devoted one thousand marks to the purchase of fifty Spanish horses; and of such importance did he conceive this addition to the English, or rather mingled blood, then existing, that formal application was made to the Kings of France, and Spain, to grant safe conduct to the troop. When they had safely arrived at the royal stud, it was computed that they had cost the monarch no less than thirteen pounds six shillings and eightpence per horse, equal in value to one hundred and sixty pounds of our present money.

This monarch had many *running-horses*. The precise meaning of the term is not, however, clear. It might be light and speedy horses in opposition to the war-horse, or those that were literally used for the purpose of racing. The average price of these running-horses was twenty marks, or three pounds six shillings and eightpence. Edward was devoted to the sports of the turf or the field, and he began to see the propriety of cross-

ing our stately and heavy breed with those of a lighter structure and greater speed.

There was, however, one impediment to this, which was not for a very long period removed. The soldier was cased in heavy armour. The knight with all his accoutrements, often rode more than twenty-five stone. No little bulk and strength were required in the animal destined to carry this back-breaking weight. When the musket was substituted for the cross-bow and battle-axe, and this iron defence, cumbrous to the wearer and destructive to the horse, was useless, and laid aside, the improvement of the British horse in reality commenced.

While Edward was thus eager to avail himself of foreign blood, with the too frequent selfishness of the sportsman, he would let no neighbour share in the advantage. The exportation of horses was forbidden under very heavy penalties. One case in which he relaxed from his severity is mentioned, when he permitted a German merchant to re-export some Flanders horses which he had bought on speculation; but he was strictly forbidden to send them to Scotland. Nay, so jealous were these sister-kingdoms of each other's prosperity, that so late as the time of Elizabeth, it was felony to export horses from England to Scotland.

The English horse was advancing, although slowly, to an equality with, or even superiority over those of neighbouring countries. His value began to be more generally and highly estimated, and his price rapidly increased—so much so, that breeders and the dealers, then, as now, skilful in imposing on the inexperienced, obtained from many of our young grandees enormous prices for them. This evil magnified to such an extent, that Richard II (1386) interfered to regulate and determine the price. The proclamation which he issued is interesting not only as proving the increased value of the horse, but shewing what were four hundred and fifty years ago, and what are, still, the chief breeding districts. It was ordered to be published in the counties of Lincoln and Cambridge, and the East and North Ridings of Yorkshire; and the price of the horse was restricted to that which had been determined by former sovereigns. A

more enlightened policy has at length banished all such absurd interferences with agriculture and commerce.

We can now collect but little of the history of the horse until the reign of Henry VII at the close of the fifteenth century. He continued to prohibit the exportation of stallions, but allowed that of mares when more than two years old, and under the value of six shillings and eightpence. This regulation was, however, easily evaded, for if a mare could be found worth more than six shillings and eightpence, she might be freely exported on the payment of that sum.

Henry VIII, a tyrannical and cruel prince, but fond of show and splendour, was very anxious to produce a valuable breed of horses; and the means which he adopted were both perfectly in unison with his arbitrary disposition, and very little calculated to effect his object. He affixed a certain standard, below which no horse should be kept. The lowest height for the stallion was fifteen hands, and for the mare thirteen hands; and even before they had arrived at their full growth, no stallion above two years old, and under fourteen hands and a-half, was permitted to run on any forest, moor, or common, where there were mares. At "Michaelmastide" the neighbouring magistrates were ordered to "drive" all forests and commons, and not only destroy such stallions, but all "unlikely tits," whether mares or geldings, or foals, which they might deem not calculated to produce a valuable breed. He likewise ordained, that in every deer-park a certain number of mares, in proportion to its size, and each at least thirteen hands high, should be kept; and that all his prelates and nobles, and "all those whose wives wore velvet bonnets," should keep stallions for the saddle at least fifteen hands high. These ordinances perished with the tyrant by whom they were promulgated.

The reign of Henry VIII produced the earliest English treatise on agriculture, and the management of horses and cattle. It was written by Sir A. Fitzherbert, Judge of the Common Pleas, and contains much useful information. It is entitled "Boke of Husbandry;" and, being now exceedingly rare, an extract from it may not be unacceptable. It would

seem that the mare had been but lately employed in husbandry, for he says, "A husbände may not be without horses and mares, and specially if he goe with a horse-ploughe he must have both, his horses to draive; his mares to brynge colts to upholde his stocke, and yet at many times they may draive well if they be well handled." The learned judge shared the common fate of those who have to do with the horse. "Thou grasyer, that mayst fortune to be of myne opinion or condytion to love horses, and young coltes and foles to go among thy cattle, take hede that thou be not beguiled as I have been a hundred tymes and more. And first thou shalt knowe that a good horse has 54 properties, that is to say, 2 of a man, 2 of a badger, 4 of a lion, 9 of an oxe, 9 of a hare, 9 of a foxe, 9 of an asse, and 10 of a woman."*

The tyrannical edicts of Henry VIII had the effect which commonsense would have anticipated,—the breed of horses was not materially improved, and their numbers were sadly diminished. When the bigot, Philip of Spain, threatened England, in the reign of Elizabeth, with his Invincible Armada, that princess could muster in her whole kingdom only three thousand cavalry to oppose him; and Blundeville, who wrote at this time a very pleasant and excellent book on the art of riding, speaks contemptuously of the qualities of these horses. The secret of improving the breed had not then been discovered; it had been attempted by arbitrary power; and it had extended only to those crosses from which little good could have been expected: or, rather, it had more reference to the actual situation of the country, and the heavy carriages, and the bad roads, and the tedious travelling which then prevailed, than to the wonderful change in these which a few centuries were destined to effect.

Blundeville describes the majority of our horses as consisting of strong, sturdy beasts, fit only for slow draught, and the few of a lighter structure being weak and without bottom. There

* Later writers have pirated from Sir A., but have not improved upon him. The following description of the horse is well known. "A good horse should have three qualities of a woman,—a broad breast, round hips, and a long mane; three of a lion—countenance, courage and fire; three of a bullock—the eye, the nostril and joynts; three of a sheep—the nose, gentleness and patience; three of a mule—strength constancy and foot; three of a deer—head, legs and short hair; three of a wolf—throat, neck and hearing; three of a fox—ear, tail and trot; three of a serpent—memory, sight and turning; and three of a hare or cat—running, walking and suppleness."

were, however, some exceptions; for he relates a case of one of these lighter horses travelling eighty miles in a day—a task which in later times has been too often and cruelly exacted from our half-bred nags.

An account has been given of the racing trial of the horses in Smithfield market. Regular races were now established in various parts of England. Meetings of this kind were first held at Chester and Stamford; but there was no acknowledged system as now; and no breed of racing horses. Hunters and hackneys mingled together, and no description of horse was excluded.

There was at first no course marked out for the race, but the contest generally consisted in the running of *train-scent* across the country, and sometimes the most difficult and dangerous part of the country was selected for the exhibition. Occasionally our present steeplechase was adopted with all its dangers, and more than its present barbarity; for persons were appointed cruelly to flog along the jaded and exhausted horses.

It should, however, be acknowledged that the races of that period were not disgraced by the system of gambling and fraud which seems to have become almost inseparable from the amusements of the turf. The prize was usually a wooden bell adorned with flowers. This was afterwards exchanged for a silver bell, and “given to him who should run the best and farthest on horseback on Shrove Tuesday.” Hence the common phrase of “bearing away the bell.”

Horse-racing became gradually more cultivated; but it was not until the last year of the reign of James I that rules were promulgated and generally subscribed to for their regulation. That prince was fond of field sports. He had encouraged, if he did not establish, horse-racing in Scotland, and he brought with him to England his predilection for it; but his races were more often matches against time, or trials of speed and bottom, for absurdly and cruelly long distances. His favourite courses were at Croydon and on Enfield Chase.

Although the Turkish and Barbary horses had been freely used to produce with the English mare, the breed which was

best suited to this exercise, little improvement had been effected. James, with great judgment, determined to try the Arab breed. Probably, he had not forgotten the story of the Arabian, which had been presented to one of his Scottish churches, five centuries before. He purchased, from a merchant named Markham, a celebrated Arabian horse, for which he gave the extravagant sum of five hundred pounds. Kings, however, like their subjects, are often thwarted and governed by their servants, and the Duke of Newcastle took a dislike to this foreign animal. He wrote a book, and a very good one, on horsemanship, and described this Arabian as a little bony horse, of ordinary shape, setting him down as good for nothing, because, after being regularly trained, he could not race. The opinion of the Duke, probably altogether erroneous, had, for nearly a century, great weight; and the Arabian horse lost its reputation among the English turf-breeders.

A South-Eastern horse was afterwards brought into England, and purchased by James, of Mr. Place, who was afterwards studmaster, or groom to Oliver Cromwell. This beautiful animal was called the White Turk, and his name and that of his keeper will long be remembered. Shortly afterwards appeared the Helmsley Turk, introduced by Villiers, the first Duke of Buckingham. He was followed by Fairfax's Morocco Barb. These horses speedily effected a considerable change in the character of our breed, so that Lord Harleigh, one of the old school, complained that the great horse was fast disappearing, and that horses were now bred light and fine for the sake of speed only.

Charles I ardently pursued this favourite object of English gentlemen, and, a little before his rupture with the parliament, established races in Hyde Park, and at Newmarket. The civil wars somewhat suspended the improvement of the breed; yet the advantage which was derived by both parties from a light and active cavalry sufficiently proved the importance of the change which had been effected; and Cromwell perceiving, with his wonted sagacity, how much these pursuits were connected with the prosperity of the country, had his stud of race-horses.

At the Restoration a new impulse was given to the cultivation of the horse by the inclination of the court to patronize gaiety and dissipation. The races at Newmarket were restored, and as an additional spur to emulation, royal plates were now given at each of the principal courses. Charles II sent his master of the horse to the Levant, to purchase brood mares and stallions. These were principally Barbs and Turks.

From that period to the middle of the last century, the system of improvement was zealously pursued : every variety of Eastern blood was occasionally engrafted on ours, and the superiority of the engrafted, above the very best of the original stock, began to be evident.

Man is rarely satisfied with any degree of perfection in the object on which he has set his heart. The sportsman had now beauty of form, and speed and stoutness, scarcely an approach to which had been observed in the original breed. Still some imagined that this speed and stoutness might possibly be increased; and Mr. Darley, in the latter part of the reign of Queen Anne, had recourse to the discarded and despised Arabian. He had much prejudice to contend with, and it was some time before the Darley Arabian attracted notice. At length the value of his produce began to be recognized, and to him we are greatly indebted for a breed of horses of unequalled beauty, speed, and strength.

This last improvement now furnishes all that can be desired; nor is this true only of the thoroughbred or turf-horse; it is, to a very material degree, the case with every description of horse. By a judicious admixture and proportion of blood, we have rendered our hunters, our hackneys, our coach, nay even our cart horses, much stronger, more active, and more enduring, than they were before the introduction of the racehorse.



"BIG SHOTS" A-HORSE.

By REGINALD HARGREAVES.

It must be plaguety awkward for a monarch to discover that he is constitutionally incapable of sitting a horse properly; and not all of them have been proficient in the art. Our present Gracious King has a good length of leg and a sound, if unspectacular, seat in the saddle; wherein he is considerably more fortunate than some of his predecessors.

The earlier Normans and Plantagenets clumped about on their ponderous war horses, held in the saddle by the sheer weight of their battle harness and with their feet wedged into heavy, boxed-in stirrups; and it is probable that the Black Prince was the only decent rider in the whole cavalcade of them.

Henry VIII was of too heavy a build for the wretched little "nags" which were all we could produce in the way of horse-flesh, owing to the lengthy Continental wars which had precluded the introduction of sizeable Flemish mares from which to breed. Elizabeth reviewed her troops a-horse, and would appear to have carried off a rickety seat on an uncomfortable, high-peaked saddle with considerable assurance. But one doubts if she ever got much further than a stately amble. Charles 1st rode—just; with that absence of real poise in the saddle which is the inevitable outcome of lack of length between the hip and knee, and which only superb balance can partially serve to correct.

Charles II,—maybe in reaction to that long and dangerous flight a-horse, in the September of 1651, disguised as a servant and with loyal Jane Lane riding pillion behind him,—for preference went afoot. That "the strolling Prince" was no mean pedestrian is demonstrated by the fact that a little pre-breakfast "hike" from the Palace of Whitehall to Hampton Court was

regarded as nothing at all out of the way. But here, quite obviously, was no predestined equestrian.

I am unaware if embittered Jacobites still drink to "the little gentleman in black velvet," the mole whose habitation caused the horse of William III to "peck" so badly that the outcome was its rider's death; but it was obviously a spill that any man might suffer, and no reflection upon the unfortunate Monarch's horsemanship. George II, on the other hand, had fair ground for grievance in the behaviour of his steed at Dettingen. For not only did it bolt incontinently with him but added insult to injury by scampering away with its back to the enemy! "His Majesty," so Fortescue informs us, "with purple face and eyes starting from his head, pulled desperately at him with both hands but was quite unable to stop him. Ultimately the animal's career was checked, and the King returned to the right of the line, dismounted and resumed his gestures on foot, utterly fearless, as are all his race, and confident that his *own* legs would carry him in the right direction." So confident, in fact, that when offered another charger he promptly replied, "But I don't *want* a damned horse!" and seizing the colours from a nearby ensign's hand, drew his sword and led the British infantry forward to the assault on his own two feet. No equestrian, maybe, but a very gallant little man.

When one comes to the Great Captains, however, for the most part it is quite a different story. Marlborough rode, as he did most else, with a sort of carelessly superb aplomb. Moreover he possessed a careful eye for a good effect in the saddle, frequently sporting a neatly-moulded "spatterdash," or gaiter, in lieu of the clumsy tubular jackboots in which the bulk of his officers and mounted troops went garbed. Even Eugene,—who on first meeting the English commander gave it as his opinion that "he mistrusts himself, knowing that you do not become a General in a day,"—was at least prepared to allow that the Duke required no instruction in the handling of his charger. It was not long before he was forced to concede that there was not much the matter with his handling of his Horse, or, come to that, of his Foot and Artillery either! It is an interesting

speculation as to what would have been the outcome had a slight readjustment of the time dimension rendered it possible for Marlborough to command the mounted arm at Minden, in place of the eggregious Lord George Sackville; at his best no horseman, and at his worst quite the most inefficient cavalry leader who ever found his way into the pages of history.

"King Arthur," as George IV somewhat sardonically dubbed Arthur Wellesley, first Duke of Wellington, was a horseman *par excellence*; indeed it is exceedingly likely that his favourite charger, "Copenhagen," was a good deal nearer to his heart than the soldiery over whom he held command. Although the Duke's connection with the famous Calpe Hunt of Gibraltar was somewhat tenuous, it is an established fact that he beguiled the tedium of operations in the Iberian Peninsular with a pack of hounds, which he kept at St. Jean-de-Luz. Elements from the Calpe kennels reinforced the Duke's own pack when the exigences of the military situation demanded a move into Portugal. There, behind the impregnable lines of Torres Vedras,—and sometimes well beyond their boundary!—"King Arthur" and his subordinates hunted with an assiduous regularity which proved a never-failing source of astonishment to the scandalized French, if of modest profit to the local agriculturalists. That the Duke's firm seat and steady hands kept him well to the fore when hounds were out one may rest assured. For he was a good man at a "lep," as the incident at Quatre Bras, retailed by Captain Dawson, amply demonstrates. It appears that the Great Man was out watching the progress of operations, with the Gordons lining a ditch immediately behind him, a hedge between them and the French. A sudden flurry of enemy light cavalry bore down upon the Brunswick Hussars, who were the only troops handy for the Duke's protection; and for a moment or so there was considerable danger of the Commander-in-Chief being made prisoner. But Wellington was taking no chances. Turning "Copenhagen" about, he galloped straight back towards the British lines. Then, calling to the Gordons to lie still, he rode at the obstacle hell-for-leather, clearing it easily, hedge, Highlanders and all.

At Waterloo, of course, the Duke was in the saddle throughout the entire day, and, still mounted, led the final charge of the Guards' Brigade in person.

Of his opponent on that momentous day it can hardly be said that he approached anywhere near the Duke's standard of horsemanship. Napoleon, as an artilleryman, was of course trained to the saddle; but he never possessed an easy seat,—too short from hip to knee again!—at the Niemen he took a nasty toss from the back of one of his supplementary chargers named “The Friedland.” It is true that he started his flight from the field of Waterloo on the back of his favourite charger, the Barb “Marengo”; but the journey was continued, and ended, in his travelling carriage.

Another episode, in which the little Corsican may be said to have been the victim rather than the villain of the piece, occurred when Bertier on one occasion gave a grand *chasse-au-lapin* in the Emperor's honour. To ensure good sport, the Marshal,—who would appear to have been peculiarly unversed in venery,—gave orders that his park should be stocked up with some thousand additional rabbits. Unfortunately, however, these proved to be of the tame variety, and presumably under the fond delusion that the Emperor was going to feed them, swarmed about him until he was practically hemmed in. This was too much for “Le Coquet,” the steed selected by Napoleon for that particular day's outing, who promptly took to his heels and was with difficulty prevented from imposing an Absolomish end upon his outraged and uneasy rider.

Another notable whose equestrian career suffered a somewhat inglorious end was that Regency dandy and mordant wit, “Beau” Brummell. In the days before his quarrel with “The First Gentleman in Europe,” so great was “Prinny's” regard for his elegant young friend that he was graciously pleased to appoint him to a Cornetcy in the fashionable 10th Hussars, of which the Prince Regent was Colonel. With the accretion of so famous an *arbiter elegantiarum* to the regiment it was of course highly desirable to plan a new and even more sumptuous uniform; and enthusiastically the tailor-minded Colonel and his

subordinate bent themselves to the task. The result was so satisfactory to the two friends that a parade was arranged where-at the new splendours were to be displayed in all their magnificence to the crowd of fashionable spectators especially invited to the local Field of Mars. Unhappily, as things turned out, the success of the occasion was hopelessly marred by the "Beau" taking an ender from the back of his charger, with considerable damage to his classical Roman nose, if to the malicious glee of the delighted onlookers. "Prinny" was furious, and by way of punishment the regiment, which would of course include the peccant Cornet, was ordered to exchange the salubrious environment of Brighton for the somewhat more Spartan surroundings of Manchester. It was then that the "Beau" resolved to put a period to his military career by sending in his papers, accompanying them with a letter couched in his usual tone of grave impertinence, in the course of which he greatly regretted his inability "to proceed to a foreign station so far removed from all the amenities of civilization" !

The story has no moral, but it comes in mighty handy to hurl at the heads of Mancunians when they manifest a tendency to get just a little bit above themselves !

Of modern Commanders, Kitchener,—owing to an injury he had sustained to his left leg,—was none too happy a-horse. "Little Bobs," on the other hand, despite his diminutive size, won a spectacular V.C. by a display of ding-dong cut and thrust from the saddle which argued a high degree of both skilful sword-play and sound horsemastership. Earl Haig, as all will agree who ever saw him mounted, possessed an admirable seat, both over country and on the polo ground. It must indeed have been a bitter moment for him when, a "Victory" ride for himself and his leading Generals having been suggested, it was discovered that one of the latter was of such generous physical proportions that nothing smaller than an elephant complete with howdah could hope to bear up under his weight. The "ride," as a consequence, degenerated into a somewhat deflated and undignified progress through the streets in open landaus. It is to be hoped that the Army's beloved Chief consoled himself

throughout the sorry business with the memory of that morning of "First Ypres," when the steady, stately progress down the Menin Road of the 1st Corps Commander, mounted on his noble charger, quelled any sign of incipient panic by the inspiration of its quiet confidence and cool, unruffled courage,—as unself-conscious as, at that ticklish moment, it was absolutely invaluable.

That would have been a memory to atone even for progress in a dust cart!



WOMEN IN ARMS.

By MAJOR ERIC WAKEHAM.

I.—*Kit Walsh.*

WE hear much to-day of the right of women to enter all professions.

The solemn debates of male members at Westminster are frequently capped by the crowning story of woman, her last word : a full licence, at least for repartee, if not for the sale of alcoholic beverages, is given and taken by the lady member for Plymouth. Women, in short, legislate. Nor is the profession of politics unique in its invasion by the so-called weaker sex.

The streets of the Metropolis are patrolled by police-women of undoubted efficiency and deterrent aspect. Medicine annually shows an increasing number of female practitioners; Gallic diplomacy has now at least one member fully equipped to go abroad to lie for her country; almost every sphere of activity formerly exclusive to the male has been invaded by his better half.

The profession of arms alone—at least in Britain—still bars its doors against the march of feminine progress. Despite the remarks of henpecked colonels, notwithstanding the occasional strictures of military youth upon certain of their seniors, neither old women nor young find a combatant niche in the Army List.

It may surprise the protagonists of female emancipation to learn that such lack is proof of a retrograde movement.

But two hundred odd years ago Lady Mary Hervey was gazetted at birth as ensign in her father's regiment of foot.

Moreover, in spite of Queen Anne's rules and orders, "which We do require henceforth punctually to be obeyed," Lady Mary continued to draw pay as an officer while serving as a Maid of Honour, and, on attaining the age of sixteen, avoided either serving or being cashiered, as was expressly stipulated by Queen Anne.

Perhaps this achievement was due to her character. "Extreme forward and pert" was Lady Mary. So much so that it was not until my Lord Sunderland had obtained a pension for her from George I that Lady Mary consented to retire with the honours of war, "it being too ridiculous to continue her any longer an officer in the Army." To this singular achievement she added that of capturing Voltaire's heart to such a degree as to inspire the only Voltarian verses extant in the English language.

Nor was feminine incursion confined to the sinecure ranks.

Cavalry, Infantry, Marines at various periods have unwittingly harboured the female as combatants. It remained for the Army Medical Service to achieve an Inspector-General of Hospitals whom death alone revealed to have been a woman.

In almost every instance the reason for the female to don the breeches, take the shilling, and shoulder the musket, was the search for a disreputable absconding male to whom the lady's honour was already in pawn.

The first recorded gate-crasher to don the breeches of a "private sentinel" and to follow the dictates of her heart was Mistress Christian Cavanaugh.

Born in 1667, Kit early learned of the vicissitudes of war. Her father espoused the cause of James II in the Irish rebellion of 1689, raised his own troop of horse, and, in company with a French Captain Bordeaux, fought, suffered and died for his beliefs. Bordeaux, at his death, was found to have been a woman—a fact not without its effect on Kit in later life.

We may pass over the years of Kit's early youth, those years in which her tom-boy proclivities were so predominant, in which she would turn head over heels down slopes for the delectation of a passing nobleman, those years during which she far preferred

the backs of her father's horses to the humdrum duties in his tavern or malt house.

We ought perhaps to pass over that interlude of seduction by a male cousin destined for the church were it not that such an episode, and her consequent revulsion to the male sex entire, makes it all the more astonishing that romance should shortly afterwards enter her life.

Her father had been killed. Her mother died. From an aunt the business of publican passed to Kit and to aid her there was only Master Richard Walsh, or, as some authorities call him, Welsh, the handy man of the establishment.

Whether it was merely Richard's indispensability that decided Kit to marry him, or whether indeed some softer emotion cured Kit of her distaste of the male, must be a subject for conjecture. But marry Master Richard she did, and, we are told, she submitted to her wifely rôle with the minimum display of maternal interest.

There is, however, no doubt that Kit became as fond of her Richard as was possible to so independent a nature, looked on him perhaps as a comfortable habit. Children arrived, the business thrived, life continued in a quiet, humdrum way until one fine day Richard went out with a bag full of silver to pay the bills. From that seemingly innocent excursion he never returned. Dallying overlong with Bacchus in the company of a military gentleman, he woke up to find himself in Holland, without any money and one of a band of press-ganged recruits.

For twelve months Kit mourned a husband believed to have been murdered for the money he was carrying. Then came a letter apprising her of his enforced militarism in Holland.

With the example of the masquerade of Captain Bordeaux before her, Kit did not hesitate. She disposed of her business, handed the children over to a relation, bobbed her hair and, dressed in man's raiment, hurried off, with a silver-hilted sword dangling at her side, to the nearest recruiting post.

In an era of general impressment it was not difficult for a comely, well set up young volunteer to enlist. Nor did the lack

of a medical examination for any but the obviously deformed hinder Kit in her desire.

A delighted Ensign, rubbing his eyes, no doubt, at the sight of so rare a bird as a volunteer, pressed a whole guinea into the recruit's hand, Kit became a member of the regiment now known as the South Wales Borderers, and duly reached Holland.

This in itself was no mean achievement. Any voyage in the leaky transports of the period was a nightmare only survived by the strongest men. Ration biscuits were mouldy and inedible : the salt pork provided was condemned meat : beer was so foul and rancid that instances are quoted of men preferring salt water as a beverage. Recruits batted down under hatches were herded like cattle in dark confinement, many suffering from small-pox and other contagious diseases prevalent in that insanitary generation. Numbers died ; from religious motives the corpses were kept with the living till arrival in port. Drunken mates and masters did little to reduce the perils of navigation in those days of sail.

That any woman should have survived this ordeal and retained not only the secret of her sex but her health is almost beyond belief. Kit, however, was a woman with a mission, the female in search of her mate. This and an amazingly strong constitution sustained her.

Arrived in the country where her Richard was serving, Kit donned her regimentals, her "first mounting," and soon attained proficiency in military duties. So much so that she was posted as sentry over the bedchamber of no less a personage than H.H. The Elector of Hanover. At this point of vantage she early learned the first duty of a sentry, which is, on occasion, to observe without apparently noticing.

No challenge greeted the "black beauty in a gown tied with ribbons from her breast to her feet" who nightly visited His Highness' chamber. Nor, as she tells us, was Kit filled with anything but admiration for the lady's judgment in choosing so august a partner for hours of relaxation.

However, sterner duties soon called Kit. The vestibule of a bedchamber gave place to the battle-ground.

At Landen, Kit was early wounded in the ankle, which precluded any chance of meeting her Richard who was also engaged with his regiment in the affair.

A month in hospital failed to disclose her sex or to prevent her joining in the advance to Gertruydenburgh, where she narrowly escaped death by drowning while repairing the town dykes.

Shortly afterwards Kit and her foraging party were cut off and taken prisoner by the French. For ten days, until she was exchanged, Kit lived in the fear that inquisitive Gallic gallantry might at any time lead to the discovery of her sex.

On return to her own corps she evidently found it prudent to divert any possible suspicion by successfully evoking amorous response from a local maiden. Unhappily a sergeant coveted the lady, and Kit was forced to resort to a duel to preserve the maiden's honour. As a result the sergeant entered hospital: Kit entered cells.

Though pardoned for the escapade, on the intervention of the maiden's grateful father, Kit was discharged from the unit—presumably in her own interests and for the sake of discipline. She immediately took advantage of her early country training and her fondness for horses to exchange into the 2nd Royal North British Dragoons, now the Royal Scots Greys.

As a heavy dragoon Kit was present at the siege of Namur and, as if acting up to the cavalry reputation for fast movement, she once again figured in an episode in the realms of Venus.

A lady of extreme habits took a violent fancy to the "pretty dragoon." Kit was left unperturbed by these all too obvious advances. The lady was affronted, piqued and, to judge from the habits of the times, not a little astonished. All her practised wiles, all her guile failed to move in any way the handsome young dragoon. Then was the spurned woman's fury let loose. The lady accused Kit of being the father of her child. Kit saw an opportunity of magnificent camouflage in this predicament. To the disappointed lady's intense surprise Kit not only admitted the preposterous allegation but supported the infant until its premature death.

At the end of the campaign Kit took her discharge, returned to Dublin without having met her Richard, and for some inexplicable reason maintained her masquerade. Perhaps the rough experiences of campaigning had blotted all softer feelings from her being; perhaps the certainty that were she to make herself known to her friends and relations the expense of providing for her children would again fall upon her shoulders, possibly a combination of these two motives decided her to remain unknown in the town of her birth.

For four years Kit led the life of a swashbuckling discharged dragoon. Then in 1701 the War of the Spanish Succession broke out. She hurried back to the Greys.

Unwounded at Nimeguen, Kit obtained her next scar of war in a fracas with a corporal whose looting of a pig-sty coincided with her own quest after the same pig. Kit sustained a finger wound from the infuriated corporal but, reverting to type, literally scratched one of the unfortunate man's eyes clean out.

At Schellenberg Kit was wounded in the hip, but once again avoided the detection of her sex in hospital, soon recovered, and was present and passed unscathed through the battle of Blenheim.

Shortly afterwards, while in charge of prisoners, she encountered by sheer chance the object of her original quest. There on the side of the road was a familiar male figure, whose mannerisms, movements and general bearing recalled with a rush to Kit the halcyon days—if they were halcyon—of early matrimony in Dublin. There was no doubt of it, the figure was that of her Richard. And the figure was proving all too clearly in broad daylight the perfidy of the male. For Richard was caressing with familiarity, even with abandon, a lady of the country.

Kit did not disclose her identity, but when Breder was reached a nasty shock awaited the amorous Richard. Kit followed him and his paramour to their lodging. There she disclosed herself, and we may imagine the scene of a private sentinel of Line infantry and a heavy dragoon, who happened to be his lawful wife, confronting each other in mutual recriminations. And in the background hovered the cause of all this

bother. She did not hover there very long—the dragoon saw to that. Nor did all the protestations of a long lost husband, all his avowals and promises for the future have any effect on the dragoon. Kit was adamant. For the duration of the war she would be nothing more to her Richard than a brother in arms. The mortified and guilty man had perforce to agree. He kept his wife's secret with good faith till a hazard of war brought about a dramatic disclosure.

At Ramillies Kit joined in that ever-famous charge of the Greys, which, by the capture of three complete regiments of enemy grenadiers, resulted in the regiment being allowed the honour of adopting the grenadier headdress. But Kit, alas, was not destined ever to wear the new distinction. With a skull fractured by a shell she lay unconscious till picked up with the rest of the wounded and conveyed to the surgeons. The surgeons operated on Kit, and during the process the secret, which she had guarded in so remarkable a manner for years, was revealed to them.

The matter was reported. The colonel of the Greys was called, the Brigadier was called, Richard was summoned to confirm the fantastic tale which Kit was propounding to the assembled officers. He confirmed the story. The Colonel testified to the efficiency of the female dragoon, to her bravery and devotion to duty. The Brigadier added his sprig of laurel to the eulogy. Kit was treated with all the kindness and leniency possible. So much so that she was paid in full up to the time of her discharge from hospital and, though perforce discharged from the active list, was permitted to follow the Army as a sutler. Nothing could have suited her better. Years of looting and foraging provided an excellent basis for an occupation for which marauding and looting were the very essences of success.

Furthermore, the romance of the situation was not lost upon her friends, the officers of the regiment. They insisted upon a second marriage ceremony. Kit and Richard, with much good cheer and jollity, were "re-wedded and bedded," as Kit herself so pertinently remarks.

Thus as a sutler did Kit continue till Malplaquet—cooking, carrying food up to the trenches, looting at every opportunity. Nor did she disdain when in the trenches to handle a musket for old times sake, much to the detriment of the enemy.

It was at Malplaquet that the event which prostrated Kit, at least for the time being, occurred. Whilst carrying out her normal duties of carrying food to the front line, she passed through a bullet-swept wood. So exposed to the fire of the enemy was this coppice that bark from the trees flew as hail around her, some of it lodging in her corsets, "to her great discomfort." Here she met her dog, whimpering pitifully and asking her dumbly to follow him. She did so, and there in front was her Richard, a mangled corpse already stiffened in death.

Kit broke down. According to her own account it was her tears on this occasion which earned for her the soubriquet of "Mother Ross." However that may be, and it seems difficult to follow the allusion, Kit was in no position to mourn her husband for any length of time. If propriety were to be maintained she must either cease following the Army or re-marry as soon as may be. She chose the latter course, and in eleven weeks she became Mrs. Hugh Jones, the wife of a grenadier who had previously shown marked attention during Richard's lifetime and a man of her late husband's regiment.

In 1710 Hugh Jones followed his many companions of the Marlborough Wars to a grave in Flanders, and Kit, now ageing and ailing in health, obtained repatriation to London, where she was granted a pension of twopence a day as an out-patient of Chelsea Hospital. On this minute stipend she returned to Dublin and married, thirdly, a drunken waster called Sergeant Davies, hoping no doubt to pass her declining years in peace and marital quietude.

Her expectations were rudely shattered. In a moment of drunken oblivion Davies re-enlisted and was whisked away to London. Kit, game to the last, followed him, set up a stall for the sale of "farthing pies and liquor" and from the profits of this precarious business finally managed to purchase Davies' dis-

charge. Her sacrifice, her money and her efforts were entirely wasted. Davies celebrated his release from the Service with an imperial orgy and immediate re-enlistment in the Guards. It seems that once in his cups Davies invariably made for the nearest barracks like a homing pigeon, and Kit, poor soul, was left to pull strings, cajole indulgences to better the lot of her drunken spouse.

Eventually she succeeded in procuring his admittance into Chelsea Hospital as a regular pensioner. Such a procedure, however, did little to mitigate Kit's own penury. A pitiful period of cadging from various highly-placed patrons followed until finally, on the 7th July, 1720, this woman who had served off and on, either as a combatant or a sutler, for a quarter of a century, was herself granted an increase of pension.

"The Lord Chief Justices," said the official letter, "having been moved on behalf of Christian Walsh, who notwithstanding her being a woman, served many years faithfully in the late wars in Flanders in the habit of a man and received several very dangerous wounds, in consideration of which she was paid an out pension of Chelsea Hospital at the allowance of 2d. a day, their Excellencies are pleased, as a further reward for her sufferings in the Service, to order her to be placed upon the Pension of the said Hospital at the allowance of 12 pence a day."

"A shilling a day—plucky good pay—

Lucky to touch it, a shilling a day."

Not gifted with prior vision, Kit could hardly have known that her life was destined in the centuries which followed to inspire a film farce and her miserly pension to provide the theme for one of its songs.

She drew this munificent sum till her death in 1739, when at last she came into her own as a veteran of Blenheim, Ramillies, and Malplaquet. With full military honours she was buried in the churchyard of St. Margaret's, Westminster.

Though it is an anti-climax to do so, one cannot resist reviewing the remarkable concealment of her sex throughout her active service life. At no time, either in peace or war, did the soldier of the period get privacy of any sort. Life was rough,

life was more than crude. Men in the ranks slept three and four together in a sort of bunk, herded together like cattle in the grim, dim, insanitary barracks of the day. A communal washtub which served less cleanly purposes was the only facility for ablutions. It seems practically impossible that any woman should have served as long as did Kit without accidental discovery of her sex. Are we to assume that Kit never washed? It seems quite possible, if one can believe the habits of the period.

Nevertheless, it seems irrefutably, even officially, proved that Kit's story is no imaginative myth. There are, moreover, several other instances of similar masquerades. And from each example women may draw a very distinct moral: however combative the female instincts may be in the home, it is as well to resist ever "going for a soldier."



A SWEEPSTAKE ON THE SHOOT.

By COLONEL F. A. HAMILTON, I.A. (Late 3rd Cavalry).

WE spent Xmas of 1929 at Drangadhra in Kathiawar. The Maharajah of this State delighted in entertaining his friends from all parts of India at this annual Xmas week. The chief amusement was shooting wild duck, geese, bustard, sand-grouse and snipe.

From years of experience the organization of these shoots had developed into a very well run show. A fleet of motor cars led by H.H. in his Lanchester two-seater, was our chief mode of transport, and on these glorious winter days we covered many miles along country tracks, moving from one shooting ground to another. The Indian chauffeurs drove furiously, a treatment which acted as a splendid nerve tonic to those of us who were feeling at all jaded from the aftermath of the previous night's revelry; for the hospitality of His Highness of Drangadhra was far-famed. He always joined in the fun and on one memorably festive night had been known to allow his silk turban to be used as a football, after the diamonds and égreets had been removed. He acted as one of the goalkeepers.

Each day's shoot was well thought out; a programme, suitably "crested and illuminated," was issued from the State printing-press the evening before. A two rupee sweepstake was held on the day's shoot. The obtainer of the biggest bag being the winner. Everyone took a ticket and the competition was intense. A certain Colonel in the Political had won the sweepstake for several years. He was a jealous shot and did not like being beaten. In the year under discussion a Colonel of Indian Cavalry was one of the guns and was said to be quite a useful shot.

The guns numbering about thirty and the ladies of the party, of whom there were a very pleasing number, rendezvoused on the steps of the Maharajah's palace, where H.H. strutted up and down talking to his guests and incidentally provided entertainment for the ladies of his Seraglio, who were peering through the purdah windows at the assembled company.

All cars being formed up and seats told off to the guns and ladies, to what the Grand Vizier considered the best social advantage, the Maharajah led the way for some forty miles across country to the Jheel (lake) which was to be the scene of the first day's shoot, at which in previous years as many as 1,700 head had been accounted for in one day. The country passed over was typical of Kathiawar and Rajputana; patches of desert and of cultivation, picturesque villages with their mud houses, Hindu Temples and creaking waterwheels worked by oxen guided by ryots (farmers), with their quaint monotonous sing-song. Women with their brightly coloured "saries" carrying, with inimitable grace, brass water-pots upon their heads. An atmosphere of prosperity and peace prevailed. Nevertheless some of the finest fighting material for the army in India comes from these villages. Natural horsemen, born in the saddle, supple, and to whom fear is unknown.

At the end of the drive we partook of a midday meal combining a late breakfast and an early lunch. His Highness called it "Brunch," and a very good one it was; hot dishes, cold birds, curries and other Indian delicacies, salads and fruit of many kinds. Iced lager beer, light wines and tea or coffee for those who preferred them, and after a long and dusty drive over rough country we were able to do full justice to this excellent repast.

You may say "there was too much luxury! I wonder if they have ever shot wild geese clad only in their shirts, on the snowy moonlight nights of an English winter like Jack Mitton did?" Well! We were the guests of an Indian Potentate! The party consisted of "Our host," his European guests, the pillars of his State, their male offspring, his personal staff, and some European officials, the Military Adviser, the Chief Engineer,

the Doctor and others employed in the State. One was there, whom we noticed, of olive complexion, sleek black hair, well oiled, parted with care in the middle, wearing a suit of spotless white duck, shooting coat and plus-fours with a green wide-awake hat, putties of the same colour, and formidable shooting boots, hung about with bags and belts, carrying a fearsome shooting-iron of single-barrelled magazine pattern obviously of American design. This sportsman had not been introduced to us, but as he smiled in a friendly manner we asked H.H. who he might be. The little man laughed and said, "Ah! Ah! That is Antonio Lopez Agrello my Goanese 'Chef,' he loves a day's shooting, so I let him come out. He always takes a ticket in the sweepstake, he is a really first-class cook, but no shot, he only kills the sitting-birds and those not so often."

The alfresco meal, which was served in an old-time garden in Persian style, being finished, we were conducted to our "butts." The writer was given the place of honour next to H.H., the Political Colonel was next on the right and the other guns at intervals round the lake. Some of the butts were erected on camouflaged, floating rafts, in clumps of reeds, well out on the water and by no means easy to shoot from until the "gun" had acquired his "sea legs"; for as he moved the raft took a list to port or starboard thereby somewhat cramping the style of the sportsman. In the centre of the lake, said to be very deep, was an island on which stood the mediæval palace and fort of Helvad. Very beautiful and picturesque to a degree, at the corner of which was a colossal round tower the carving on the stone and woodwork of which was really amazing and from which in former days malefactors, including any ladies of the Hareem who had been found unfaithful to their lord, were thrown into the icy depths below, the prey to alligators, turtles and other denizens of the deep.

At a signal a fleet of small boats shot out from the shore to get the duck on the move and also to act as retrievers. In the meantime we settled ourselves into our butts. As the sport would be fast and furious, two guns were necessary. Cartridges were laid out within reach; a trusted orderly acted as loader.

As a sign for the shoot to begin our host fired his first shot and from then on for some thirty minutes or more we were kept busy enough. It was duck shooting "par excellence" and the birds were fast and high. The rival colonels were pulling them out of the sky with no little skill. It was noted, however, that in the Political Officer's butt was a small but very active Indian boy who ran out and retrieved indiscriminately all birds within his reach, including some of ours! A mild protest, quite pleasantly put, met with sympathy but nevertheless the activity continued. The Political was of course, much too busy firing his guns to check this unwarrantable and grasping procedure! We hold him in no way to blame! Certainly not! At the end of the shoot the Colonels were all square. It was noticed that at the end of the duck shooting when the cease fire signal had been given, from over the water ever and anon came the booming of a distant gun! The remainder of the day was spent in pursuit of partridge, hare and bustard. "A dry shoot," as the official programme scheduled it.

A long line of some thirty guns with beaters and loaders, scoured the country, walking up the game in the low scrub often over very rough going. Great fun we had and some amusing and exciting episodes. The Grand Vizier fired at a hare almost between my legs. Fortunately I jumped high enough into the air to avoid his second barrel or he would surely have maimed me, and as we walked and shot "ever and anon" from the edge of the Jheel (lake) came the booming of a distant gun!

The two Colonels were now shooting at the top of their form, the competition was intense, there had been much betting on these two favourites for the "Sweep."

Then came the last shot of the day. It was rapidly becoming dusk, the party was nearing the assembled cars. A solitary black partridge arose with a "whirr" in front of the line of guns and broke back high over the heads of the Colonels, who both fired simultaneously. A little ball of feathers crumpled up and hit the ground with a thud. "My bird, I think?" said the Political.

"I certainly hit it," said the Gay Sabeur.

"My good man, you surely do not claim that bird, it was my best shot of to-day," said the Political, with some heat.

"I most certainly do," said the leader of Squadrons.

Whose bird was it? Much money being on the verdict the situation was tense!

"Splendid shot, honours divided," said H.H. tactfully, constituting himself referee. "I give you each one more bird to your bag." And so the matter was settled.

During tea, which was arranged on the grass with cushions from the cars for sitting accommodation, the bag was counted. And "ever and anon," now coming nearer, came the sound of a distant gun! The record of the score showed the rival Colonels a dead heat. The sweep money would have to be divided. So that was that!

Tea and drinks being disposed of, dry shoes and stockings and warm overcoats produced, the party was just ready to start on the homeward journey when round the corner of the village came a much bedraggled figure, once as white as driven snow, now covered with black mud and weeds, accompanied by two individuals so laden with game that they groaned under the weight. It was Antonio Lopez, the "chef."

"Ha! ha!" said the Maharajah, "we were nearly leaving our excellent cook behind. His score must be counted."

Loud cheers, in which the rival Colonels joined, greeted the result of the check. Antonio Lopez, the Goanese cook, with the assistance of a brace of Scullions was the winner of the "Sweep" by one bird! He had marked down the wounded birds in the reeds and finished them off, and so "ever and anon" came the booming of a distant gun.



BIG GAME SHOOTING IN EAST AFRICA.

"Sport in a Battalion Camp and an Elephant Shoot."

By MAJOR L. P. PAYNE-GALLWEY, O.B.E., M.C.

LAKE KENWORTHY, named after a distinguished Member of Parliament, 12 miles from Mkalama in the Central Province of Tanganyika Territory, was the place I chose for my battalion camp with the 2nd King's African Rifles, August and September, 1930.

Some months previously I had sent a young officer, who was keen on big game shooting, to make a road report in that particular district, and it was he who suggested Lake Kenworthy as a likely camp site. Besides providing me with an excellent road report, he had also had some good shooting and collected some good trophies, most of which had been shot within the vicinity of the camp.

The area provided four important essentials :—

- (i.) Good training ground.
- (ii.) Good water supply.
- (iii.) Not too close to our Headquarters at Tabora.
- (iv.) Good shooting near the camp.

Of these the first two speak for themselves. No. (iii.) as a test for marching with full equipment. No. (iv.) almost the most important, for two very good reasons. One it would give the officers something to do in their spare time, and the other, it meant that the men would get plenty of fresh meat. Fresh meat is not a ration to native troops in the King's African Rifles and is therefore much appreciated. The old story of an army marching on its belly.

The unusually late rains that year had prevented my being able to go and inspect the camp site until July, and even then I

had the greatest difficulty in getting there. A swamp, known as the Wembere Swamp and which originates from Lake Kenworthy, had not dried up, in fact it was a serious obstacle. So much so that another officer and myself took 13 hours to get across it, up to our middles in water and not once were we able to sit down. But then we had been misdirected by someone who ought to have known, but who didn't, and there was one place, by which we returned, where the swamp was only 400 yards wide. In an ordinary year this swamp is dry by the end of June and there is a rough road across it from Tabora to Mkalama.

I realised that this year the swamp could not possibly be dry by August 6th, the date on which the Battalion were to go into camp. This did not deter me, as it afforded practical experience in negotiating an obstacle which one would be quite likely to meet with at any time.

The distance from Tabora to Lake Kenworthy is 149 miles. We covered the distance in 7 marches, negotiated the swamp and made camp at 5 a.m. on the 8th day.

A good average especially as the men marched in full equipment carrying a hundred rounds of ball ammunition. Lewis guns and machine guns with their full complement of ammunition were carried by head portage.

The table of marches were as follows :—

- 1st Day's March, 15 miles, 8 a.m.—2 p.m.
- 2nd Day's March, 21 miles, 2 a.m.—9.30 a.m.
- 3rd Day's March, 27 miles, 12 midnight—10.30 a.m.
- 4th Day's March, 24 miles, 12 midnight—10.30 a.m.
- 5th Day's March, 19 miles, 2.30 a.m.—9 a.m.
- 6th Day's March, 12 miles, 3 a.m.—7.30 a.m.

The whole Battalion with baggage were across the swamp by noon.

- 7th Day's March, 31 miles, We halted at Sekenke Gold Mine at noon and finished up with a night march of 21 miles, arriving in camp at 5 a.m. on the morning of the 8th Day.

The swamp, which in the particular place where we crossed, was only 400 yards wide, was negotiated by building rafts for the heavy baggage, while the men waded across with their arms and equipment on their heads. Our Drum and Fife band played throughout the whole march; 10 minutes at the beginning and 10 minutes at the end of each hour. The big drummer was magnificent, he never turned a hair. Our first glimpse of big game in any quantity was when we reached the Wembere Plain on the 5th day and in crossing it on the 6th day. The last two hours of our march on the 6th day was a gladdening sight and made us all forget those many weary miles behind us. Herd upon herd of wildebeeste, eland, roan antelope, zebra, impala, to say nothing of a pride of 5 lion. And then when we reached the swamp the air was black with duck and geese, literally thousands of them. I have seen jeels in India alive with duck, but never have I seen so many as there were on the Wembere Swamp. That morning, the same evening and the next morning, before starting, we had some really good shooting and as the native troops are very fond of duck and especially geese they were none of them wasted. We had yet 31 miles to go before reaching our camp and we rather felt that we were leaving a paradise for game, large and small, behind us. But this was not so, as between Lake Kenworthy, where our camp was situated, and Mkalama there was a greater variety of game, especially of the more dangerous sorts such as lion, elephant, buffalo, panther and rhino (very plentiful). Thompson's gazelle and impala were always in and around the camp. My British Regimental Sergeant-Major whom I had sent on ahead to cut wood and grass for making bandas for the troops, as we took no tents for them, had the fright of his life, on waking up one night, to find a lion at the door of his tent looking at him.

Small game, there were duck and geese on the lake and the rough road to Mkalama was alive with guinea-fowl and partridge and quite a lot of the greater and lesser bustard.

It was indeed a paradise for game of all sorts, large and small.

One day when we were field-firing, not more than half a mile from the camp an old rhino suddenly made his appearance. I was standing on a hill with the officers explaining the scheme to them, when my orderly shouted out very excitedly, "kifaro" (rhino) and there just below us, not more than 200 yards away was a fine rhino ambling quietly along. Then suddenly he must have got wind of the troops who were marching to their rendezvous, as down went his head, and he charged a disused native hut about 20 yards in front of him and levelled it to the ground; thinking no doubt that the intrusion came from there; demanding instant action; shock tactics which he had probably often had resort to. Our excitement was intense, unfortunately we had no rifles with us and by the time we had collected some the rhino had got into some low scrub. We formed line and went after him, but he escaped us, and dashed through the camp much to the consternation of our native servants.

Lion we used to hear continually at night and natives were perpetually coming in to report that their cattle had been killed by them, but though we put out kills and tried our hardest, none of us managed to get one.

Rhino were very plentiful about 8 miles from camp in a belt of very thick bush which bordered the Songwe River, and between us we managed to get six quite fair heads.

We used to have great fun fighting geese on the Lake at dusk. The spur-winged goose is a large bird and is so-called on account of the large spur on the elbow of each wing. When wounded, he should be treated with great respect, as he fights like the devil and can strike very deep with his spurs.

Our total bag during the six weeks the Battalion was in camp was:—2 elephant, 6 rhinoceros, 2 leopard, 12 wildebeeste, 10 eland, 12 impala, 10 Thompson's gazelle, 8 waterbuck, 4 reedbuck, 2 oribi, 6 wart hog.

Amongst these there were some good heads, no records, but the officers had plenty of shooting and the men plenty of fresh meat. Small game we had some good duck shoots on the Wembere Swamp: our best bag one Sunday morning being 560 duck to 4 guns. Guinea fowl and partridge were shot for the pot

as they were wanted, with an occasional greater and lesser bustard.

The whole camp had been most successful from every point of view, except for the last week, when most unexpectedly we had one or two days of very heavy rain, which brought out the myriad hosts of mosquitoes. Never have I known them so bad. Funny enough a few days previously, a very celebrated "Rain Doctor" had visited the camp and taken tea with me. During the course of conversation I had asked him when we were likely to get some rain. Quite confidently he assured me, not for at least two months. Three days later it poured with rain.

In consequence our communications with the outer world began to get very precarious, as the road, rough at any time, became almost impassable for motor transport after rain. But what was far more alarming was the fact that the road to the north and south of the camp passed through two dry river beds. These river beds were now rapidly filling with water and with more rain would be serious obstacles. I therefore decided to move camp without delay: four days earlier than I had intended. But the river continued to rise far more rapidly than I had anticipated. The leading company whom I sent on a few hours ahead of the Battalion managed to get across, the water then being waist high. The river was still rising and there was nothing for it but to build a bridge, strong enough to take 30-cwt. lorries unloaded. I therefore despatched a second company to assist the leading company in making the bridge. This company arrived at the river at 3 p.m. By 11 a.m. the next morning the bridge was completed and the whole Battalion, baggage and lorries were across the river. A good piece of work. On reaching the swamp, which we did that evening, we made camp hoping that the lorries ordered from Tabora would arrive the next morning. But there had been so much rain, that part of the road was in a very bad state and only two out of the six lorries arrived at the swamp that morning, and it was not until the following morning that the Battalion was able to move. However, none of us minded, as we had some excellent duck shooting on the swamp. It is 118 miles from the Wembere

Swamp to Tabora and at 10 a.m. on the sixth day the Battalion arrived back in barracks.

A few days after our return to Tabora, I took a friend of mine out to try and shoot an elephant. He had a few days to spare before returning to England and had shot most things, except an elephant which naturally he was most anxious to get. He had only five days to give up to our shoot, but fortune favours the energetic and my friend "Sack" is always full of energy.

Before returning to Tabora I had sent word to a Greek hunter by name of Bwana Kola to try and get reliable information of the whereabouts of elephant. On my arrival in Tabora he reported that there were some good elephant on the Ndala river, 120 miles south-west of Tabora and which we could reach by motor car. So off we set. Sack and I and two gun bearers in my box-body car, Bwana Kola, the servants, tents, food and a cwt. bag of salt in a lorry. That cwt. bag of salt is so important, as to shoot an elephant and not have that bag of salt is a sore disappointment to the natives who cut him up. We reached the Ndala river about 4 p.m. where we made camp. Some native fishermen who had a camp close by were not at all reassuring about elephant. They had not seen or heard any for several days. They expressed the opinion that they had gone to the Mtema river some forty miles further east. This indeed was depressing news, but perhaps next morning we might pick up some fresh spoor. We were up early next day, but could find no fresh spoor of elephant, so we decided to get into my car and motor some 5 miles down the river to another favourite place where elephant were known to drink: there was another fishermen's camp near. When we got there all the fishermen were out and while my orderly went off to try and find someone, S. and I endeavoured to shoot a hippo. There was one particularly big one on whom we concentrated, and though we fired many rounds, we never hit him and had to admit that we were very bad at snap-shooting. I don't care what anyone may say, but a submerged hippo who keeps bobbing up at odd intervals, always in a different place, is a very difficult shot.

While this exhibition of marksmanship was going on my orderly came up with one of the native fishermen who said that elephant had not been down to drink for several days and who confirmed the report that they had moved on to the Mtema River. This was indeed bad news and I vented my wrath on the Greek hunter, Bwana Kola, for bringing us on a wild goose chase.

The only thing to do now was to get back to camp, pack up and make for the Mtema River. To me it all looked rather hopeless, as the elephant might be anywhere, but I was determined that S. should get an elephant, so we retraced our steps towards Tabora. We were unable to motor to the river, the nearest point on the road was 12 miles away, at a government rest house. This we reached at about 6 p.m. On the way back we saw a fine sable antelope but he was too quick for us and we were unable to get a shot at him, but a little further on S. shot quite a fair roan antelope. It was no good going on to the Mtema River that same evening, as we had to collect porters to carry our tents, food-boxes, etc. We decided to camp at the rest house, and make an early start, so as to reach the river at dawn. While we were having dinner my orderly brought some reassuring news that elephant had been down to drink the night before near the village on the Mtema River where we were making for.

We were off next morning by 3 a.m. and reached our destination by 7 a.m. While we were having breakfast I sent off the native tracker to see if he could find any fresh spoor of elephant. He was back again in less than half-an-hour to say that he had found the fresh spoor of a small herd, which had been down to the river that night, and that both from their spoor and from reports of the natives from the village there were two good elephant in the herd. This was indeed a bit of luck. It might be a long chase but I was determined that we would get up to them.

We didn't waste any time over breakfast and were soon on the move. We had a nice armoury with us. S. had a Purdey double-barrelled .465, a splendid rifle, and a .370 Holland magazine rifle. I had my .475 double-barrelled Jeffries and a

.318 Westley Richards. Our camp chairs, a chajul of water and some food went with us, as for all we knew, we might not get back to our camp that night. We hadn't far to go before picking up their tracks. It was a small herd of about twelve elephant and amongst them two good elephant, as their foot measurements went over 20 inches. The tracking was not difficult and the walking easy, being in light bush, not like the thick impenetrable country south of Tabora which I knew so well. We hadn't been tracking them for more than two hours when suddenly the tracker stopped and whispered Tembo (elephant). There less than a hundred yards from us we saw an enormous grey form lying down asleep against an ant heap, with his tail towards us. There is still much controversy as to whether an elephant ever lies down; some big game hunters say he never does. I had seen a good many elephant but never found one lying down. However, here was definite proof. He certainly looked enormous lying there and I thought to myself "Friend S. you're a lucky devil, as he is certain to have big tusks." Cautiously we walked round to have a look at him and as we did so he got up very quietly. In doing so he gave us a good view of his tusks, being, then, less than 50 yards from us. I was terribly disappointed when I saw his tusks. I had expected to see at least 4 feet of ivory showing which would mean 80-100 lbs. each tusk, instead of which there wasn't much more than 2 feet showing. I wouldn't let Sack shoot him, as I thought the rest of the herd must be quite close and there might be a better bull amongst them. It is extraordinary how little an elephant sees or hears. We got our camp chairs and sat down and watched him for at least 15 minutes. He wasn't in the least suspicious and was never more than 50 yards from us. It was grand to watch him: those great ears would come forward as if he suspected something and up would go his trunk to snatch the branch off a tree. The tragedy of it all was that S. had had to leave his cinematograph camera behind, as the films had not arrived before we left Tabora. (What a grand picture he could have had. Meanwhile, we discussed the situation with Bwana Kola. The tusks were certainly very thick and he was certainly

a very old beast, as both tusks were very much worn down, in fact there must have been $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet off one and a foot off the other. Strictly speaking he certainly ought to be shot as he would undoubtedly turn into a rogue and shamba raider.

We were still discussing whether to shoot him or not when he started to move off. It was now or never and as we couldn't be certain of coming up with the herd, I urged Sack to shoot him. S. had his Purdey .465 in his hand and walking up to within 20 yards of the elephant, he fired at his heart. A mad rush, but only for a few yards and then crash, down came this great beast, never to get up again. The usual excitement and mad rush from the native orderlies and trackers, brave but foolhardy : he might get up even now and trample one of them to death. Sack and I walked up from behind and put in two more shots behind the ear, before going in front of him. In this case quite unnecessary as he was stone dead, but it is a precaution with all big game that should never be omitted.

We were now able to closely examine the tusks, they were certainly very thick and would go well over 40 lbs. each. As a matter of fact they turned the scale at 52 and 45 lbs. respectively. but if they hadn't been so worn down, they would certainly have been 80 lbs. each. For an old elephant which he undoubtedly was, he had quite a good tail : the hairs of which Sack took with him and which he tells me have been instrumental in bringing off several successful marriages.

Having thoroughly examined the dead elephant : having stood on top of him, which the natives always insist on one doing and having taken the inevitable photograph, we retraced our steps back to camp.

On the way back we crossed the spoor of the rest of the herd. not more than half a mile from where Sack had shot his elephant. But was it the rest of the herd, I think not, as on examining the spoor they were the same footmarks which we first followed up. The one that had been shot was undoubtedly by himself and not travelling with the herd. Should we follow them up; our chances of getting up with them before dark were small as the shots would have frightened them and a frightened elephant

travels far. There was a chance that they might come back that night to drink. There was a full moon and we might get a shot or if we didn't get a shot, pick up their spoor as soon as it was light. So we decided to go back to camp.

While we were having a nap after lunch (Sack always tells this story against me) the native porters were jabbering away about the death of the elephant, near our tents, when my native orderly, a very faithful servant, was heard to say "Kaleli shensi, bwana mkubwa lala" (Silence you dogs, the great lord sleeps).

We had no luck that night: the elephant did not come again to the usual place to drink and though next morning we visited several of the pools along the river and had sent natives to others to bring information if they found fresh spoor, we drew a blank. During the course of our wandering Sack had a shot at a very large wart hog, quite the largest I'd ever seen and looked as big as a donkey. It was a long shot, about 200 yards, and S. hit him, we thought in the neck, as he rolled over like a shot rabbit, but, as we walked towards him, up he got and dashed off. I felt he wouldn't go far as to begin with the blood spoor was good, but though we hunted him for several hours to our great disappointment we never found him.

The rest of the day we spent superintending the cutting up of the elephant as we wanted to take the tusks, feet and ears back to Tabora next day. It is a long job cutting the tusks out of an elephant's jaw as they go in at least two feet. However, the natives made a good job of it and they had them out by nightfall.

Next morning we broke camp at 4 a.m. and were at the motor cars by 8 a.m. where we had breakfast arriving back in Tabora in time for lunch.

Looking back on that shoot, I often think that we should have followed up that herd. It would most certainly have meant a night out in the blue and some very hard walking but in the light of after events, I am sure one of those elephant was a big elephant.

Three weeks after Sack and I had been there, one of my officers went to the same river to shoot an elephant : he had to go home as his father had died and he wanted to get an elephant before leaving the country. He took Bwana Kola with him and he undoubtedly got into the same herd of elephant. The big elephant charged him : he brought him down but failed to kill him. As his boat was due to sail in a few days he was only able to follow up the elephant for 24 hours. A fortnight later this elephant was found dead near the Ndala river. His tusks were brought into the Boma at Tabora and I myself saw them weighed. A lovely pair of tusks 115 and 120 lbs. They went to the Government of Tanganyika though I tried hard to get them for that officer.



WOODCOCK ON A ROUGH SHOOT.

By RICHARD CLAPHAM.

ON many a rough shoot a woodcock is something of a *rara avis*, and it is probably for this reason that it has always found such great favour in the eyes of shooting men. Eighty years or more ago very few woodcock lived in this country, but they steadily increased, until to-day they are to be found nesting all over England.

Northumberland is a great district for nesting 'cock, and the same applies to Kent, Sussex, and Hampshire, whereas in Devon and Cornwall they are scarce. Seeing that the record English bag of woodcock was made in the latter county, it seems somewhat strange that so few birds have remained to breed there. The ringing of woodcock has provided certain information as to their movements, and from this and other observations, it seems that birds which nest in the north of England are chiefly residents while those in the south migrate in August, and return to nest in late January and February.

Ireland has always been a great woodcock country, and some large bags have been made there. The northern Ireland birds appear to emulate their Northumbrian relations in their habit of remaining at home, whereas those in the south of Ireland migrate in August or September like the southern birds in England.

Immigrant woodcock arrive in this country during October and November, and it is these birds which chiefly provide sport during the winter months. The plumage of woodcock is no guide to sex, dissection being the only way to differentiate between the

males and females. Mr. Ogilvie Grant examined hundreds of 'cock at the British Museum, and out of twenty or thirty birds only one proved to be a female. The colour of the woodcock's plumage varies considerably, some birds being grey, some chestnut, and some dark. The dark 'cock usually arrive later than the chestnut ones. They are smaller birds and weigh considerably less. Albino woodcock are extremely rare, whereas birds showing a larger or smaller amount of white marking are to be met with during most seasons. I have come across a few of these pied 'cock.

The weight of woodcock varies considerably, the average being about 11 ozs. One writer gives the average as 14 ozs., which in my experience is too heavy. A few weights taken from my game-book are as follows:—

August, Woodcock. $9\frac{1}{4}$ ozs.

September, „ $10\frac{1}{2}$ ozs.

October, „ $9\frac{3}{4}$ ozs.

December, „ $14\frac{1}{4}$ ozs.

An Irish 'cock shot on Achill Island.

January, „ $11\frac{1}{4}$ ozs.

January, „ 12 ozs.

The above weights were of birds killed in Yorkshire and Westmoreland, except the one shot in Ireland. Like other birds, woodcock use grit with which to grind the food in their gizzards. The following notes on the grit and food of 'cock are taken from my game-book:—

January. Woodcock. Gizzard contents: 2 grains weight of quartz grit. No food remains in gizzard. Bird very fat.

January. Woodcock. Gizzard contents: 12 small hard pebbles, plus a few fine bits of vegetable material, to one of which there was a root attached.

September. Woodcock. Gizzard contents: $\frac{1}{2}$ grain weight of grit as fine as dust. The food in gizzard consisted of 4 small caterpillars, several grubs, beetles, and small insects, and some grass seeds.

August. Woodcock. Gizzard contents: $2\frac{1}{2}$ grains weight of very fine grit, like dust.

October. Woodcock. Gizzard contents : Rather more than $\frac{1}{2}$ a grain weight of very fine grit.

December. Woodcock. Gizzard contents : 13 small spiral shells and some broken bits, plus 6 small quartz grits.

The length of a woodcock's bill is from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches in length, measured from the gape. The bill is pliable, and fitted with sensory nerves to enable the bird to probe the soft ground for food. A peculiarity of the woodcock is that its ears are in front of its eyes, being close to the base of the beak. The idea supposedly is that the bird can hear the slight sounds made by the creatures on which it feeds.

Near the wing joint of a woodcock there is a small, stiff "pin feather" measuring about $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches in length. Some measurements of "pin feathers" taken from my game-book give $1\frac{1}{4}$ in., $1\frac{1}{2}$ in., $1\frac{3}{8}$ in., $1\frac{3}{8}$ in., $1\frac{1}{4}$ in., and $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. The "pin feathers" from a snipe's wing are about $\frac{7}{8}$ in. long.

Woodcock are early nesters, eggs sometimes being found in February, although March is the usual month. The normal clutch is four, but as many as eight eggs have been recorded. The food of 'cock consists chiefly of worms, *lavæ*, insects, and mollusca. Woodcock lose weight quickly when hard weather drives them to find fresh feeding grounds.

You may sometimes see a woodcock on the wing by day, but they are chiefly birds of the dusk and the night. They leave the coverts en route for their feeding grounds every evening at the same hour, being very regular in this respect. A habit of theirs, starting at dusk, is known as roding, or in other words they fly round in wide circles, uttering a curious croaking call. This roding habit has always been considered a part of the woodcock's courtship, but some people are of the opinion that it is the way in which the bird delimits its territory, and that the courtship is always conducted on the ground. In Russia they tell you that woodcock are polygamous, and that roding is certainly a courting performance. I have often watched woodcock roding about our home coverts, and seen one or two birds chasing another. This looked as if two males were after a female.

When roding, woodcock fly fast, and take the same routes every night.

Even yet there seems to be some doubt as to whether woodcock carry their young. Some observers swear they have seen woodcock doing so, while others are just as positive they do not. Personally I have once seen a woodcock carrying a young one in its feet. The bird was so close to me that there was little chance of making a mistake.

As previously mentioned, a woodcock is something of a rare avis on many a rough shoot, while on others two or three couple of woodcock for the season is deemed a satisfactory bag. Ireland claims the record bag for woodcock. At Ballykine (Co. Galway) on 28th January, 1910, 228 woodcock were shot by 6 guns, and during the five days' shooting in the season, 587 woodcock were killed. The record English bag was obtained at Lanarth (Cornwall), on December 21st, 1920, when 7 guns killed 106 woodcock, 6 pheasants, 9 snipe, 3 woodpigeons, and 1 rabbit.

Such bags are not for the rough shooter who has to hunt up his birds. Woodcock are like rabbits in their fondness for certain seats which they return to again and again. My own rough shoot is of the moorland type, and woodcock lie amongst the heather and bracken on the open fell, as well as on the sunny sides of the ghylls. I have on several occasions flushed woodcock from places which showed signs of long occupation.

A woodcock rising in the open offers what appears to be an easy enough shot, but if you are to kill the bird you cannot afford to waste time. It can accelerate like a high-power car once it is on the wing, and is quickly out of range. In covert the necessity for quick shooting is even more apparent, for a woodcock has the knack of placing a tree or trees between it and the shooter, so that if you are slow your shot charge may do no more than scatter the twigs of a birch or an alder.

If you happen to be shooting without a dog, a killed woodcock may be difficult to find, as its plumage merges with the colour of the bracken. Not all dogs are keen to retrieve woodcock, although I never happen to have possessed one that would not do so. Few

birds are as beautifully plumaged as a woodcock, and after having shot one it seems almost a sin to soil its perfectly marked feathers in the game-bag. Hard weather compels woodcock to move their quarters and find fresh feeding ground. They stand cold better than snipe, but hard ground means that they cannot probe with their sensitive bills.

The coverts woodcock like are those containing birches, alders, hazel, withies, and hollies. A thick canopy is distasteful to them, as it prevents them from rising freely. The edges of a covert may be as thick as you like, so as to keep out the wind, and provide warm lying. In laying out a covert specially for woodcock, rough moorland ground is better than a level field, for the heather, bracken, etc., plus the inequalities of the ground tend to make the place draught-proof. On my own rough shoot, woodcock resort a good deal to patches of juniper situated amongst bracken, where the ground is rough and broken, and where nearby there is marshy land that provides food. In such ground woodcock can get the sun, and shelter from any wind that blows. If woodcock are rare on your shoot, you may be tempted to fire at a bird beyond reasonable range. This is not only a mistake but a wicked thing to do, for you may hit your woodcock but it will probably carry on and die later of its wounds. Woodcock are sometimes hit in the beak, and when the latter is damaged and the bird escapes, it cannot feed.

Some people advocate using No. 7 shot for woodcock. While this size may give a good pattern and sufficient penetration, I think it is more suitable for snipe. Even when shooting the latter, other game may be met with, so that No. 6 is to be preferred. This size will kill anything that flies if the shooter places it in the right spot. As already mentioned, woodcock can look easy, but they accelerate quickly and are adepts at swerving and twisting in covert.

If you are beating a wood on the chance of woodcock, the gun or guns should stand close to it, and not some distance away as you would for high pheasants. The latter will come on as they have attained sufficient height, whereas a woodcock may appear much lower, and on seeing you well in front will

swerve and fail to give a chance. When you do get a chance at woodcock take it and take it quickly. If waiting for driven woodcock, keep on the alert, for they appear like wraiths, and are gone as mysteriously. A "right and left" at woodcock is a thing to remember, and does not often happen except where birds are plentiful. A friend of mine once killed two woodcock with one shot, thus emulating the well-known feat of Sir Francis Chantrey, the sculptor, many years ago in Norfolk.



NOTES.

ARMY ORDERS, APRIL, 1937.

Changes of Facings.—His Majesty the King has been graciously pleased to approve the following change of facings for the regiment named :—

The Queen's Bays (2nd Dragoon Guards).

From buff to white.

* * * *

THE INDIAN CAVALRY DINNER

was held at the Trocadero Restaurant, on Thursday, 3rd June, 1937. Guests of the Club were Field-Marshal Sir Cyril Deverell, G.C.B., K.B.E. (Chief of the Imperial General Staff); General Sir Harry Chauvel, G.C.M.G., K.C.B. (Commander, Australian Forces in Egypt and Gallipoli, 1914-1919). In the chair was General Sir George de S. Barrow, G.C.B., K.C.M.G. (Colonel, The Scinde Horse). The following officers were present :—

SKINNER'S HORSE (1ST DUKE OF YORK'S OWN CAVALRY). (*Late 1st D.Y.O. Lancers and Skinner's Horse.*)—Colonel W. E. A. Blakeney, C.B.E.; Colonel E. Conway-Gordon, C.I.E.; Lieut.-Colonel R. Markham-Carter, C.B.; Lieut.-Colonel V. A. Coaker, D.S.O.; Lieut.-Colonel A. M. Daniels, O.B.E.; Lieut.-Colonel Gerald Gray; Lieut.-Colonel H. E. Medlicott, D.S.O.; Lieut.-Colonel G. A. C. Wetherall; Major J. H. Bennett; Major K. Cradock-Watson; Captain H. B. H. Dickinson; Captain H. N. MacLaurin, M.B.E.; Captain R. Wilson.

2ND ROYAL LANCERS (GARDINER'S HORSE). (*Late 2nd Lancers (Gardner's Horse) and 4th Cavalry.*)—Major-General J. G. Turner, C.B. (*Colonel of the Regiment*); Brigadier-General

L. L. Maxwell C.M.G.; Brigadier-General M. E. Willoughby, C.B., C.S.I., C.M.G.; Lieut.-Colonel R. E. Harenc; Major K. Robertson; Captain H. Dalrymple-Hay.

3RD CAVALRY (*Late 5th Cavalry and 8th Cavalry.*)—Major-General L. C. Jones, C.B., C.M.G., M.V.O. (*Colonel of the Regiment*); Lieut.-Colonel J. C. Walker; Major T. C. Crichton, M.C.; Major H. W. Picken; Captain R. O. L. D. Byrne; Captain R. E. Guest.

HODSON'S HORSE (4TH DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE'S OWN LANCERS). (*Late 9th Hodson's Horse and 10th Duke of Cambridge's Own Lancers.*)—Brigadier-General R. L. Ricketts; Colonel P. R. Chambers, D.S.O.; Colonel The Lord Middleton, M.C.; Colonel C. H. Rowcroft, D.S.O.; Lieut.-Colonel A. W. M. Kemmis, D.S.O.; Major A. G. C. Bidie; Major K. O. Goldie, C.I.E., M.V.O., O.B.E.; Captain G. W. Blake; Captain L. E. L. Maxwell; Captain J. R. Keogh Murphy; Lieut. P. Massey.

PROBYN'S HORSE (5TH KING EDWARD VII'S OWN LANCERS). (*Late 11th K.E.O. Lancers and 12th Cavalry.*)—Field-Marshal Sir William Birdwood, Bart., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.V.O., G.C.M.G., C.I.E., D.S.O. (*Colonel of the Regiment*); Lieut.-General Sir S. F. Muspratt, K.C.B., C.S.I., C.I.E., D.S.O.; Major-General Sir Dennis Deane, K.C.I.E., C.B., D.S.O.; Colonel Sir Edward Cole, C.B., C.M.G.; Colonel G. B. M. Sarel, C.S.I.; Lieut.-Colonel R. Anderson; Lieut.-Colonel H. G. Grace, M.C.; Lieut.-Colonel W. Hesketh, D.S.O.; Major R. G. Alexander, M.C.; Major E. S. MacL. Prinsep, O.B.E.; Major R. H. Sheepshanks, D.S.O., M.V.O.; Major J. Hulme Taylor; Major T. N. Watson, M.V.O., M.C.; Captain H. E. P. D. Acland; Lieut. F. W. Kennedy.

6TH DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S OWN LANCERS (WATSON'S HORSE.) (*Late 13th D.C. Lancers (Watson's Horse) and 16th Cavalry.*)—Colonel G. B. Irvine, C.B.; Colonel A. M. Jameson; Colonel G. G. E. Wylly, V.C., C.B., D.S.O.; Lieut.-Colonel H. W. D. Hill, D.S.O.; Lieut.-Colonel W. H. Lang; Lieut.-Colonel C. MacKenzie, C.M.G., D.S.O.; Captain A. G. N. Curtis; Captain E. H. Whitford-Hawkey, M.C.; Captain A. D.

F. Thomason; Lieut. C. B. Bennett; Lieut. A. Blair; Lieut. J. C. E. Bowen.

7TH LIGHT CAVALRY. (*Late 28th Light Cavalry.*)—Lieut.-Colonel P. S. F. Claridge.

8TH KING GEORGE'S OWN LIGHT CAVALRY. (*Late 26th K.G.O. Lt. Cavalry and 30th Lancers (Gordon's Horse).*)—Brigadier-General C. R. Harbord, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.; Captain J. M. W. Martin.

THE ROYAL DECCAN HORSE (9TH HORSE). (*Late 20th Royal Deccan Horse and 29th Lancers (Deccan Horse).*)—Brigadier-General C. E. Macquoid, C.I.E., D.S.O. (*Colonel of the Regiment*); Colonel F. Adams, D.S.O.; Lieut.-Colonel R. J. H. Baddeley, M.C.; Lieut.-Colonel J. W. Barnett; Lieut.-Colonel E. Tennant; Lieut.-Colonel F. W. C. Turner; Major C. D. Gregson; Major R. S. King, M.C.; Major A. N. Lovell; Captain J. D. Heaton-Armstrong; Captain J. C. J. O'Connor; Lieut. P. Y. Kirton.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR'S OWN CAVALRY (11TH FRONTIER FORCE). (*Late 21st P.A.V.O. Cavalry (F.F.) (Daly's Horse) and 23rd Cavalry (F.F.).*)—Lieut.-General Sir Charles Godwin, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. (*Colonel of the Regiment*); Major R. L. de B. Smart; Captain R. G. Hanmer; Captain G. T. Wheeler; Lieut. K. W. Bols.

SAM BROWNE'S CAVALRY (12TH FRONTIER FORCE). (*Late 22nd S.B. Cavalry (F.F.) and 25th Cavalry (F.F.).*)—Captain H. J. Melville; Captain L. Orman.

13TH DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S OWN LANCERS. (*Late 31st Duke of Connaught's Own Lancers and 32nd Lancers.*)—Colonel W. M. Macleod; Lieut.-Colonel Z. G. Burmester, O.B.E.; Lieut.-Colonel E. T. Walker, M.V.O., O.B.E.; Captain F. C. Field.

THE SCINDE HORSE (14TH PRINCE OF WALES'S OWN CAVALRY). (*Late 35th Scinde Horse and 36th Jacob's Horse.*)—General Sir George de S. Barrow, G.C.B., K.C.M.G. (*Colonel of the Regiment*); Major-General Sir Edward Fagan, K.C.B., C.S.I., C.M.G., D.S.O.; Major-General E. D. Giles, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.; Lieut.-Colonel J. P. Thompson, O.B.E.; Major C. C. Morrison; Major E. Montagu Smith; Major G. M. Stroud;

Captain W. B. Aspinall; Captain D. de G. Lambert; Lieut. W. P. Cranston.

15TH LANCERS. (*Late 17th Cavalry and 37th Lancers (Baluch Horse).*)—Lieut.-Colonel R. P. J. Mitchell.

THE POONA HORSE (17TH QUEEN VICTORIA'S OWN CAVALRY). (*Late 33rd Q.V.O. Lt. Cavalry and 34th P.A.V.O. Poona Horse.*)—Colonel G. Knowles, D.S.O. (*Colonel of the Regiment*); Lieut.-Colonel W. Kenworthy; Major T. M. Lunham.

18TH KING EDWARD VII'S OWN CAVALRY. (*Late 6th K.E.O. Cavalry and 7th Hariana Lancers.*)—Colonel J. K. Tod, C.M.G. (*Colonel of the Regiment*); Lieut.-Colonel S. W. Egerton; Major G. F. Gretton; Major M. T. L. Newington; Captain J. A. H. Jephson; Lieut. A. H. Wagstaff.

19TH KING GEORGE'S OWN LANCERS. (*Late 18th K.G.O. Lancers and 19th Lancers (Fane's Horse).*)—Colonel The Rt. Hon. Lord Wigram, P.C., G.C.B., G.C.V.O., C.S.I. (*Colonel of the Regiment*); Brigadier-General F. F. Lance; Lieut.-Colonel S. E. L. Baddeley; Lieut.-Colonel V. A. S. Keighley, D.S.O., M.V.O.; Lieut.-Colonel E. S. Percy-Smith; Lieut.-Colonel W. A. Sykes, D.S.O.; Bt.-Lieut.-Colonel A. H. Mackie; Major A. E. G. Forbes, M.C.; Major D. S. Frazer; Major C. H. Howell; Major W. R. B. Peel; Major W. G. M. Thompson; Captain N. G. Chaplin; Captain M. H. Francis; Captain W. H. L. Spurgin; Captain R. J. Tweedy; Lieut. P. J. Wilkinson.

20TH LANCERS. (*Late 14th Murray's Jat Lancers and 15th Lancers (Cureton's Multanis).*)—General Sir John Shea, G.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O. (*Colonel of the Regiment*); Colonel J. G. McConaghy, C.B., D.S.O., M.V.O.; Lieut.-Colonel W. D. Barbour; Lieut.-Colonel D. G. Bromilow, D.S.O.; Lieut.-Colonel G. R. Maitland, D.S.O.; Lieut.-Colonel H. St. Clair Smallwood; Bt.-Lieut.-Colonel G. F. Bunbury; Major G. M. Dyer; Captain A. Y. Dawson; Captain The Lord Russell of Liverpool, M.C.; Captain B. W. Richards; Lieut. T. J. D. Birdwood; Lieut. H. M. Bromilow; Lieut. J. A. Croft; Lieut. D. H. Mudie.

THE CENTRAL INDIA HORSE (21ST KING GEORGE'S OWN HORSE). (*Late 38th K.G.O.C.I. Horse and 39th K.G.O.C.I. Horse.*)—Colonel C. O. Harvey, C.V.O., C.B.E., M.C.; Major M. Cox; Major H. R. Jackman.

COLONEL S. LOW, D.S.O., T.D., *Honorary Secretary.*

HIS MAJESTY'S INDIAN ORDERLY OFFICERS WERE PRESENT DURING THE EVENING: Risaldar-Major Lall Singh, M.B.E. (*Probyn's Horse. 5th King Edward's VII's Own Lancers.*); Risaldar Musaffar Khan (*Sam Browne's Cavalry. 12th Frontier Force.*); Risaldar-Major Bahadur Sher Khan (*15th Lancers*); Risaldar Dharam Singh, I.O.M. (*20th Lancers*).

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THE NATIONAL HORSE ASSOCIATION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Major H. Faudel-Phillips presided at the Annual General Meeting of Members of the National Horse Association held at 12, Hanover Square, London, W.1, on April 7th, when he moved the adoption of the Report of the Council and Statement of Accounts for the year ended December 31st last, this being seconded by Sir Walter Gilbey, Bart., and carried unanimously.

President.—Major Faudel-Phillips was unanimously elected President of the Association for the second year in succession, the membership during his first year of office having been increased from 829 to 1,130—due very largely to his efforts. The value of the Association's work on behalf of Horse Breeders, Owners and Users generally engenders the belief that in the coming year the membership will be doubled, and no effort will be spared to achieve this.

Quarterly News Sheet.—Many references were made to the Association's decision to publish a Quarterly News Sheet to keep Members informed of the various fields of activity covered by the Association, the value of this publication being stressed.

Riding Masters.—Reference was made to the need for a Committee to safeguard the interests of Riding Masters and approval was given to the idea, it being referred to a Special Committee for investigation and report.

Election of Council. A Report was received from the Scrutineer of the Voting Papers indicating the election of Brig.

W. H. Anderson, Lord Daresbury, Mr. Claud F. Goddard, Wing-Commander Sir Louis Greig, Sir George Hastings, Mr. W. S. King, Mr. Bertram W. Mills, Mr. Horace Smith, Mr. R. S. Summerhays, Mr. Sanders Watney and Mr. J. H. Wynter as Members of the Council for the ensuing three years.

Council Meeting.—At a Meeting of the Council held prior to the Annual Meeting, a Report was received and adopted from the Riding Committee indicating, *inter alia*, that consideration was being given to problems arising from riding on Wimbledon Common, Dartford Common, Richmond Park, Chorley Wood, Amersham and other places, and that action was being taken to safeguard the interests of riders—particularly in cases where the withdrawal of facilities for riding is threatened.

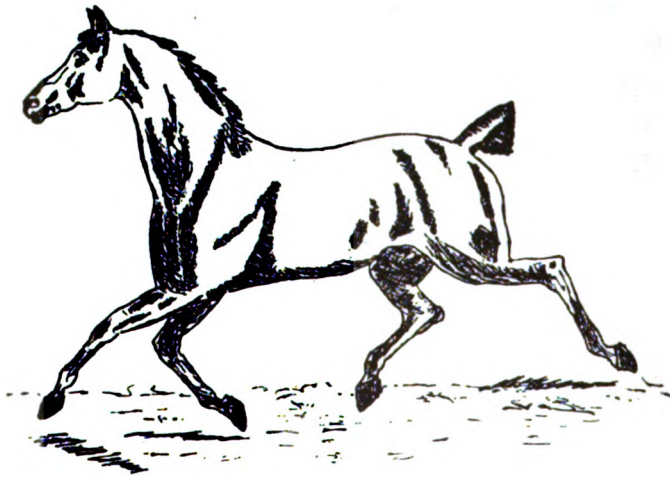
Kingston By-pass Road.—A letter from the Ministry of Transport was read indicating that it may be possible, when the widening of the Kingston By-pass Road is carried out, to maintain the grass verge for use by riders on one side of the road between Robin Hood Gate and Coombe Lane, and stating that the County Engineer had been approached on the matter.

Approved Riding School Scheme.—The Council adopted a draft of revised conditions governing the Association's Approved Riding School scheme and this will come into operation forthwith.

Export of Horses Bill. The General Purposes Committee reported having given careful consideration to the provisions of the Export of Horses Bill. While it is not desired to oppose the Bill in any way, it is held that its provisions may prevent the export of horses purchased by private owners for hacking purposes. Arrangements were, therefore, being made for a Conference with the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries with a view to co-operating with the Government to ensure that the Bill is amended in such a way as to render it satisfactory from all points of view.

Road Transport.—A letter from the Central and Associated Chambers of Agriculture was read regarding the attitude of the Railway Companies in opposing the further licensing of road

undertakings, etc., the view being held that this must have reactions contrary to rural interests. The Council agree that cheaper and improved transport facilities for the Agricultural industry are of vital importance and agreed, therefore, to co-operate with the Central and Associated Chambers in any action which may be taken to safeguard rural interests.



OBITUARY.

CAPTAIN J. D. G. CHAYTOR.

Joshua David Guald Chaytor was born in Dublin, on May 13th, 1903, son of the late J. D. Chaytor. He was educated at Bilton Grange and Wellington, where he was in the Cricket XI. for four years and also in the Football XV.

He joined the 14/20 King's Hussars from Pembroke College, Cambridge, in 1924. Adjutant 1932-1935, he was in every way the ideal cavalryman. He must have made a wonderful C.O. in due course, as he was a natural and inspiring leader.

Following the Meath from his earliest days, he was a born huntsman and in the very first flight across any country.

He might easily have become a first-class cricketer, but after joining the army he could not devote much time to the game.

From the very outset of his military career he showed great promise at polo. He had been playing in wonderful form during the two or three months preceding the lamentable accident at Meerut which cut him off almost before he had really reached his prime. He had already developed into a very strong candidate for international honours.

No conventional appreciation can do justice to the surpassing charm of his personality. He was amongst the happy few who inspire devotion in whatever company they find themselves.

The deepest sympathy of his numerous friends goes out to his widowed mother, to whom he was everything in the world. A wonderful son, a fine soldier, athlete and friend.

HOME AND DOMINION MAGAZINES.

The "Army Quarterly" opens with an interesting article by Captain G. C. Wynne, on the German defensive methods in 1917 and their influence on our tactics to-day in which he shows that the belt or zone of fortified localities, which forms the basis of our present-day tactics, is nothing more than the legacy of a suit of shoddy armour discarded by the Germans themselves before the end of 1917. The system's weaknesses were fully shown up in the spring battles of the following year, after we had adopted it to our serious disadvantage, and yet we still cling to it; it is time we re-examined it in the light of its history of consistent failure. An anonymous writer, taking an opposite standpoint to that of the prize-winning Bertrand Stewart essay of 1936, believes that to attempt restrictions on certain methods of warfare is neither possible nor desirable, in his view such attempts are usually motivated either by "sloppy sentimentalism" or by self-interest; if they were successful they would merely have the effect of prolonging war and all its attendant suffering, and when nations are fighting for their lives they are in the long run doomed to failure. The only way to ensure peace, to his mind, is not by universal co-operation but by some power, with the fixed determination to secure it, being able and willing to police the world. This forecast should be visionary and futuristic enough for anybody, and is in curious contrast with the author's otherwise realistic standpoint. There is an interesting account by Mr. John Graf, of the Swiss army; which is now being reorganized to afford added security against mechanized attack by rapidly moving armoured divisions. A series of strong barrier forts are being erected on the frontier roads; mobilization and concentration are being simplified and accelerated, and reliance is being placed to an increasing

degree on road transport in case of interruption of the railway network by air attack, against which moreover defence, both passive and active, is being vigorously taken in hand. Armament and equipment is being modernized, and new trench mortars, anti-tank guns and mountain and heavy artillery are to be provided. The bulk of the other contents is concerned with historical matters.

"The Fighting Forces" is, as usual, a lively number with a futuristic picture of the go-ahead "X-P" Brigade, the account by Lt.-Colonel Burne of the Japanese attacks on the Motienling passes, July 31st, 1904, a discussion by General Fuller of the tank versus anti-tank duel, and an imaginary dialogue on coast defence. All these items are as readable and entertaining as they are instructive. The "X-P" Brigade would undoubtedly be a soldier's paradise with its realistic and serious training, its close attention to good living conditions, labour-saving and comfort and its aim to make the Army a career for the men and the outside world interested in the Army—yet there is nothing impossible or Utopian about its methods as outlined here. General Fuller scouts the idea that because the tank is no longer proof against all anti-tank weapons it has therefore lost all its value; what we want is a new tactical system to exploit its qualities and cover up its weaknesses. Lt.-Colonel Burne finds the chief lessons of his chosen battle to be the failure of the Russian commanders to use and abuse pessimistic reports—mostly unfounded; the parsimony of reserves which were held back so long as to be useless, and the spirit of lack of confidence and defeatism which Kuropatkin's minute instructions, and exhortations on the eve of battle diffused in his subordinates, through them in his troops. The other articles in the number are all of great interest and value.

The "Royal Artillery Journal" has as its *piece de resistance* an article on the French and German manœuvres of 1936 by Major-General Rowan Robinson. He stresses the different spirits of the two nations—the one regarding war as a necessary

evil and with no enthusiasm for its army; the other believing fanatically in the nobility of the soldier's profession, loving and admiring those who follow it, and looking forward to war with gladness and pride. He believes that this, rather than mere technical efficiency in armaments, may well be the deciding factor in any future duel between them. A most vivid and readable account is given of the operations for blocking the mouths of the canals at Ostend and Zeebrugge in April, 1918, in which all the numerous technical details are fully discussed. The author's conclusion is that in future such operations will become impossible in the face of modern defensive methods. Other interesting papers deal with the artillery in our 1936 manœuvres and the artillery's share in the repression of the recent Palestine troubles.

The "Royal Engineers Journal" deals for the most part with technical matters—coast protection of the North Sea shores of Holland, Belgium and Germany—with a separate volume of maps and plates—the layout and building of the new cantonment at Wana, the sealing of Hanna Lake, and cold storage plant at Port Said. Articles on tank stepping-stones for river crossing and wire-rope bridges for motor vehicles are of somewhat wider appeal.

The "Royal Air Force Quarterly" opens with the first part of an article on Air Defence by two anonymous authors. Their view is that aerial combat is the primary method for this purpose and they suggest various considerations and desiderata to this end. Another paper suggests the provision of special ramming craft for attacking bombers and puts forward designs for an experimental machine for this purpose. Another valuable contribution by the French expert de Rougeron combats the theory of the Italian General Douhet that the air arm should consist of "air cruisers" suitable for use either as fighters or as bombers, and maintains that such machines can only hold their own against fighters if they are comparable to the latter not only in armaments but also in speed. There are many other items of

interest in the number, some of a light and frivolous nature, others too technical to be described here in detail.

There have also been received :—

3rd K.O. Hussars Regimental Journal.

10th Royal Hussars Gazette.

11th Hussars Journal.

16/5th Lancers, Scarlet and Green Journal.

R.A.V.C. Journal.

R.A.S.C. Journal.

The Lion. 2nd Lancers. I.A. Journal.

The Fifteenth Lancer, I.A.

The Strathconia.

The Springbok.

The Wasp.

The Horse and Foot.



FOREIGN MAGAZINES.

The United States "Cavalry Journal" for March-April contains a number of articles that deal directly or indirectly with horsemanship and horse management: there is unusually little matter bearing on manœuvres, tactics or mechanization. The opening articles describe various aspects of an "endurance ride" over a course of 150 miles across difficult and unfamiliar terrain that was carried out by the subaltern officers of the 8th Cavalry on March 6th of this year. "Each horse was required to carry a minimum of 165 pounds. The rate of march was left entirely to the individual rider and the equipment was prescribed as optional." The actual route was kept secret until 4 p.m. on the day previous to the start. Two halts of one hour each and one halt of five hours, all at named places, were compulsory: grain and rations were to be drawn at these halts. Eighteen riders started, of whom exactly nine finished. The best time returned was 27 hours 17 minutes 20 seconds; the worst over 34 hours.

The ride was in every respect a noteworthy affair. The country was wild and the course for much of the distance lay over heavy sand or poor going. Much of the distance was covered by compass bearing or by the stars. For an hour or so the competitors were riding in pitch darkness owing to the hour of moonrise. Several riders failed to complete the course owing to misjudging the ground and thereby covering an unnecessary mileage or by riding at excessive speed: one rider cannot have done less than 190 miles. The rider who came in second was disqualified owing to his not fulfilling one important condition of the ride: namely that next day his horse should be adjudged fit to cover 25 miles in five hours. The winning horse had carried 180 lbs.; the horse carrying the greatest load, 230 lbs. finished sixth. Two further brief articles, one by a veterinary officer, contain valuable notes on the conditions favourable to bring horses through such a test.

The remainder of the number is chiefly devoted to reminiscences concerning horses, polo and horsemanship. There is an excellent account of the visit of a U.S.A. cavalry team to a horse show in Chile where the U.S.A. officers finished second to the Chilean team in a remarkable show.

There is, however, one article that deserves special notice : this describes the work of the U.S.A. regular cavalry in connection with flood relief work in the River Ohio valley during last February. The 1st Cavalry was mainly employed in the actual task of evacuation, whilst the 13th Cavalry was engaged chiefly in bringing refugees into a large camp, established and managed by the troops. The rescue work was arduous and mainly carried out by means of heavy boats. " No dry land was in sight anywhere. Boats moved through the streets, passing over the tops of parked automobiles. Houses were floating off their foundations, tipping over, and becoming a serious menace to boat traffic." Animals were saved and forage found for them.

At Louisville the work of the cavalry was no less important. A portion of the 7th Cavalry was there employed with the 11th Infantry. Here the work of the troops also comprised police duties. Armoured cars were freely used on patrol duties to check an outbreak of looting : the cars, it may be noted, proved most effective probably because there were no crowds in the deserted streets.

The German " Militär Wochenblatt," No. 30, publishes some notes concerning the reorganization of the cavalry in Austria and Sweden.

The Austrian army, having renounced the limitations imposed upon it by the Treaty of St. Germain, has proceeded to an increase of mounted troops. Formerly there existed six mixed brigades and one independent artillery regiment : the whole totalled 30,000 men. There are now to be six infantry divisions and one " light " division. The latter is to comprise one brigade motorized infantry, one brigade horsed cavalry with one regiment of artillery.

This cavalry brigade is to consist of two regiments of

dragoons which will be created out of the former six independent squadrons. The regiment will consist of one headquarter squadron, three rifle squadrons and one heavy machine-gun squadron. The rifle squadron is to have three rifle platoons and one platoon of two heavy machine guns. The machine gun squadron will have three platoons with three heavy machine guns each. It is proposed eventually to increase the rifle squadrons to four in number and, on mobilization, to increase the number of machine guns to four per platoon. The headquarter squadron is to have a communication and a pioneer platoon; also probably one platoon of two 3.2 inch mortars and one platoon of two 2 inch A.T. guns.

The Swedish cavalry is to be increased. In 1925 the cavalry had been reduced from 50 to 17 squadrons. Four squadrons were allotted to each of four infantry divisions: the remaining squadron was assigned to the garrison of the fortress of Boden. Motorized troops were to make good the deficiency of mounted troops. Recent manœuvres, however, have shown the lack of mounted men. It has now been decided to institute a "light" brigade which is to consist of headquarters, 1 company communication troops, 2 cavalry regiments, 1 group of 3 batteries of light artillery, 1 battalion motorized cavalry and 1 pioneer company. The cavalry rifle squadrons are to receive heavy machine guns and mortars. The heavy machine gun squadron is to have three troops—No. 1 of heavy machine guns and mortars; No. 2 (motorized) A.A. guns; No. 3 (motorized) light artillery. The cavalry regiment will now consist of headquarters with communication troops, 3 rifle squadrons, 1 heavy machine gun squadron, 1 cyclist squadron, and one squadron armoured cars. The battalion of motorized cavalry is to be composed of headquarters, 2 squadrons (motor-borne) and 1 squadron armoured cars.

The nett result is that the light brigade will incorporate two existing cavalry regiments. The remaining two regiments are to be converted into 7 cavalry battalions of which one is to be allotted to each of the six infantry divisions, while the seventh will go to the light division. The new Swedish cavalry unit

will be one of the best equipped in the whole world as regards fire power, but it will be one of the most heterogeneous.

The (Swiss) "Allgemeine Schweizerische Militärzeitung" devotes an entire number, greatly enlarged, to the whole problem of mechanization. This is treated from various aspects: historic, technical and futuristic. Although the question is treated somewhat from the Swiss standpoint, the fact that it contains articles from such authorities as the French General Altmayer and the Austrian General Eimannsberger, endow this number with a particular interest to all officers who propose to investigate mechanization at all deeply. It would be impossible to reproduce, even in summary form, the mass of material here set out. In addition to the articles by the two authorities already named, there are two other studies, one by Colonel v. Pitreich and another by Major Streiff—the latter on anti-tank defence—which will well repay study; the latter article should be of some value to cavalry officers.

The French "Revue de Cavalerie" for March-April opens with a short lecture by General Boucherie on the general aspects of mobilization in the army. It forms a useful summary of the question of which the general's deduction is that the cavalry leader must now always think ahead and think of the future since technical progress has not reached finality. A somewhat obvious conclusion, but it is neither so valueless nor meaningless if the excellent little article be read. There follows a long article entitled "L'Appel des T.O.E.," which is a panegyric of service in Algeria (during the past epoch of the famous Marshal Bugeaud) and in Morocco (in recent times under Marshal Lyautey). It is eminently readable, but the narrative which smacks of Kipling and the praise of service in wild countries, and will thus be familiar to most British readers, make one feel that France has openings for moulding young officers which are now becoming rarer in the British Empire. The description of active service in the hinterland of Morocco should arouse the soldierly instincts of any officer. The rest of this number is of less interest to British readers than usual.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

“The Forward Impulse.” By Piero Santini. (Country Life).
12s. 6d.

The author sets out to give instruction in riding on the flat, steeplechasing, show-jumping, hunting, polo, the side-saddle and mounting and dismounting—all in 119 pages. It is not easy to give a general idea of the purport of this book, the general theory of advanced horsemanship being mixed with somewhat elementary instruction. When it is considered for whom—for what class of rider—it is primarily written, are we to accept as a clue the paragraph on page 29 :

“I know from practical experience of much observation that if you ask anyone to start his horse walking, ninety-nine times out of a hundred he will begin by what he considers the necessary ‘collecting’ by briskly (when it isn’t brusquely) raising his hands, giving the horse a jerk on the reins and a kick in the ribs.”

This would-be Mussolini of Equitation extolls what he claims to be the Italian method of riding which he describes as something “hitherto undreamed of.” In fact he says that for good riding the theory he propounds must be accepted in its entirety as its various parts are as “interlocked as the component pieces of a particular mechanism” and it would further appear that until the Italian method of equitation “dawned upon riding humanity” there was no riding worthy of the name.

He is also of course in favour of the forward seat (even for the side-saddle) for all jumping including the Grand National and we must suppose that if some jockey were to be successful over this course using this seat we should see as complete a revolution in steeplechase riding as we did in flat racing. Incidentally, in plates 26 and 27 there is an interesting contrast between the American racing seat and the English.

The author strongly favours the snaffle bit without a martingale even for polo, about which he naively remarks that he would like to *see* the game played in snaffles but one wonders if he would like thus to *play* it himself.

He is no believer in teaching a pony to pull up on its hocks and has some highly original suggestions on stopping and turning at polo (pages 87 and 88.)

There is, nevertheless, much to be learnt by a careful study of this enthusiast's book and it will repay perusal if only for the following reasons. His counsels, if not of perfection, are at all events towards a much higher standard of equitation than exists in this country. Then there is his advocacy of the free forward movement, which has always been the English horseman's desideratum and further, the success of Italian officers in jumping competitions. It may, however, be considered that he carries his advocacy of natural balance as against induced balance too far as his theory leaves out of account the improvement to be made in a horse's way of carrying himself by skilled and rational breaking. He also makes the mistake so universal among Continental riders of confusing show-jumping with hunting.

There are many words of wisdom which could be taken to heart by all horsemen. "Unnecessary throwing about of arms and legs" he says "corresponds to ranting on the stage." Page 45 contains some sound advice upon bringing pressure on the bit. The use and abuse of the stirrup in mounting is also worth careful study. But what is the diagram facing page 56 intended to demonstrate?

Chapter VII, which might be aptly entitled "Good Form," is one that every young rider should read. It is maintained that style is much more than appearance; it goes deeper than mere looks and "is more important than victory."

The illustrations consist of excellent photographs with plates and diagrams by Paul Brown. There is the well-known portrait of Leslie Cheape to demonstrate the perfect seat but it is not easy to reconcile this with Diagram A and the impossibly cocked-up toe. In the photographs where the rider has been

"caught" with seat, hands, legs and heels just right we are led to believe that the Italian method of riding has been adopted. Some of the photographs of good and bad seats are hardly comparable as they are not taken at the same second of the leap.

S.G.G.

"The War Office At War." By Sir Sam Fay. (Hutchinson.) 10s.

This is a lively outspoken book dealing with the author's experiences when the War summoned him to exchange his chairmanship of the Great Central Railway for the post of Director of Movements in the War Office. He later rose to be Director-General of Movements and Railways and a member of the Army Council, and it is interesting to note that in the disputes which raged throughout 1917 and 1918 between the military and the civil authorities responsible for the conduct of the War, he was wholly and wholeheartedly on the side of the soldiers. Sir Sam Fay in fact liked and admired soldiers, possibly because a railway manager, like them, has to do things rather than talk about them; but he did not, any more than most soldiers, like an intriguer of the Wilson type, of whom he has many hard and sometimes rather unjust things to say. The book should be of interest to a wide circle of readers, to whom it will give a glimpse of a phase of war history little known to the army or the public.

"The Adventurous Life of Count Lavallette." Vol. II. By Himself. (Lovat Dickson.) 10s. 6d.

The first volume of these memoirs of Napoleon I's Postmaster-General, published and reviewed in these columns a few months ago, carried the story of the First Empire to 1804. There is a gap between that date and the opening chapters of this volume, which tells the story of the campaign of 1809. The "high spots" of the story are the Malet conspiracy of 1812, that extraordinary episode when a half-pay officer with a handful of supporters all but brought down the whole Napoleonic edifice in ruins, and the author's own escape from the Conciergerie prison, in which he lay under sentence of death on the return of the Bourbons after Waterloo. For this he had to thank the

ingenuity and courage of his pretty and devoted wife, who remained there in his place while he went out disguised in her clothes, and, with the aid of three chivalrous British officers, was smuggled safely out of the country. The episode, one of the most famous prison breaking exploits in history, is told in full detail and makes a most exciting story. Modestly, attractively and vividly written, the memoirs throw much light on the Napoleonic epic, and it is a pleasure to have them in this English guise.

“Towards Armageddon.” By Major-General J. F. C. Fuller.
(Lovat Dickinson.) 6s.

General Fuller's thesis is that the next few years will see a struggle to the death between the two opposing ideologies that at present divide Europe, in which we shall most assuredly be involved unless we quickly set our defences in order. He describes and criticises in scathing terms our present lack of a logical and co-ordinated policy of defence, which he considers should be based primarily on a strong offensive air arm, a mechanized military force to furnish a base for an air and land offensive, and a navy consisting principally of anti-submarine craft and aircraft carriers. He stresses the need for national training and discipline, in order to furnish the men required to make and handle these new weapons and in order to safeguard the country against the widespread and paralysing panic which will certainly be caused by the swift and powerful air attacks to be expected on the outbreak of any future major war. He advocates new thoughts, new methods, and a new spirit in all three Services, and new vigour, energy, and clear thinking on the part of those responsible for the safety of the country and the Empire in time of war. No review can do justice to the closely packed and invaluable material contained within these 250 pages. This is the best book General Fuller has given us for many a long day, and one's only regret in reading it is that so little of what he counsels is ever likely to be carried out in practice—at least until it may well be too late for our national safety and well-being.

"The British Army: Its History, Customs, Traditions and Uniforms." By Pay Lieut.-Commander E. C. Talbot Booth. (Sampson Low.) 7s. 6d.

One would gladly extend a hearty welcome to a book such as this, written, as the author tells us, "as a small tribute to the Service" and "to induce a greater interest in His Majesty's land forces"; but unfortunately the execution has fallen so far short of the conception that it is impossible for any honest reviewer to be other than severely critical. The book teems with mis-statements and inaccuracies. Here are a few out of many more. In the organization of the British Army in 1914 it is stated that a division numbered 38,000 men, and an Army Corps comprised three divisions. In the order of battle of the B.E.F. in 1914, no mention is made of the 5th Division (or of the 4th which took part in all the battles after Mons). In the list of units of "certain historic brigades of the past" the 4th Hussars are omitted from the Light Brigade at Balaclava and the 1st Royal Dragoons from the Heavy Brigade, while the heading "Regiments comprising the famous 'Fighting Brigade' at Lille and Tournay" in the French Wars conveys nothing even for the reviewer, and must be even more bewildering to the lay mind. The alphabetical list of famous battles, is a tissue of errors; Atbara, fought against the *rebel Egyptians* in 1882; Bhurtpore, defeat of *Afghans* in 1838; Maharajpore, defeat of *Sikhs*, 1846; Minden, hard fought battle in 1801; Sikh War, 1854-1859; *cavalry* charge of Tel-el-Kebir—these are only samples of the author's inaccuracies in dates and facts. The general effect of them is to cause serious misgivings as to the reliability of any of the statements in the book, which, as it stands at present, can hardly be said to fulfil its writer's or any other useful purpose.

"Running the Gauntlet." By G. Messop. (Nelson.) 8s. 6d.

This is a narrative of sport, adventure, and war in South Africa in the latter half of last century, and includes some admirable and vivid narratives which brings back to us clearly the strange pioneering conditions of that age.

Mr. Messop seems to have tasted and enjoyed it all—hardships and happiness alike, and his love of life and adventure never appears to have failed him throughout. He fought in the Zulu War of 1879 with the Frontier Light Horse, which formed part of Sir Evelyn Wood's column and saw fighting at Hlobane mountain, Kambula, and Ulundi. Two years later, as an intelligence agent, he saw the first Boer War at first hand and has a good deal that is severe and pungent to say about our incredible follies and shortcomings in that ill-starred campaign. Even the non-military-minded reader will, however, have an enjoyable time with Mr. Messop's virile and lively pages, with their atmosphere of good fellowship, resourcefulness, courage, endurance and cheerfulness with and through all.

"Official History of the Great War." Military Operations, France and Belgium, 1918. II. By Brig.-General Sir J. E. Edmonds. (Macmillan.) Text 12s. 6d.; Maps 5s. 6d.

This continuation of the official story of the last great German offensive in the West carries the tale to April 30th, 1918, and thus includes the final stages of the operations in front of Amiens and the whole course of the Lys offensive. The events are described in great detail, and, as is inevitable in the case of so wide a field, with so many units engaged in the fighting, the thread of the tale is sometimes not too easy to follow, even with the help of the many excellent maps provided for the reader's assistance. But the trouble he will have to devote to its perusal will be fully repaid, for the pages of the book are replete with a myriad gallant deeds, too splendid to be forgotten, and there is a host of valuable lessons to be learnt from it.

In a final chapter, which is sure to give rise—indeed has already given rise—to controversy, General Edmonds appends some reflections on the events of this and the preceding volume. He waxes indignant about the treatment meted out to General Gough, showing him to be the victim of circumstances beyond his control and in no way to blame for the Fifth Army's defeat. He maintains that the army in France was kept too weak in men to be able to do all that was required of it, and that this shortage of men left no margin of safety to compensate for local errors

and failures, the disastrous effects of which could not be thus checked betimes. He stresses too the frequent cases of defective inter-Allied co-operation, which Foch, only recently appointed to supreme command, was not yet in a position to enforce, even if his views and appreciations of the position from time to time had not often been faulty. Altogether this is a notable work, fully worthy of its predecessors and of its writer's great reputation.

E. W. S.

"Australia in the War." The Official History of Australia in the War of 1914-18, Volume V, in France, 1918. By C. E. Bean. (Published by Angus and Robertson.)

It is highly appropriate that this important work should appear at a time when all that is most representative of the British Commonwealth of Nations had met together in the heart of the Empire to witness the crowning of a King who is Sovereign over each individual part of that league of English-speaking nations. At a time, too, when each man of the Dominion troops is returning to his own home with the proud remembrance that on at least one occasion, he was personally responsible for the safety of his Sovereign in Buckingham Palace.

Volume V has to give its Australian readers a comprehensive account of the situation at the time under consideration, from the Allied as from the Australian point of view. There were certain differences as in the matter of the death penalty, indeed considerable controversy arose, which is recounted in Chapter 1. Under the heading "the Allies Strive for a Plan" it is interesting to note that the ubiquitous Mr. Trotzki enters into the Allies calculations. Chapter III under the title "the Genesis of Michael" develops a view of the situation among the Central Powers which is well worthy of attention as showing why Ludendorff abstained from the thrust that would have incorporated the Ukraine into the Germanic combine and would probably have brought the Great War to a very different issue. There is sufficient documentation to support the author's contentions and propositions in this as throughout the whole book. You may not agree with him in some of his assertions as for instance that the

Australian's gallant and impetuous counter attack stopped the great March offensive, though the stubborn defence of Villers-Bretonneux and Dernancourt, and the subsequent counter-attacks may claim to have saved Amiens. There is fine descriptive writing in this work; the priest at Bavincourt comes to life as he opens his stock of wine for the benefit of the 14th Battalion Headquarters; "as his cellar might soon be destroyed," and again "a cluster of battered trunks marked the village of Hebutterne," bring back memories of utter desolation. From Hebutterne on March 27th the Australians found themselves looking out over the old Somme battlefield. "This once empty wilderness was quickly seen to be alive with movement such as Australian Infantry had never before watched from their front trenches."

Chapter X. "The truth about the Fifth Army" is disappointing in that it conveys the impression that the truth about this question has not as yet become crystal clear. The author however clears the British troops of the imputation that they were not "up to form" in the opinion of their Australian brothers-in-arms, by quoting that of their German opponents who had every opportunity of judging for themselves. Several responsible eye-witnesses are quoted, members of the Australian Forces who noted that "the British Infantry was retiring—in excellent order—tired but not routed." How curious that retirement appeared to an onlooker, an Australian officer with the 180th Tunnelling Company R.E. is seen from his note: "There was never any rout of the troops. They were simply tired and too dead to offer any resistance. He had heard how when the Germans got up, our men would get up too, and the two lines would stroll along at a distance from one another each trailing its arms, the Germans as tired as our men." It was our Cavalry that roused most interest among the Australians. "They proved far too good for the Huns," was one expression of opinion. There is a good deal told from the Australian point of view of Lancer Wood, illustrated with a clever outline sketch, of 12th Lancers at Auber court. Vigorous action by 17th Lancers near Villers-Bretonneux on April 4th, and frequent

reference to other cavalry activities, expressed with high appreciation.

The book like all other publications, is of formidable aspect and proportions but it makes good reading. It is well produced and illustrated by photographs and a number of little sketch-maps that are of the greatest help on following the course of actions. The list of illustrations is followed by a Chronology from December 1st, 1917, to May 7th, 1918, giving a useful survey of important events the world over between those dates. The Appendices are interesting particularly number V which deals with the Australian Signal Units in Mesopotamia and with Dunster-force where they met 14th Hussars and Bengal Lancers, and seem to have enjoyed adventure among Kurds and other Orientals of a warlike disposition. B.G.B.

“Skilled Horsemanship.” By Lieut.-Colonel S. G. Goldschmidt. (Illustrated by Michael Lyne; published by Country Life.) 12s. 6d.

The author's views are well-known to our readers. The subject matter of many of the chapters has appeared from time to time in the Cavalry Journal. The volume is exceedingly well put together, gives much food for thought and many useful hints. The chapter on “good hands” is most encouraging for those who do not already possess them, and does away with the old fallacy that one must be born with them. Colonel Goldschmidt shows how they can be acquired. The illustrations throughout the book are excellent.

“The Art and Craft of Loch Fishing.” By H. P. Henzell. (Published by Philip Allan and Co.) 10s. 6d.

As the author states in his introduction, “Considering the great number of books that have been published about fishing, it is astounding how little attention has been paid to loch and lake fishing. Some anglers think that loch fishing is too monotonous and I can well believe that they find it so on a day when fish are not taking, but Mr. Henzell gives a lot to think about, he goes very carefully into the whole question of flies and strength of cast to suit the conditions of the day and proves

conclusively that a loch fisher who really thinks things out will have few dull moments.

T.T.P.

"Hunting for All." By C. R. Acton. (Published by H. F. & G. Witherby, Ltd.) 7s. 6d.

The frontispiece of a Hunting Problem Picture and its solution on the last page gives a fitting explanation of the contents of this book. The late Lord Willoughby de Broke wrote "Hunting—like all other really good things is either national or else it is nothing. If ever it presents the appearance of being based upon exclusiveness, the whole fabric will dissolve." Mr. Acton has taken the above as his dogma and has written "Hunting for All" for the newcomer in the hunting field and he has imparted a vast deal of excellent advice and information within a small compass. A few of the chapter titles should suffice to help the inquirer:—"Choosing a Hunt"—"Dress"—"Getting Mounted"—"A Hunting Day"—"Digging"—"Etiquette" and last but not least "Cutting Down Expenses."

There could be no more suitable purchase than this book, which will be a great help and encouragement to the novice. By its aid he should have no fear of the once Unknown and he will learn:—

"How to drive care away
Pain and despair away
Hunting the Fox."

O.J.F.F.

The following have also been received:—

"Sporting Prints." By George March-Phillips. (Bell & Son.) 7s. 6d.

"The King's Britannia." By John Irving. (Seeley Service.) 12s. 6d.

"Galloping Jack." By Brig.-General J. R. Royston. (Wetherby.) 6s.

"A History of the Art of War in the XVI Century." With 12 Half-tone Plates and 33 Maps. By Sir Charles Oman. (Methuen.) 30s.

"In Parenthesis." By David Jones. (Faber and Faber.) 10s. 6d.

SPORTING NEWS

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL—CAVALRY CUP.

The following are the results of the Semi-Finals and Final of this year's Cavalry Cup Competition.

SEMI-FINALS

4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards v. 12th Royal Lancers.

Played at Tidworth on March 25th, 1937. Won by the 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards after extra time by three goals to two.

Royal Horse Guards v. 10th Royal Hussars

Played at Aldershot on April 10th, 1937. Won by Royal Horse Guards after extra time by 1 goal to nil.

FINAL.

Royal Horse Guards v. 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards.

Played on Queen's Park Rangers' ground on Saturday, May 1st, 1937. Won by the 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards by three goals to two, after a very hard and exciting game.

The Cup was presented by the Inspector-General of Cavalry, Major-General J. Blakiston-Houston, D.S.O.

EQUITATION SCHOOL HORSE SHOW, 1937.

SAUGOR.

The Equitation School Horse Show was held in " Leicestershire " on March 23rd, 24th and 25th.

The entries this year were good, especially in the Open Handy Hunter Competition for which there were ninety entries. Donors of Cups included His Excellency The Viceroy, His Excellency The Commander-in-Chief, His Excellency The Governor of the C.P., His Exalted Highness The Nizam of Hyderabad, Their Highnesses The Maharaja Dhiraja of Jodhpur, Mysore and Bhavnagar and His Highness The Nawab of Junagadh and The Major General, Cavalry, India, and Major General Mills, C.B., The Military Adviser-in-Chief, Indian States Forces.

To judge the Classes the Committee were fortunate enough to have the assistance of Major-General Mills, Major C. Goulder, M.C., R.A. and Captain L. T. Firbank, Sam Browne's Cavalry.

At the conclusion of the Show, the prizes were presented by Mrs. Vigors.

RESULTS OF CLASSES.

TROOP HORSES—INDIAN STUDENTS.

- 1st. Dafadar Lachhman Singh, 13th D.C.O. Lancers. Bay Ind. G. Sand Grouse.
 2nd. Jem. Ravubha Rup Singh, Nawanagar State Lancers. Bay Aust. G. Captain.
 An average class. 1st and 2nd very good.

TROOP HORSES.—BRITISH N.C.O. STUDENTS.

- 1st. Bomdr. L. J. Radford, "U" Field Battery, R.A. Dun. G. Golden Flight.
 2nd. L/Sgt. T. Golding, 12th Field Battery, R.A. Br. G. Lyon.
 First three good. Remainder fair.

STATES FORCES HORSES OR PONIES IN HAND. *For a Cup presented by His Exalted Highness The Nizam of Hyderabad.*

- 1st. Jem. Ravubha Rup Singh, Nawanagar State Lancers. Bay Aust. M. Ruby.
 2nd. Jem. Ravubha Rup Singh, Nawanagar State Lancers. Bay Aust. G. Funny Jung.

A fair class, winner outstanding.

PIGSTICKERS.

- 1st. Captain E. Whitfield, The Poona Horse. Ch. Hung M. Brenda.
 2nd. Ljeut. O. C. H. Burton, R.H.A. Bay Ind. G. Mr. Swizzle.

A small and moderate class. Prize winners outstanding.

JUMPING.—INDIAN STUDENTS. *For the "Golconda" Cup.*

- 1st. A. L. Dfr. Mohd Sharif, 15th Lancers. Bay Ind. G. The Mutt.
 2nd. Dafadar Ram Singh, Sardar Rissala, Jodhpur. Bay Aust. G. Ford.

Placed horses jumped very well.

JUMPING—BRITISH N.C.O.s.

- 1st. L/Bomdr. W. J. Fenton, "W" Field Battery, R.A. Bay Ind. G. Zev.
 2nd. L/Sgt. R. M. Roberts, 14th/20th Hussars. Ch. Aus. G. Severn.

First and second jumped well, otherwise a moderate class.

JUMPING.—BRITISH AND STATES FORCES STUDENT OFFICERS. *For the 2nd Lancers Challenge Cup.*

- 1st. Lieut. Sir D. J. A. Cotter, Bt., 13th/18th Hussars. Ch. Ind. G. Ginger.
 2nd. Captain M. R. Smeeton, Hodson's Horse. Br. Ind. G.D.V.

JUMPING.—EQUITATION SCHOOL STAFF.

- 1st. R.S.M. H. N. Watts, M.B.E., D.C.M. Br. Ind. G. Curate.
 2nd. S.S.M. A. Elsworth, 14th/20th Hussars. Bay Ind. G. Viceroy.

A very good class which produced a high standard of jumping.

OPEN JUMPING.—*For the Viceroy's Cup.*

- 1st. S.S.M. W. Denness, 13th/18th Hussars. Br. Ind. G. Arzole.
 2nd. Major A. F. Davidson, Probyn's Horse. Bay Ind. G. Alexander.
 A good class.

OPEN HANDY HUNTER. *For the Commander-in-Chief's Cup.*

- 1st. Lieut. A. B. B. Moore, 15th Lancers. B. Ind. G. Milk Punch.
 2nd. Lieut. T. P. Kidd, 18th K.E.O. Cavalry. Br. Aust. G. Top Sail.
 Very good class.

STAFF HANDY HUNTER. *For the Cup presented by His Excellency The Governor of C.P.*

- 1st. Major G. H. B. Wood, Royal Deccan Horse. Br. Ind. G. Brown Jack.
 2nd. Dafadar Hakim Singh, 19th K.G.O. Lancers. Bay Ind. G. Bitters.
 A very good class.

GOVERNMENT OR STATES FORCES POLO PONIES.

- 1st. Captain E. Whitfield, The Poona Horse. B. Aust. G. Shaukat.
 2nd. Jem. Ravubha Rup Singh, Nawanagar State Lancers. B. Aust. M. Ruby.
 A well-trained class, first two outstanding.

BEST TRAINED POLO PONY. *For a Cup presented by His Highness The Nawab of Junagadh.*

- 1st. Lieut. R. A. Eden, Royal Artillery. Roan Aust. G. Red King.
 2nd. Lieut. Sir D. J. A. Cotter, Bt., 13th/18th Hussars. Br. Aust. G. Automatic.
 First three ponies outstanding.

INFANTRY OFFICERS' CHARGERS.

- 1st. Lieut. J. P. F. Miles, 52nd Light Infantry. Grey Ind. G. Red Silk.
 2nd. Lt.-Col. R. M. M. Lockhart, 1/12th Frontier Force Regt. Bay Ind. G. Seagrove.
 A good serviceable class. Winner well trained, second ran very close up, and both well mannered.

PONIES LIKELY TO MAKE. *For a cup presented by Maj.-General Mills, Military Adviser-in-Chief, Indian States Forces.*

- 1st. Major G. H. B. Wood, Royal Deccan Horse. B. Aust. G. Passionate Prince.
 2nd. Lieut. P. R. Mortimer, 13th D.C.O. Lancers. Grey Aust. M. Formella.
 A small good class. Winner outstanding.

POLO PONIES, LIGHT WEIGHT. *For a Cup presented by His Highness The Maharaja of Jodhpur.*

- 1st. Captain E. Whitfield, The Poona Horse. Ch. Hung M. Brenda.
2nd. Lieut. G. B. Walker, 14th/20th Hussars. B. Aust. M. Coronet.

A good level class.

POLO PONIES, HEAVY WEIGHT. *For a Cup presented by His Highness The Maharaja of Bhavnagar.*

- 1st. Colonel M. D. Vigors, D.S.O., M.C., I.A. B. Aust. G. Kestrel.
2nd. Lieut. R. A. Eden, Royal Artillery. Roan Aust. G. Red King.

A good class, first and second outstanding.

HORSES IN HAND.

- 1st. Major G. H. B. Wood, Royal Deccan Horse. B. Aust. G. County Clare.
2nd. Lieut. Daulet Singh, 3rd Cavalry. B. Ind. M. Indi.

Winner outstanding.

OFFICERS CHARGERS. *For a Cup presented by The Major General, Cavalry, India.*

- 1st. Lieut. P. R. Mortimer, 13th D.C.O. Lancers, Br. Aust. G. Brian.
2nd. Lieut. T. P. Kidd, 18th K.E.O. Cavalry. Bay Aust. G. Gold Dust.

A poor class in which the winner was outstanding both as regards type and training.

BEST STABLE OF THREE. *For a Cup presented by His Highness The Maharaja of Mysore.*

- 1st. Major G. H. B. Wood, Royal Deccan Horse.
2nd. Lieut. P. R. Mortimer, 13th D.C.O. Lancers.

Winning stable outstanding.

LADIES' HACKS.

- 1st. Major G. H. B. Wood, Royal Deccan Horse. Ch. Ind. M. Cynthy.
2nd. Lieut. J. Griffith, K.G.O. Bengal Sappers & Miners. B. Aust. G. Red Merriion.

BEST PONY IN THE SHOW.

Capt. E. Whitfield, The Poona Horse. Ch. Hung. M. Brenda.

BEST HORSE IN THE SHOW.

Major G. H. B. Wood, Royal Deccan Horse. B. Aust. G. County Clare.

NATIONAL HORSE BREEDING AND SHOW SOCIETY OF INDIA'S MEDALS.

For the Best Indian Bred Pony in the Show.

Lieut. Daulet Singh, 3rd Cavalry. B. Ind. M. Indi.

For the Best Indian Bred Horse in the Show.

Captain J. S. Kingston, R.A.V.C. B. Ind. G. Night Raider.

POINT-TO-POINT RACES AT SAUGOR.

EQUITATION SCHOOL MEETING.

OWING to the heat it was decided to hold the Equitation School Point-to-Point meeting on two days, Friday, 30th April, and Saturday, 1st May, 1937, the first race starting at 5.15 p.m. each day.

The meeting was held in the Bartuma Valley, where the whole of the course could be seen by the spectators from a stand on the Makronia Ridge.

The Course was about 2½ miles over light plough and the going was perfect as it was soft, but not deep enough to be heavy or holding. The obstacles consisted of made-up fences and natural ditches and nullahs and one water jump. There was a certain amount of grief, the water jump and a drop fence soon after the start claiming most casualties. However, though two riders sustained broken collar bones, no horses were injured.

Two races were run the first day, the 2nd Lancers Cup, a relay race open to teams of four from each ride in the Equitation School, each horse to run about one mile, and the Norman Cup, a team race open to teams of three from British Officer rides, distance 2½ miles.

Eight teams entered for the first race and "A" Ride, a British Officers Ride, and "C" Ride, the Indian States Forces Ride, were the favourites.

It was a most exciting race. In the first round the "J" Ride representative, an Indian N.C.O. drew away from the rest of the field and gained several lengths for his team in the first half mile; he was followed by the "E" Ride representative, the rest of the field being in a trench some lengths behind. At the drop fence the "J" Ride horse over-jumped himself and fell and the rider was concussed and his team was out of the race. The "E" Ride horse continued to lead but missed a turning flag about a furlong from the finishing post; other horses followed and all were disqualified, leaving "B", "G" and "H" Rides in the race. At the change over, "H" Ride galloped out to the front with "B" close behind, followed by "G". This was a very fast round and all the horses were jumping well, but the "H" Ride horse was faster than the other two and after the next change "H" Ride was half a furlong ahead of "B" Ride. This, however, was the deciding round, for Mr. G. B. Buckston on his brown Australian Gelding Victory rode a well judged race for "B" Ride and not only made up the distance on "H" Ride but when he handed over the token to Mr. Roberts at the finishing point he had put his Ride three lengths ahead of "H" Ride. Mr. Roberts on his fast Bay Gelding Make Believe made no mistakes. He rode a perfect race, increasing his lead to win easily by ten lengths from "H" Ride with "E" Ride third. The winning team were:—

Mr. T. P. Kidd, Capt. M. R. Smeeton, Mr. G. B. Buckston, Mr. J. R. L. Roberts.

In the next race, the Norman Cup, "A" Ride entered two teams and "B" Ride one team.

From the start, Mr. Walker on Edelweiss which was jumping perfectly drew away from the rest of the field. At the first fence Captain Whitfield's "Mumtaz" pecked heavily and nearly fell but his rider made a wonderful recovery and, by the time he reached the turning flag after the first half mile and the field went out through Bartuma Wood into the country, he had drawn level with Mr. Walker in the lead.

Edelweiss for "B" Ride and Mumtaz for "A" Ride maintained their lead for the next mile, followed four lengths behind by Capt. Jordan's Scar Face. The rest of the field had tailed out behind. After the water, half a mile from home, Capt. Jordan began to shorten the distance between himself and the leaders and he took the lead two fences from home and won a well timed race by three lengths from Mumtaz, with Edelweiss half a length behind.

Seven out of the nine starters finished and Capt. Jordan's Scar Face and Capt. Whitfield's Mumtaz finished 1st and 2nd and secured the Trophy for "A" Ride first team.

The winning team were :—Capt. J. L. Jordan, Capt. E. W. Whitfield, Mr. A. M. W. Whistler.

On the second day, three races were held :—

The Open Race for the 24th Punjabis Cup, open to British Officers, distance $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

The Indian States Forces Race, open to members of the Indian States Forces at the Equitation School, Saugor, distance about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

The Netheravon Cup. A race for privately owned horses, the property of Officers at the Equitation School, distance about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

In the Open Race, Mr. Douglas on M.G.C took the lead from the start and soon put a few lengths between himself and the rest of the field. Capt. Whitfield on Mumtaz then drew out from the rest of the field and came up level with M.G.C. and by the time they had gone $\frac{3}{4}$ mile, M.G.C. and Mumtaz were racing together ten lengths ahead of the remainder of the field. For the next mile they kept together followed by Mr. Burton on Sirdar. At the water Mumtaz went into the lead, but M.G.C. challenged him again and they came over the last fence together and Mumtaz won a close race by $\frac{3}{4}$ of a length with Sirdar third.

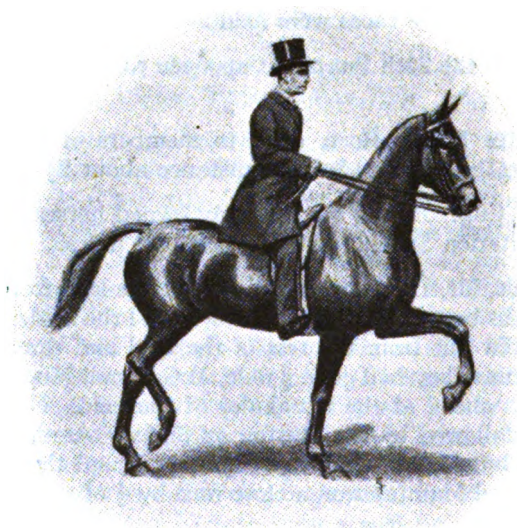
In the Indian States Forces Race, there were nine starters of whom all fell or were pulled up except three.

At the start Jemadar Ravubha on Fathi Jung took the lead, but he was soon passed by Lieut. Raghubir Singh's Tommy Tucker and Daffadar Shamsu Khan's Mohan. Tommy Tucker fell just after the drop fence $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from the start, and Mohun went too wide at the turning flag going out through Bartuma Wood and ran out at the next fence. This left Fathi Jung in the lead, which position he maintained for the rest of the race to finish an easy winner from Daffadar Abdul Wahab Khan's Nisar.

The third race, The Netheravon Cup, was won easily by Major Wood's County Clare.

From the start Major Wood and Mr. Douglas on Apple Pie led the field, but Apple Pie ran out, leaving County Clare in the lead. He gradually increased his distance to win by a furlong from Captain Smeeton's My Clan.

After the races the Cups were presented by Mrs. Vigors.







DRUMS OF THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS

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1. *Chlorophyll a* and *Chlorophyll b* were determined by the method of Arar and Collins (1971) using a Shimadzu 1601 UV-Visible Spectrophotometer. The concentration of chlorophyll was expressed in $\mu\text{g mL}^{-1}$.

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1. *Chlorophyll a* (Chl *a*)

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 84

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THE CAVALRY JOURNAL

OCTOBER, 1937

THE YEOMANRY AT BALLIN AND AT EL MUGHAR (November 12th and 13th, 1917).

By MAJOR OSKAR TEICHMAN, D.S.O., M.C., T.D.,
Late M.O. Queen's Own Worcestershire Hussars.

BEFORE attempting to describe the Affair of Ballin, which narrowly escaped being a catastrophe, and the highly successful Charge at El Mughar, it will be necessary to follow the movements of the Yeomanry which preceded these two events after the Charge at Huj.*

While the 5th Mounted Brigade (Warwick, Worcester and Gloucester Yeomanries) was advancing towards the Batteries at Huj, on November 8th, the 7th Mounted Brigade (Sherwood Rangers and South Notts Yeomanries)† marched on the right with the A. & N.Z. Mounted Division to Jemmameh. Here the Notts Yeomanry Regiments repulsed two very determined counter attacks with the aid of their Battery (Essex R.H.A.), but it was touch and go, for every man and machine gun was in the line and ammunition was nearly exhausted before the enemy was finally repulsed.

It was largely due to the staunchness of the Yeomen that the 1st Australian Light Horse Brigade was able to capture the water supply at Jemmameh intact, thus allowing the Division to water after an abstinence of fifty hours.

* CAVALRY JOURNAL, October, 1936.

† Loaned to the A. & N.Z. Mounted Division because the New Zealand Mounted Rifle Brigade had not yet rejoined from Khuweilfeh,

Meanwhile the Yeomanry Mounted Division, which had been co-operating with the 53rd Division West of Khuweilfeh, was ordered to return to Desert Mounted Corps as quickly as possible, thus leaving only the New Zealanders and the XXth Corps Cavalry (Westminster Dragoons) with the 53rd.

On the afternoon of November 9th the Yeomanry Mounted Division, some 4,500 sabres, accompanied by the Leicester, Berks and Hants Batteries R.H.A., arrived at Huj, riding past the shambles of the previous day's cavalry charge en route.

Although most of the 5th Mounted Brigade were out watering (an operation which lasted from dawn until sunset owing to the scarcity of wells),* a few of its members were present to receive the congratulations of their fellow Yeomen.

The Yeomanry Mounted Division was an inspiring sight to the depleted 5th Mounted Brigade, for the Division† was comparatively fresh only the 8th Brigade having been actively engaged since the commencement of the Third Battle of Gaza.

As the Yeomen rode by, a flight of 32 British aeroplanes, each heavily laden with bombs, droned overhead flying northwards, an encouraging sight for those on the ground.

Just before midnight the Warwick, Worcester and Gloucester Yeomanries of the 5th Mounted Brigade rode out of Huj. It was good to be on the move again, as one did not relish another day in the proximity of so many dead horses.

The Yeomanry Mounted Division received orders to follow, after watering, in order to relieve the tired A. & N.Z. Mounted Division.

Into the dark of a star-lit night rode the 5th Mounted Brigade, with no idea of what was before it. After marching northwards for a few miles the first of a chain of Australian Light Horse picquets was met with, who were charged each with the duty of passing the brigade on to the next one. At dawn a ridge of sand hills was reached which led down to the Wadi

* The horses, which had not been watered since the evening of November 7th, at Sheria, had to go ten miles and then wait their turn with the whole of the Australian Mounted Division.

† It will be recollected that it consisted of the following Mounted Brigades:—6th (Berks, Bucks and Dorset), 8th (1st County, 3rd County and 1st City of London), and 22nd (Lincoln, Stafford and East Riding).

Hesi. From this ridge looking southwards could be seen in the far distance great clouds of dust rolling up, like the clouds that precede a storm—but on this occasion caused by the advance of Allenby's Army.

During the morning Arak El Menshiye was occupied with the aid of our Battery ("B" H.A.C.) while the other two Brigades of the Australian Mounted Division* (3rd and 4th Light Horse) occupied the village of Faluje. Owing to the difficulty of establishing proper communication with the two Australian Brigades and their Batteries in the dark, a night attack of the Yeomen against Summeil was cancelled soon after it had commenced. On the following day (November 11th) the village was found to be evacuated by the enemy, but Berkusie, a village on a hill two miles to the north-east, was found by our patrols to be held in strength by the enemy. During the morning a number of sick men and horses had to be evacuated. The strain was beginning to tell. The 5th Mounted Brigade had now been on the move for 14 days, and the horses had on more than one occasion been forty-eight hours and often twenty-four without water; and on several occasions they had been equally long without being unsaddled. The men were in want of sleep, and many had broken out again with septic sores, chiefly on account of not being able to wash or to take off their clothes for the past two weeks. On this day rations for only one regiment arrived, which meant that the Yeomen were on "one-third rations."

The Australian Mounted Division, on the extreme right of the cavalry line advancing across the Maritime Plain, was now ordered to "patrol vigorously and conspicuously," in order to attract the enemy's attention from the concentration of our XXIst Corps along the coast and our two other Cavalry Divisions.† But the task of "making a big noise" was carried out so successfully in the Ballin-Berkusie district that it attracted rather more attention from the enemy than was pleasant; in fact it resulted in by far the heaviest counter-

* The 5th Mounted was the only Yeomanry Brigade in this Division.

† The A. & N.Z. about Esdud and the Yeomanry some seven miles in right rear at Mejdel.

attack made by the Turks since the break through at Sheria on November 7th. Practically the whole weight of this counter-attack, directed and carried out under the personal supervision of Marshal von Falkenhayn, fell on the 5th Mounted Brigade, its attached Battery "B" H.A.C. and the 4th Australian Light Horse Regiment.

At night the Yeomen received orders to push forward into Ballin next day and to make a vigorous reconnaissance as far north as the Wadi Dhahr; while the 3rd Australian Light Horse Brigade occupied Berkusie and the 4th reconnoitred towards Tel El Turmus.

At 6.30 a.m. on November 12th, the 5th Mounted Brigade moved northwards from Arak El Menshiye, soon falling in with a number of horses who immediately attached themselves to the Brigade for the sake of company. Some of them were fitter than ours, so after mercifully destroying some of our own in the last stage of exhaustion, exchanges were effected and the march continued. These wandering horses, whose riders had been killed, were quite a feature of the advance in November, 1917.

South of Summeil the charred remains of hangars and the gaunt skeletons of several aeroplanes showed the effect of a recent R.F.C. raid on the local aerodrome.

About two miles south of Ballin the brigade halted at mid-day, while the Gloucester Yeomanry, Brigade Machine-gun Squadron and the right-hand section of "B" Battery H.A.C., acting as advanced guard, moved forward into the village. This they found to be unoccupied, and they took up a position about a mile north of Ballin: "A" Squadron on the lower ground west of the railway, while "D" and "B" with the two H.A.C. thirteen-pounders and the machine guns occupied the high ground north of the village.

A troop of "D" Squadron reconnoitred along the railway towards Et Tineh* and, taking cover behind a cactus hedge, watched enemy troops detraining in the distance. Suddenly a

* This was an important station where the railway branched southwards to Huj and (via Ballin) to Beersheba. Northwards Et Tineh was connected with Junction Station where the Haifa and Jerusalem railways joined. Enemy troops could therefore be conveniently railed to Ballin from two important centres.

Turkish staff car passed within fifty yards of the Yeomen. The chance was too good to be missed! and after the car had been riddled with bullets the troop mounted hurriedly and galloped back to their squadron.

Things now began to move, for from the command post of the Gloucester Yeomanry more trains could be seen on the sidings at Et Tineh from which troops were issuing; and a little later three separate columns of all arms were observed marching along the road towards Tel El Safi (some miles east of Ballin) from the north and north-east.

The two H.A.C. guns behind the Gloucesters immediately opened fire on the advancing columns, but although they caused deployment they were hopelessly outnumbered and outranged by the enemy artillery which had come into action. Lieut.-Colonel A. J. Palmer, D.S.O. (O.C. Gloucester Yeomanry) sent back an urgent message for reinforcements, and Brig.-General Kelly, C.M.G., D.S.O. (G.O.C. 5th Mounted Brigade) at Summeil despatched the Warwicks and the Worcesters at the gallop. Both these regiments were far below establishment since the charge at Huj, four, and the action at Ras El Nagh seven days ago; they had been reduced to two squadrons each, pending the arrival of drafts.

As the Yeomen advanced on Ballin through a Turkish barrage, which caused a few casualties, the Warwicks turned to the left over the railway where they joined "A" Squadron of the Gloucesters; while the Worcesters extended and swung half-right through the cactus hedges about the village and galloped on another thousand yards to the foot of a ridge. Here "D" Squadron dismounted and, reaching the summit in extended order opened fire on the enemy at 500 yards range; while "A" galloped up a valley and came into action on the right of "B" Squadron of the Gloucesters.*

In front of "D" Squadron (Worcesters) a valley ran down from the ridge towards the enemy with a row of trees† at the bottom, and another ridge beyond. On the right front rocky

* The Brigade now occupied Position I on Map 2.

† Not shown on map.

hills led up to the hill village of Berkusie, where a regiment of the 3rd Australian Light Horse Brigade was in action after having been forced back from Tel El Safi. Immediately to the right the ground rose steeply to another ridge parallel to our line of advance and completely dominating it.

Meanwhile, Lieut. Wilson's Troop of "D" Squadron Gloucester Yeomanry, holding a round bare hill forming a sharp salient due north of Ballin, was forced to retire at 3 p.m. after several Turks had been shot down within 10 yards of its line.

The loss of this hill enabled the enemy to enfilade the Yeomen on the heights and also those in the plain beyond the railway. At the same time it was noticed that the Turks were concentrating for the attack in a quarry at the bottom of the valley, and also on the high ground towards the village of Berkusie itself. The quarry and the line of trees furnished good cover from which the final assault could be made, and the high ground on the right was particularly dangerous as it commanded the whole position. Several companies of Turks now issued from the quarry making use of all available cover, and deploying came on at a great pace although suffering severely from our fire. At the same time their left flank gained the high ground towards Berkusie and occupied the ridge on the right.

The Yeomen being enfiladed from the salient hill on their left and from the ridge on the right, and heavily shelled and threatened in front by superior numbers had only one course open—retirement to a better position. The two guns had great difficulty in retiring down the hill over very rocky ground.

"Lieut. Rushbrooke fighting his section (of "B" H.A.C.) steadily and skilfully occupied four positions in rapid succession; in the last three of which the guns were using open sights as the enemy was close up in front and on both flanks."*

It was a near thing for the guns as several of the drivers were actually shot from the rear by Turks who had got across the line of withdrawal.

* H.A.C. in the Great War.

By 3.15 p.m. the enemy was within 100 yards of the Yeomen's line all along the front and they had actually pierced it on the left, when the last wounded man was placed on a horse and the troops covering the retirement galloped back to where a new line had been taken up. This (position II) was about a mile and a-half to the rear and level with Berkusie. The successful withdrawal of the brigade was largely due to the magnificent fighting of the Machine-gun Squadron. Captain the Hon. Elidyr Herbert (Gloucester Yeomanry) its C.O. was last seen alive when he gave up his horse to a wounded man and continued to fight a machine-gun alone.

While this fighting was taking place on the hills, the Warwick and Gloucester Squadrons* west of the railway were heavily attacked by the enemy, who had deployed on that side of the line after leaving Et Tineh Station and who were supported by artillery. With the Yeomen was the left-hand section of "B" Battery H.A.C.

When the salient hill before Ballin was occupied by the enemy these Yeomen and gunners, who came under enfilade fire, were forced to retire to position II in conformity with the rest of the 5th Mounted Brigade. During the retirement the two sections of "B" Battery joined up, their range being reduced to 300 yards.

The 8th Australian Light Horse Regiment had been ordered to support the 5th Mounted Brigade but, seeing the enemy about to overwhelm its own Brigade (3rd) at Berkusie, it sent two squadrons to its help and only one to the Yeomen who were bearing the brunt of the attack. This squadron joined the Worcesters on the right as they retired.

The Turks, advancing south of Ballin, were now held up for a short time at a distance of 500 yards by the new line (Position II) taken up by the 5th Mounted Brigade. But the enemy was still detrainning fresh troops, no longer at Et Tineh but opposite Ballin. "D" Squadron Worcester Yeomanry, on a little knoll half a-mile west of Berkusie, became a target for concentrated

* "The 4th Australian Light Horse Brigade occupied the high ground from a point N.W. of Summeil towards Jeledivi on the left of the 5th Mounted Brigade but considerably in rear of it." (Official History.)

artillery and machine-gun fire, while the distance between the Turks and the whole ridge held by the Yeomen steadily decreased.

It soon became apparent that the ridge could not be held in face of largely superior numbers;* and a second withdrawal of the 5th Mounted and 3rd Australian Light Horse Brigades to a line just north of Summeil to Jeladiyeh (Position III), incorporating the 4th Australian Light Horse Brigade on the left, was ordered. This Brigade had also been heavily attacked, the enemy being finally repulsed at 50 yards range by the 4th Light Horse Regiment. Fortunately the rock-strewn ground afforded some cover during the retirement which was carried out in stages. On one occasion Captain Freddie Mitchell, M.C.† (18th Hussars), commanding "A" Squadron Worcester Yeomanry, had halted his squadron in order to wait for the neighbouring squadron to come back into line. His men were a bit rattled as the enemy was coming on quickly. To him an excited staff officer, probably not quite appreciating the local situation, galloped up exclaiming: "Why the hell don't you retire!" To this the imperturbable Mitchell, who had just had his horse killed under him, replied: "Leave me alone and don't you get the ——— wind up!"

His reply, doubtless unparliamentary and subversive of discipline, was on this occasion *le mot juste* as far as the men were concerned, and being passed down the line caused roars of laughter and completely restored their equanimity!

Both sections of "B" Battery were in action together during this retirement and, in view of the large number of the enemy and the shortness of the range, single gun control was ordered. The guns retired one by one and Lieut. Draycott's was the last to leave.

"To him, joyously plugging shells in the faces of the Turks, who were trying to advance over a ridge two hundred yards in front, came a flustered staff officer of the Division. "What the hell are you doing here?" shouted he of the red tabs excitedly.

* The Turkish 53rd Division (supported by the 16th) was opposed to the Yeomen, while the 54th was pressing the 4th A.L.H. Brigade on the left, and the 26th was opposite the 3rd A.L.H. Brigade on the right.

† He was killed while leading the same Squadron in the second Es Salt raid six months later.

"Don't you see the enemy are coming over that ridge?" "Yes," said Draycott without turning his head. "I'm shooting at 'em, and who the hell are you anyway?" he added pleasantly, as he ordered another three rounds of rapid fire."*

One can only hope that it was not the same staff officer who risked his life twice in a good cause, only to be met on each occasion with a gentle rebuke!

On the left the Warwickshire Yeomanry was being hard pressed by fresh troops from Ballin station, when fortunately the two other batteries of the Division ("A" H.A.C. and Notts. R.H.A.) came into action on the high ground north-west of Summeil and, finding excellent targets, inflicted heavy losses on the enemy.

Fighting steadily the Yeomen and Australians withdrew by 6 p.m. (behind Position III) to the outskirts of Summeil where, with the protection afforded by the houses and walls of the village and the rocky ground on either side of it, they were able to make a stand and finally to hold the enemy. He could be seen digging himself in about 1,000 yards away as the sun set.

"It was now dark, and never had dusk been more welcome for there were no reserves behind the position."

The Yeomen, who had suffered some 50 casualties, took up a line for the night from Summeil to Ijseir: neither rations nor forage reached them and there was no water for the horses.†

It may be of interest to describe the experiences of the writer on November 12th, and what he saw of the action of Ballin.

When the G.O.C. 5th Mounted Brigade ordered up his two remaining regiments to support the Gloucester Yeomanry soon after mid-day, the M.O. of the Worcesters (leaving his 3 R.A.M.C. attached, medical cart and driver in Summeil) accompanied by his medical orderly galloped after the regiment into Ballin, his horse being wounded in the head and losing an eye en route. Halting for a few minutes to attend to this casualty, he galloped on after "A" Squadron up the valley, "appreciated the situation" from the top of the ridge, and then

* The H.A.C. in the Great War.

† They were eventually watered at dawn on November 14th after an abstinence of 60 hours, for their last watering had been at sunset on November 11th.

returned to the highest part of the village, where a stone-walled camel yard appeared to offer a good R.A.P. This soon contained a number of wounded whose horses the M.O. retained as a precautionary measure. After a time he noticed that a number of Yeomen were retiring from the north-eastern slopes in the direction of the hill village of Berkusie, a prominent landmark on his right rear. The M.O. was not unduly alarmed thinking that he still had two or three squadrons between him and the enemy, and that if these Yeomen retired they would come south through Ballin village. Only half a-mile away he could see some Turks detraining on the railway on his left front, but seeing the Warwickshire Yeomanry in action against them and, what heartened him more, two H.A.C. guns (Left Section) in the open shelling them merrily, he went on with his job.

After being busy for some time (one unfortunate man had to have the remains of an arm amputated) the M.O. remembered that no wounded had arrived lately, and his medical orderly (Sergeant Hemming, D.C.M.) looking over the wall of the yard remarked casually:—"I did not know that we had any Indian troops with us up here, for those fellows in turbans (pointing to the ridge above him, where the Gloucester Yeomanry had lately been) must be Indians." The M.O. could not imagine how one of the Indian Infantry Regiments of the composite 75th Division could possibly have caught up the cavalry and, taking up his glasses, he examined the men on the hill. There was no doubt about it they were Turks! wearing the Enverene* head-dress which resembled a turban. He also caught sight of what appeared to be the last of the 5th Mounted Brigade, from the hills, galloping away south-east instead of south, which would have been through Ballin and past his R.A.P.

The "situation" was not in the least "obscure," especially when his orderly exclaimed that the Warwickshire Yeomanry and the H.A.C. guns on the left had also disappeared. The M.O., his assistant and some sixteen wounded were now in an awkward situation. The Turks were descending the hill very warily and slowly, no doubt expecting that Ballin might still be held; and they could not see the little party behind the wall.

* So called after Enver Pasha.

During pre-war training and at least once a month in the quiescent periods of the campaign (when the regiment was resting or in reserve) the M.O., with the ready co-operation of Squadron Leaders, had practised the men in the various methods of bringing a wounded man out of action without any special contrivance for carrying him other than the saddle.* These methods had already been used during the campaign, and once again they were going to stand the Yeomen in good stead.

Hemming was a man who never got flustered and never "got the wind up." It was a question of seconds before the Turks would discover that Ballin was not held and be upon us. Hastily the casualties were all mounted and galloped out of the rear of the yard, the serious ones being led by the slightly wounded.

Making use of cover afforded by some houses and cactus hedges, the casualties cleared the village and in a short time galloped back to the new line taken up. Two men whose horses were hit en route, about a hundred yards from the line, managed to crawl home.

Unfortunately there were not enough horses to go round, and the M.O.'s one-eyed horse and Hemming's horse had left with the little party of galloping wounded. It now remained for these two to get back on foot as best they could.

About a mile of fairly open ground (but here and there dotted with an outcrop of rock which afforded some cover) had to be crossed in full view of the enemy and also under fire from the Yeomen until they should recognise the fugitives. There appeared to be an even chance of being hit in front or from behind.

For a moment the M.O. thought of hiding in Ballin, for he felt quite certain that the Yeomanry would reoccupy the village before dusk, but the arrival of one of our own shells made him change his mind.

Probably he and Hemming had never run so fast before and certainly never will again. Through the village they raced and out into the open, taking cover occasionally behind a friendly rock. From the first of these the M.O., looking back, saw the enemy advancing at the double from Ballin, and some Turkish

* R.A.M.C. training. Para. 337.

cavalry above the village. As Hemming and he continued their race they noted that only a few hundred yards to their left Turkish riflemen were skirmishing actually in front of them, the Turkish right having been delayed by its slow advance through Ballin village. After going about three-quarters of a mile three loose horses were encountered, one on three legs, but the others unwounded. These were mounted without difficulty in spite of the enemy's shrapnel, and the ridge (Position II) occupied by the Brigade was reached in a few minutes, Hemming's horse being hit in the last lap, just as a further retirement took place.

The night passed quietly, the Turks, who had driven our Division back a maximum depth of four miles, being apparently satisfied with their hard won gains. The *Official History* states that there had been "dangerous moments" and an "ugly situation" and that "the steadiness of the troops had availed them more than they knew at the moment for they were unaware that the Turkish 3rd Cavalry Division* and 19th Division had advanced during the night to Beit Jibrin (5 miles south-east of Summeil)."

Fortunately these formations postponed their attack till the next day, by which time our line had been reinforced.

On the following day (November 13th), while the weary 5th Mounted Brigade was being relieved in the line by the Sherwood Rangers and South Notts Yeomanries, the Yeomanry Mounted Division was making history in the Battle of El Mughar, some ten miles distant to the north-west.

This Division, which was now concentrated near Tel El Murre after relieving the A. & N.Z. Mounted Division, had received orders to pierce the enemy's line† and cut the railway at Naane (some twelve miles east).

For this operation the 52nd (Lowland) Division was directed on Katra and El Mughar, while the Yeomanry was to advance on the left of the Infantry.

* The Cavalry which the M.O. saw, while he was escaping from Ballin, was probably part of this Division en route for Beit Jibrin.

† Which extended from Beit Jibrin to Kubeibe, passing through Berkusie, Tel El Turmus, Katra, Mughar and Zernuka.

The first objective was Yebna. This large hill-village was at first thought to be only lightly held by a few Turks. When the 3rd County of London (Sharpshooters) Yeomanry galloped up to it they were met by considerable machine-gun fire. The 1st City of London (Roughriders) Yeomanry now advanced on the left and "A" Squadron Bucks. Yeomanry on the right while the Sharpshooters galloped into the village with drawn swords. The mere sight of the *arme blanche* appears, in this case, to have been too much for the Turks who were speedily ejected by 10 a.m. The "Charge of Yebna" was a bloodless victory.

Joined by its other regiment the 1st County of London (Middlesex) Yeomanry, the 8th Mounted Brigade concentrated in some orange groves to avoid the enemy's shrapnel from Kubeibe, and the Yeomen refreshed themselves with the fruit, until the arrival of the M.M.P. who insisted on it being paid for at two oranges a penny! "The only charge," writes the Roughriders' historian, "the Military Police were capable of!"

One may well pause for a moment and comment on this trivial incident, exemplifying as it does the perfect behaviour of the British soldier on active service. A Cavalry Brigade after capturing a village takes cover under some fruit trees while the men refresh themselves with oranges. The Brigade M.M.P. arrive and meticulously collect payment for the fruit and hand it over to some doubtful Arab who has probably been sniping them half an hour before! The inhabitants of these Arab villages sided now with the Turks, now with the British and, in the writer's experience, looted and stripped our dead and wounded and collected our rifles on every battlefield when the opportunity arose.

The country before the Yeomanry Mounted Division was open and rolling, intersected by small wadis and dotted with mud-walled villages surrounded by cactus hedges and gardens. These villages were mostly built on rocky hills and formed useful defensive positions for the enemy.

Kubeibe, Zernuka, El Mughar and Katra stood out above the low flat ground over which the advance would have to be made;

the last two were particularly prominent, the village of El Mughar itself being situate on the southern escarpment of a ridge (100 to 200 feet above the plain) which extended in a north-easterly direction for some three miles. The remains of the 3rd and 7th Turkish Divisions were in position from Katra to Kubeibe including the Mughar ridge.

Running due south from a point some 500 yards in front of Yebna ran the Wadi Janus, a narrow ravine with bad approaches and only broad enough to take horses in single rank. Nearly half-way between this wadi and the Mughar ridge was a smaller one called the Wadi Shellal El Ghor.

Further north, opposite Kubeibe and Zernuka, the same wadis were continued but somewhat wider in breadth.

Such then was the country which the three Yeomanry Brigades were to cross in reaching their objective set by the G.O.C. Division (Major-General G. de S. Barrow, C.B.); the 6th being directed on El Mughar, the 8th on Kubeibe and Zernuka and the 22nd (after the capture of the last two) on Akir, this village being in the centre behind the enemy's line.

By mid-day the three Brigades were disposed approximately as follows :—

The 6th, less "A" Squadron Bucks Yeomanry, about 1 mile south of Yebna; the 8th in the orange groves north of Yebna with "A" Squadron of the Bucks a little to the south; and the 22nd a quarter of a mile south-west of the village.

While the Yeomen were waiting for orders to move, the 155th Infantry Brigade (Brig.-General Pollok-McCall, C.M.G.) of the 52nd Division advanced from Beshit, two K.O.S.B. Battalions attacking the position in front of El Mughar while the Royal Scots Fusiliers attacked Katra.

The enemy counter-attacked and was driven back, but owing to very heavy artillery and machine-gun fire our infantry was unable to make any progress.

The G.O.C. 52nd Division then arranged for a quarter of an hour's intense bombardment to take place at 3 p.m., and at 2.30 p.m. he asked the G.O.C. Yeomanry Mounted Division for support on his left against the Mughar Ridge.

While this conversation on the telephone was taking place the G.O.C. 6th Mounted Brigade (Brig.-General C. A. C. Godwin, D.S.O.), anticipating orders for his Brigade to charge the ridge, had already established the Bucks Yeomanry (Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. F. H. Cripps), less "A" Squadron which had remained near Yebna, in the Wadi Janus where its C.O. had been in communication with the K.O.S.B. further down the wadi.

When therefore Major-General Barrow issued his orders to Brig.-General Godwin, preparations for a mounted attack were already advanced.

Meanwhile the O.C. Bucks Yeomanry had despatched one of his subalterns (Lieut. C. H. Perkins) to reconnoitre the Wadi Shellal El Ghor, in order to report on the ground to be crossed nearly a mile ahead, and to find cover for machine-guns supporting the attack. He cantered about under a rain of machine-gun bullets "which followed him as the spot-light follows a dancer on the stage," and returned unscathed with his report.

Captain Patron, O.C. 6th Brigade Machine Gun Squadron also carried out a very useful reconnaissance, while under heavy fire from El Mughar, further south about Kh. Hebra; where he found a good position for covering the advance of the Brigade with concentrated machine-gun fire.

While these reconnaissances were being carried out the Berks Battery R.H.A. came into action from a group of trees a quarter of a mile north of Beshit and commenced to shell the enemy on the Mughar Ridge.

Brig.-General Godwin after reconnoitring the position personally, decided to bring the Dorset Yeomanry into the Wadi Janus at once.

Accordingly they galloped forward under fire, by troops, and took up positions in the Wadi on the left of the Bucks. At 2.30 he assembled his three C.O.s in the Wadi and gave them their orders.

"The Bucks Yeomanry would attack the ridge just north of El Mughar village, and the Dorsets the hill on the left of the Bucks. Both attacks to start simultaneously at 3 p.m. and to

be carried out mounted. Regiments were ordered to advance in column of squadrons extended to five paces. The artillery to open intense covering fire from its position.

Each regiment to be followed by two machine-guns, the remainder under Captain Patron to cover the advance from positions he had reconnoitred on the right flank in the Wadi Shellal El Ghor at Kh. Hebra.

The Berks Yeomanry to be kept in support, but to push forward into the Wadi Janus directly the Bucks had vacated it."

The stage was now set for the famous charge of the 6th Mounted Brigade.* The ground had been carefully reconnoitred; the guns of the 52nd Division had already carried out a short preliminary bombardment, and the Berks R.H.A. was already in action against the objective. Positions from which the Brigade machine-guns could fire for the longest possible time before being masked by the advancing cavalry had been selected—and already occupied by the machine-gunners who, taking advantage of some broken ground, had got into the Wadi Shellal El Ghor at its lower end and had worked up to Kh. Hebra.

Lastly the 155th Infantry Brigade was ready to co-operate by attacking El Mughar from the south-west directly the Yeomanry had reached their objectives.

The strength of the enemy on the Mughar ridge was not known, but from the very heavy fire which had repulsed the infantry it was inferred that a large number of machine-guns, some field guns and several battalions of infantry were in position.

Punctually at 3 p.m. the attack was launched. The Bucks Yeomanry "B" and "C" Squadrons and the Dorsets scrambled out of the Wadi Janus, "A" Squadron of the Bucks galloping across the Dorsets' front to rejoin its regiment. The appearance of the Yeomen on the open plain was the signal for a hail of projectiles from friend and foe.

The distance to the ridge was about 4,000 yards, swept by

* Unlike that of the Warwicks and Worcesters at Huj which was undertaken on the spur of the moment without any preparations or support.

rifle, machine-gun and shell fire, under which the Yeomen advanced in column of squadrons extended to five yards at the trot.

The advance of the Yeomen was a stirring sight and might be likened to their advance at Suvla Bay on August 21st, 1915. Keeping perfect formation they kept at the trot and might have been on parade except for the fact that now and then holes were torn in their ranks.

Captain J. C. Bulteel M.C. leading "B" Squadron Bucks Yeomanry formed the first wave followed by "C" Squadron (Major the Hon. Neil Primrose, M.C.). "A" Squadron (Major the Hon. E. F. Lawson, M.C.), accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. F. H. Cripps, in close formation supported the attack 200 yards in rear of "C"; the two machine-guns and the Hotchkiss guns following behind.

Meanwhile the Dorsets had also left the wadi in the same formation, at the trot, Captain J. M. Dammers, M.C., leading "A" Squadron.

The remaining two Squadrons "C" (Major Gordon, M.C.* and "B" (Major Wingfield Digby), led by Lieut.-Colonel Sir Randolph Baker, Bt., followed in rapid succession.

After trotting about a mile the Wadi Shellal El Ghor was crossed, the enemy's fire increasing in severity and causing many casualties to men and horses. The pace was now increased to a hand gallop, and in front of the Bucks Yeomanry a fox went away to be greeted by many halloas.

At the foot of the hills Captain Bulteel leading drew swords and charged, Major Primrose coming up with his squadron on the right. Many Turks were killed with the sword as the Yeomen swept up the hill and, as the charge reached the summit, the enemy in some instances threw down their arms. A considerable number, however, seeing the weakness of the opposition, came back and taking cover on the flanks opened fire at close range. By this time Captain Bulteel's squadron had cut its way right through the Turks, but Major

* Both Major Gordon and Captain Dammers had led their Squadrons in the famous charge at Agagiya on February 28th, 1916, when the Dorset Yeomanry suffered 57 casualties (including 5 officers killed) and lost 85 horses.

Primrose following was caught on both flanks. This Squadron "C" which had already sabred many of the enemy was forced to dismount and a hand to hand fight ensued, until the arrival of the C.O. with Major Lawson's "A" Squadron and the two machine-guns relieved the situation.

Captain Bulteel meanwhile had galloped his squadron over the ridge and down the eastern slopes where, with captured machine-guns and the squadron Hotchkiss guns, he put a barrage on the rear of El Mughar village and on the retreating Turks.

We must now return to the Dorset Yeomanry advancing towards the ridge on the left of the Bucks, led by Captain Dammers, "A" Squadron. This squadron had been directed to gallop to a spur, which jutted out on the left of the ridge, and on reaching the bottom to attack dismounted owing to the declivity.

Being on the left of the Bucks, the Dorsets had further to gallop and "A" Squadron on the extreme left had the longest gallop of all. A number of men and horses were hit before the foot-hills were reached, where "A" Squadron dismounted according to plan, climbed the hill and went in with the bayonet.

The other two squadrons, led by their Colonel, Sir Randolph Baker, ascending where the ridge was not so steep, remained mounted* and although their horses were very tired reached the top at the same time as "A," using their swords with great effect. A few minutes of hand-to-hand fighting followed and the surviving Turks were in flight down the reverse slopes.

"Advancing from the hither side of the ridge the Dorsets occupied the further edge, which sloped abruptly into the valley below through which the Turks were retreating. Captain Robertson (Adjutant), although grievously wounded, turned one of the Turkish machine-guns on the retreating mass, and for his gallant conduct was awarded the M.C."

* During the *melée* which followed the dismounted men and their horses lost more heavily than their mounted comrades.

Although the main positions on the ridge were in our possession, the village of El Mughar was still strongly held by the enemy; all available machine-guns were therefore directed on the village in order to prevent a counter-attack.

By this time the Yeomen had captured over 1,000 prisoners, 12 machine-guns and 2 field guns.

Over 600 dead were subsequently counted on the whole position and many more were killed as they tried to escape.

When the Bucks and Dorset Yeomanries had gained their objective, Brig.-General Godwin and his staff, followed by the Berks Yeomanry, emerged from the Wadi Janus and galloped towards El Mughar.

On reaching the Wadi Shellal El Ghor they came under heavy fire from the village and from the gardens west of it.

Two squadrons of the Berks Yeomanry galloped up to the gardens, dismounted and cleared the village at the point of the bayonet, while the third squadron rode just north of it, sabred the stragglers and pursued them down the slope into the plain beyond.

Meanwhile the G.O.C. 155th Infantry Brigade (Brig.-General Pollok-McCall) had joined the 4th and 5th K.O.S.B. occupying a small wadi south of El Mughar, in order to re-organize them for their final assault. When he saw the Yeomanry crossing the plain and drawing the fire from his front he realised that the moment had arrived.

"Picking up a rifle he ran into the open and signalled the Borderers to follow him."

In a few minutes they had crossed the 500 yards of open ground, which separated them from the gardens outside the village, and by the time the Bucks and Dorsets had reached the ridge beyond, the K.O.S.Bs. had cut their way through the cactus hedges and were fighting their way through the village. Here they fell in with the two squadrons of Berks Yeomanry and together* after some hand-to-hand fighting they took over

* It appears best to put it this way. The Berks Yeomanry state that they took El Mughar, no Infantry being in the village until after it was taken. On the other hand the K.O.S.Bs. state that they captured the village and the Yeomanry collected the prisoners. This controversial point has never been cleared up.

400 prisoners. Of these several were found hiding in the hedges and buildings, and the village was not completely cleared until 5.30 p.m.

The capture of the Mughar ridge was a great triumph for the 6th Mounted Brigade, and there is no doubt that the village would not have been captured that day but for the brilliant charge of the Yeomen. The casualties were not at all excessive, considering the strength of the position and the results achieved. In the three regiments, 1 officer was killed and 6 were wounded, 15 O.Rs. were killed and 108 wounded; the casualties amongst the horses were 265.

The success of this charge was largely due to the skill and enterprise of personal reconnaissance, but especially to gallant leadership and to the determination of all ranks to close swiftly with the enemy.

The 22nd Mounted Brigade (Brig.-General F. A. B. Fryer), which was located a quarter of a mile south-west of Yebna, had been ordered to advance on Akir after the capture of Zernuka and Kubeibe by the 8th Mounted Brigade. But although there was no indication that these villages had fallen, the 22nd was ordered about 3.15 p.m. to advance on the left of the 6th Mounted Brigade.

The leading regiment, the East Riding Yeomanry, was told to seize that part of the Mughar ridge on the left of the Dorsets' objective, but it apparently received no orders to advance subsequently on Akir.

The Brigade left Yebna, each Regiment in Column of Squadrons, the East Riding leading followed by the Staffords and Lincolns, and crossed the Wadi Janus half an hour after the 6th had left it. At the time the 22nd could see the Bucks the Dorset Yeomanries on the ridge.

When the East Riding Yeomen reached the summit of the ridge on the left of the Dorset Yeomanry, hundreds of Turks could be seen running down the reverse slopes into the plain towards the Arab village of (old) Akir and to the red-roofed Jewish village of (new) Akir beyond.

Major J. F. Robinson, M.C., "A" Squadron East Riding Yeomanry, one of the first to see this extraordinary sight, conferred with a fellow Squadron Leader and one of the Staffordshire Yeomanry as he was unable to find his own C.O.

Between them they decided that Robinson's Squadron should attempt to seize Akir, while the other two squadrons cut off those who tried to escape from the village.

Mindful of an order to hold the Mughar ridge in view of a possible counter-attack from the north, Major Robinson, who had only half his squadron with him, had to leave the majority of his men on the position.

With only 15 men he descended the very steep slope. On reaching the plain the little party raced in open order for Akir, sabring a number of Turks as they rode. Through the village of Old Akir galloped the Yeomen driving a mob of Turks before them, finally halting behind a ridge just beyond the village.

Major Robinson had caught sight of a column of the enemy retreating northwards across his front and, dismounting his men, he opened fire on them at a few hundred yards range. After effecting great execution on the column, the remains of which escaped in confusion, he became aware of a party of Turks outside New Akir who were apparently being organised for some sort of defence by a General on a white charger. Repeatedly the Yeomen fired at the General as he rode up and down but without success.

After failing to find the other East Riding Squadrons, Major Robinson tried to get into communication with his Regimental H.Q., by helio, but could get no reply. Realizing then that the majority of the 22nd Mounted Brigade had not quitted the Mughar Ridge, and that he and his 15 men were apparently out in the blue, he reluctantly withdrew.

Meanwhile General Refet Bey,* G.O.C. Turkish XXII Corps, at New Akir seeing that the British Cavalry had penetrated his front north of Mughar had collected all the officers and men of C.H.Q., mustering about a company, in a small wadi near his command post, determined to hold out to the last.

* Whom Major Robinson's party had been shooting at.

He had barely got his position organized for defence when up rode the second East Riding Squadron, which Major Robinson had lost track of.

"The enemy cavalry advanced rapidly" says the Turkish account, "and at a suitable range a heavy fire was opened upon them and they were thrown into confusion; they continued to advance, however, until the effect of the fire caused them to hesitate, and finally to halt. Thus this strong force of cavalry failed to pass a few skirmishers and retired, and this episode saved the XXII Corps."

A weak squadron could hardly be described as a strong force of cavalry, but doubtless General Refet Bey thought that more were following.

The sun was setting and the O.C. Squadron was deliberating what action he should take, when the Officers Commanding Staffordshire and East Riding Yeomanries arrived on the scene. They decided that as New Akir appeared to be strongly held and as the light was failing it would be impossible to drive the enemy out that night.

In the meantime an order was received from Brig.-General Fryer to the effect that the Stafford and East Riding Squadrons should return to the Mughar ridge, which the Brigade was to hold for the night. Accordingly, with some 70 prisoners which they had rounded up, the Yeomen returned to their Brigade.

The Official Historian maintains that "a still heavier blow might have been dealt the enemy" had the 22nd Brigade advanced to Akir directly it reached the Mughar ridge. Certain important roads would have been cut, and also the railway, before dark. It appears to have been only on the initiative of Major Robinson and his fellow Squadron Leader that the two squadrons reached Akir.

The writer has discussed the Official Historian's opinion recently with Major Robinson, and he maintains that if two regiments of the 22nd Mounted Brigade had pressed forward at once there would have been little to stop them reaching the railway and incidentally capturing the whole of the Turkish Corps Headquarters. As it was, New Akir was not occupied

and the railway (two miles away) cut at Naane until dawn on the next day, by which time thousands of Turks had escaped northwards from Junction Station just before it was captured by the 75th Division.

Having followed the fortunes of the 6th and 22nd Mounted Brigades, on this auspicious day, to the best of his ability the writer will now attempt to describe the activities of the 8th Mounted Brigade (Brig.-General C. S. Rome).

After the capture of Yebna by this Brigade its G.O.C. had been ordered to attack Kubeibe and Zernuka, both of which patrols reported to be strongly held.

Keeping the 3rd County of London (Sharpshooters) Yeomanry in reserve outside Yebna he decided to despatch the City of London (Roughriders) Yeomanry against Kubeibe and the 1st County (Middlesex) to Zernuka.

At about 2.30 p.m. the Roughriders left the northern outskirts of Yebna and crossing the Wadi Tahhanat (the northern continuation of the Wadi Janus) by the road bridge emerged on to the plain. Halfway between Yebna and Kubeibe runs the northern part of the Wadi Shellal El Ghor which, unlike the portion opposite the Mughar position, is some 12 feet deep with precipitous banks. The road between the two villages crosses the deep wadi by a bridge.

Although there was a sprinkling of shrapnel from the guns at Kubeibe when the Yeomen appeared in the open "A" Squadron, which was leading, succeeded in reaching the Wadi Shellal El Ghor without loss.

A mile and a-half of open ground now lay between the Yeomen and Kubeibe.* As soon as the squadron had crossed the bridge and was preparing to gallop the village "it was met by such a murderous fire" from an advanced post of the enemy machine-guns that nearly all its horses were killed and many men became casualties.

The remains of the squadron withdrew with its wounded over the bridge into the shelter of the wadi and tried to find another crossing (i.e., exit on the eastern bank).

* Subsequently ascertained to have been held by 1,000 Infantry, 5 machine guns and 4 field guns.

But although it was possible to descend the western bank of the wadi the opposite bank was too steep for horses to scale.

The horses of all three squadrons were now in the wadi, and a dismounted attack towards Kubeibe followed. After an hour or more it soon became obvious that, as the Brigade's R.H.A. Battery and Machine Gun Squadron were not available to support the attack, the position was too strong to be taken by a dismounted regiment. Later in the afternoon the attack was called off and the Roughriders retired with their wounded to Yebna where a number of wounded horses had to be destroyed.

Had the co-operation of other arms been available it is probable that the Roughriders might have brought off a charge like that of the Bucks Yeomanry. But no assistance was at hand and it was not until dawn on the following day, when the Turks were withdrawing, that the regiment was able to occupy Kubeibe.

At 3 p.m. the Middlesex Yeomen crossed the Wadi Tahanat and in column of squadrons extended advanced at the trot.

Two miles of open plain separated them from Zernuka, their objective. "Half-right could be seen the 6th Mounted Brigade in extended order and keeping perfect formation, riding under intense shell-fire to the attack of El Mughar ridge."

The Middlesex now came under fire and Captain Bullivant increased the pace of "A" Squadron, leading, to a gallop.

Suddenly the squadron was confronted by the Wadi Shellal El Ghor (about half a-mile south of the Roughriders' bridge), which was at this point concealed in long grass.

Hidden machine-guns opened fire at once and accounted for men and horses.

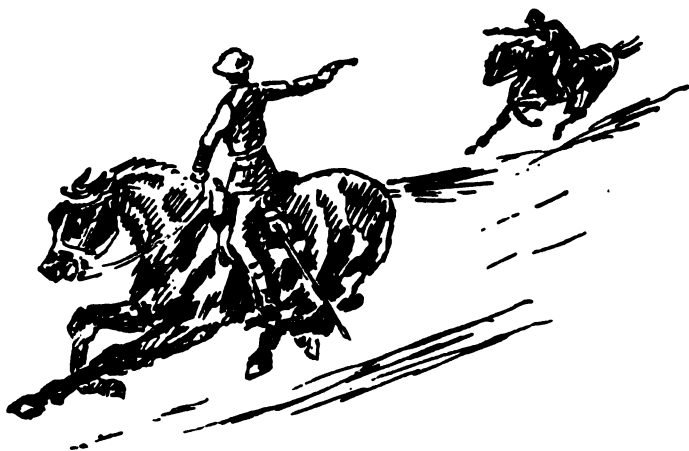
Somehow the three squadrons scrambled down the steep banks and dismounted. Leaving their horses in the wadi the Yeomen commenced a dismounted action. A mile of open ground separated them from the enemy's machine-guns in the gardens surrounding Zernuka. Here again the attack suffered from want of covering artillery fire.

At dusk the enemy's fire abated owing to the whole of the neighbouring Mughar ridge being in the hands of the 6th and 22nd Mounted Brigades. Patrols galloping into Zernuka found that the Turks were evacuating the village, which was occupied by the Middlesex Yeomanry at 9 p.m.

The writer has based the 'above article* (especially the first half) on his diary, but he wishes to acknowledge his great indebtedness to "The Official History" (Egypt and Palestine II. 1.) and to the Histories of the Worcestershire, Warwickshire, Gloucestershire, Sherwood Rangers, South Notts, Dorset, Bucks, Middlesex and City of London Yeomanries; also to "The H.A.C. in the Great War" and to an article by Lieut.-Colonel Rex Osborne, D.S.O., M.C.,† in the *Cavalry Journal* (1921). As the reader will have observed the writer was with his regiment near Summeil when the charge took place, but he went over the ground soon afterwards, and with the help of eye-witnesses was able to reconstruct the action. To those readers who participated in this brilliant affair of cavalry, he apologises for any slight errors which may have crept into his narrative.

* Being the sixth of a series which he has contributed to the CAVALRY JOURNAL on the Yeomanry in Palestine.

† Mounted troops off E.E.F., Phase III.



*THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE BREAK IN THE
SALONICA FRONT BY THE FRENCH CAVALRY
IN 1918.*

By GENERAL M. INOSTRANTZEFF.

[As is well known.] The most characteristic and advantageous task for the cavalry of an army in the present-day warfare is to develop the success attained on the front of an army.

Thrown forward into a breach of the enemy's line the Cavalry, even in small numbers, can bar the enemy's lines of communication, detain his reserve troops, hinder the work of the rear organizations and cut off his retreat; the lower the moral of the enemy, the greater the success of the operation.

Such was the well-planned, skilfully accomplished and complicated operation of the French Cavalry in Macedonia and Serbia in 1918.

There is an opinion that the success of this operation was lessened by the fact that at the time the moral of the Bulgarian Army had fallen considerably, which enabled the Allies to gain such a degree of success. But against this one can say that it was the action of the cavalry against the rear of the foe at the right moment that enabled a decisive victory to be won.

This operation, interesting in itself, is all the more so because it was carried out in exceptional conditions of time and country, and was a severe test for cavalry of any army.

In September, 1918, the general situation on the Macedonian front was as follows :

The Austrian, German and Bulgarian Armies having driven the Serbians out of Serbia, occupied the Salonica front. This

The Moral of the Armies on Both Sides.

The United States by joining the war-weary Allies had put new life into the Armies who were already confidently expecting the approaching victory. The lack of food, dress and shoes, together with extreme fatigue, had demoralized the Bulgarians. There were riots among the troops, cases of disobedience and even of shooting their own officers. In Bulgaria the temper of the people was unfavourable to the continuance of the war. Under the influence of the German economic exploitation and thanks to a strong subversive propaganda the people became more and more revolutionary.

The Country.

The terrain was rough and mountainous, exceptionally poor as regards roads which could be used for the movement of large forces. Towns were few and far between and all the principal roads concentrated in certain well-defined bottle-necks. One of these was Monastir into which a number of roads came from the north-west, north and north-east. To the north of Monastir the country was rough, mountainous and favoured the defence. Only 100 kms. from Monastir, along the river Vardar, there was a new series of roads and there also passed the only railway which unites Salonica to Skoplie, and thence on to Nis, with the Danube. In Skoplie were the headquarters of General von Scholz who commanded the 11th German and 1st Bulgarian Armies.

The Plan of the Allies.

The plan of the Allies was, whilst demonstrating against both flanks, to deal the chief blow in the centre, in the Dobropolie-Gradsko direction. The latter was a very important place as it contained the chief stores of the whole front. After the breach had been made, in order to increase the success it was proposed to cut the retreat of the 11th German and the 1st Bulgarian Armies. The direction of the blow was well chosen for it came just where the country was roughest and lightly held by the Bulgarians, but at the same time this direction was also the most difficult one. Therefore it was decided to break through near Dopropolie, then give a second blow to the enemy

more to the west, near Monastir, and from thence to launch the cavalry against the enemy's rear. The cavalry's first task was to capture Prilep.

Cavalry Forces available at the beginning of the Battle.

The commander of the Cavalry group of the Eastern French Army, General Juino-Gambetta, was, on 14th July, aware of the proposed offensive, and could therefore make his preparations for the cavalry without delay. The cavalry group consisted of: the 1st African Horse-Chasseurs regiment of 4 squadrons with a platoon of 37 m.m. guns; the 4th African Horse-Chasseurs regiment of 3 squadrons with a platoon of 37 m.m. guns; the march regiment of the Morocco Spahis of 5 squadrons and a machine-gun squadron with a platoon of 37 m.m. guns and two detachments of armoured cars with machine-guns.

On 12th September the concentration of the cavalry began. Both the chasseur regiments started from Naussa to join the Spahis at Florina. Their move was carefully concealed from enemy's aircraft. Reconnaissance of the routes approaching Monastir and the regions lying to the east of it was made beforehand.

The First Contact with the Enemy.

On September 15th began the battle near Dobropolie. Attacks were made also on the flanks. On September 21st the cavalry received an order to concentrate nearer the front. The first march, carried out by night, brought it halfway from Florina to Monastir. On September 22nd it reached the latter place. The 1st Horse-Chasseurs' regiment sent a reconnoitring detachment to the north to find routes to Prilep, and to gain touch with the enemy. On the same day the French infantry reached Kanatlarci and the enemy retreated. On September 23rd at dawn the cavalry group marched forward having sent out an advanced guard of two squadrons of horse-chasseurs with a detachment of armoured cars and sappers, and a left-flank detachment of one Spahis squadron to the heights west of the road from Monastir to Prilep.

The progress through the former front-line was very slow, as the sappers had to make numerous passages through the wire. Contact with the army was established. The enemy, attacked by the dismounted flank detachment, still held the heights north-west of Mogule. On the eastern side of the river Tzerna the enemy was retreating rapidly and the advanced guard captured prisoners near Topoltsany.

Fresh Instructions to the Cavalry Group.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Eastern French Army, General Henry joined the cavalry south of Kanatlarci. It was proposed at first that the army's left flank should move towards the north-east. To the east the Bulgarians were broken, whereas the 11th German Army to the west still held their position, so the cavalry was ordered to capture Skoplie, as it would bar the Kalkandelen route. This route was the only possible way of retreat for the 11th German Army.

In accordance with these instructions General Juino-Gambetta pushed the 1st Horse-Chasseurs' regiment towards Topoltsany and Prilep in order to block the roads leading to that spot from the north and the west. The Spahis' regiment was to proceed on the right of the 1st Horse-Chasseurs' towards the same spot, and the 4th Horse-Chasseurs' was to follow the Spahis.

In the afternoon of September 23rd the leading cavalry reached Prilep. The enemy retreated northwards. For reconnaissance towards Prilep-Veles and Prilep-Brod two platoons of Horse-Chasseurs with armoured cars were sent out, one in each direction.

The Advance towards Skoplie.

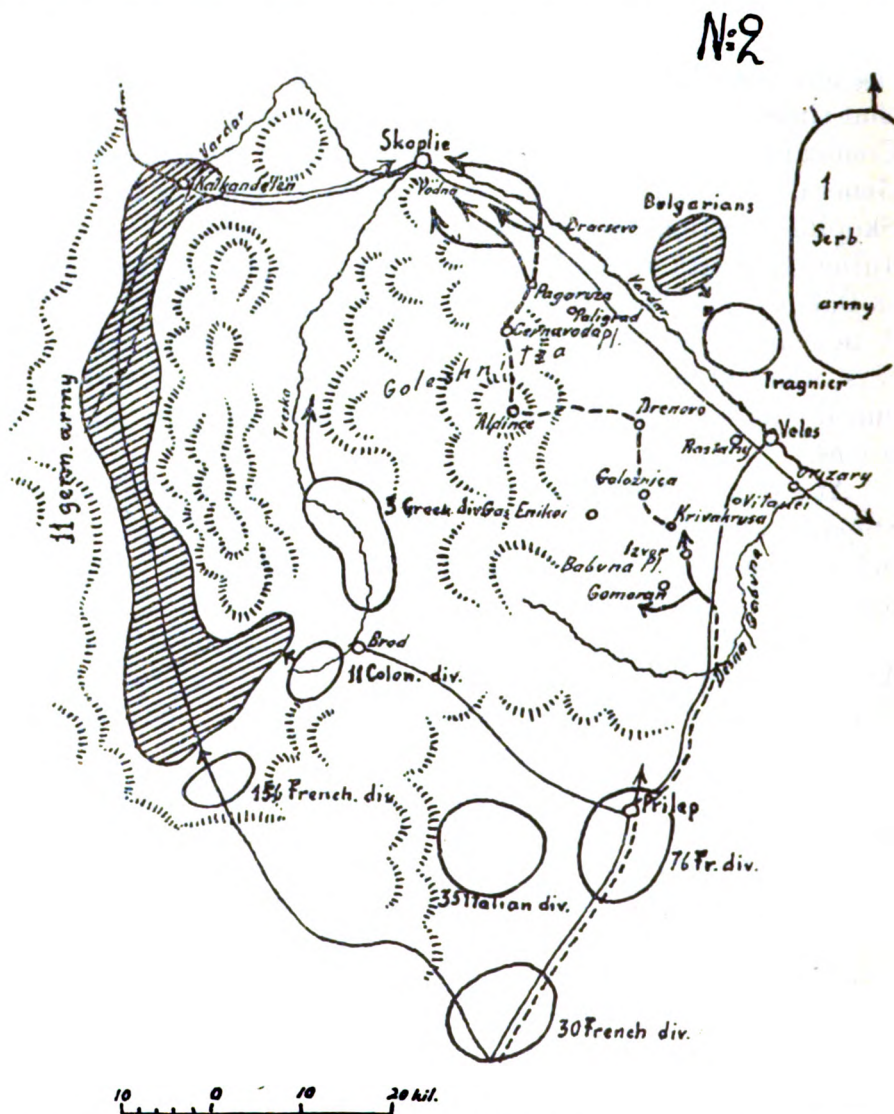
To carry out these instructions the cavalry had to cross the heights of Goleshnitza Planina (towards Skoplie). But from the very first the advanced guard was met with artillery fire from the heights north-west of Prilep. The 4th Horse-Chasseurs dismounted and began to attack the enemy. But not until 2 p.m., September 24th, did it manage to move forward. In the meantime, as the 11th French Colonial Division, which was to replace

the cavalry group, was approaching Prilep, a reconnaissance of the road Prilep-Stepanci was undertaken in order to outflank the enemy from the East. As but a feeble resistance of the enemy was met on that road, it was decided to move to Stepanci and Veles, and then on towards Skoplie along the right or the left bank of the Vardar, according to circumstances. By that time the Chief of the Cavalry group was informed that the Commander of the French Army had formed a detachment under General Trannier, supplied with motors, to move in the Veles-Skoplie direction and support the cavalry group. General Juino-Gambetta decided to move along the Veles highway as far as Babuny, and from there to turn north-west towards Skoplie. A new advanced guard, the Spahis regiment with armoured cars, was sent along the Stepanci road, and the former advanced guard was left free to break off the battle and join the main forces.

At 5 p.m. on September 24th the main forces started towards Stepanci and the former advanced guard, with the help of the infantry of the 11th Colonial division, broke off the battle and joined the main forces. The new advanced guard drove back the enemy, took prisoners and trophies and captured Stepanci. At 2 a.m., September 25th, the main forces, having covered 30 km., reached the area to the south of Stepanci. To the right, contact with the Serbs was established.

At 7 a.m. the commander of the group issued orders for the continuance of the operations. The main forces were to halt near the Desna river, the advanced guard was to continue to push forward and to send out reconnaissances to the hills near Babuna and Krivokrusa, and a flank detachment in the direction of Gomoran. About 9 a.m. the advanced guard reached the Babuna hill and the main body reached Izvor. As it was reported that Vitanci, Gas Enikoi and Gomoran were occupied by the enemy with artillery, the advanced guard was ordered to dislodge the enemy from those places. With the aid of the Serbian infantry sent forward from the 1st Serbian Army, the enemy was driven out of Krivokrusa and Goloznitza and the main cavalry group occupied Gas Enikoi.

On September 26th the Serbian Army was fighting near Veles where the Bulgarians still held Rastany and Arizary. The cavalry could not wait till the Serbs forced the Vardar crossings



near Veles, as the fighting was likely to be severe and to last long. If General Juino-Gambetta had halted near Veles, he might have been too late to cut off the German 11th Army at Skopje,

who had already begun to retreat. According to information there was a road leading across the mountains through Drenovo, Poligrad and Dracsevo.

Therefore, notwithstanding the fact that most of his supplies and forage were already running short and that Trannier's detachment was to reach Stepanci at dawn, the Commander of the group decided to start on the above-named road through Goleshnitza Planina. The 1st Horse-Chasseurs' regiment was detailed as the advanced guard and at dawn the main forces reached Goloznica. Here the information about the road proved to be inaccurate. It became merely a rocky narrow path in the mountains where the horses had to be led between rocks and precipices.

At 8 p.m. on September 26th Drenovo was reached. Here the group had to halt to wait for the moon to rise. It was reported that the enemy had left Veles that evening, and also that the 11th German Army was retreating towards Skoplie. At midnight the march was continued along a very difficult and rough road. The group halted at Aldince, to wait for the Spahis regiment who, together with the Serbs, took part in the battle near Veles. Here also it was possible to feed the men and the horses with local produce. General Juino-Gambetta made the following plan for the capture of Skoplie. From Aldince the advance was to be on Cernavoda and Pagaruza. From Pagaruza the Spahis were to capture the Vodna hill, whilst the Horse-Chasseurs regiments were to move towards Dracsevo and then to Skoplie, along either the right or the left bank of the river Vardar, whichever was the most convenient.

At 7 a.m. on September 28th the cavalry group reached Cernavoda, and after a halt the advanced guard reached Dracsevo and the main forces reached Pagaruza at 10 p.m.

At 4 a.m. next morning a reconnaissance was sent out and on receiving its reports, final orders for the capture of Skoplie were given.

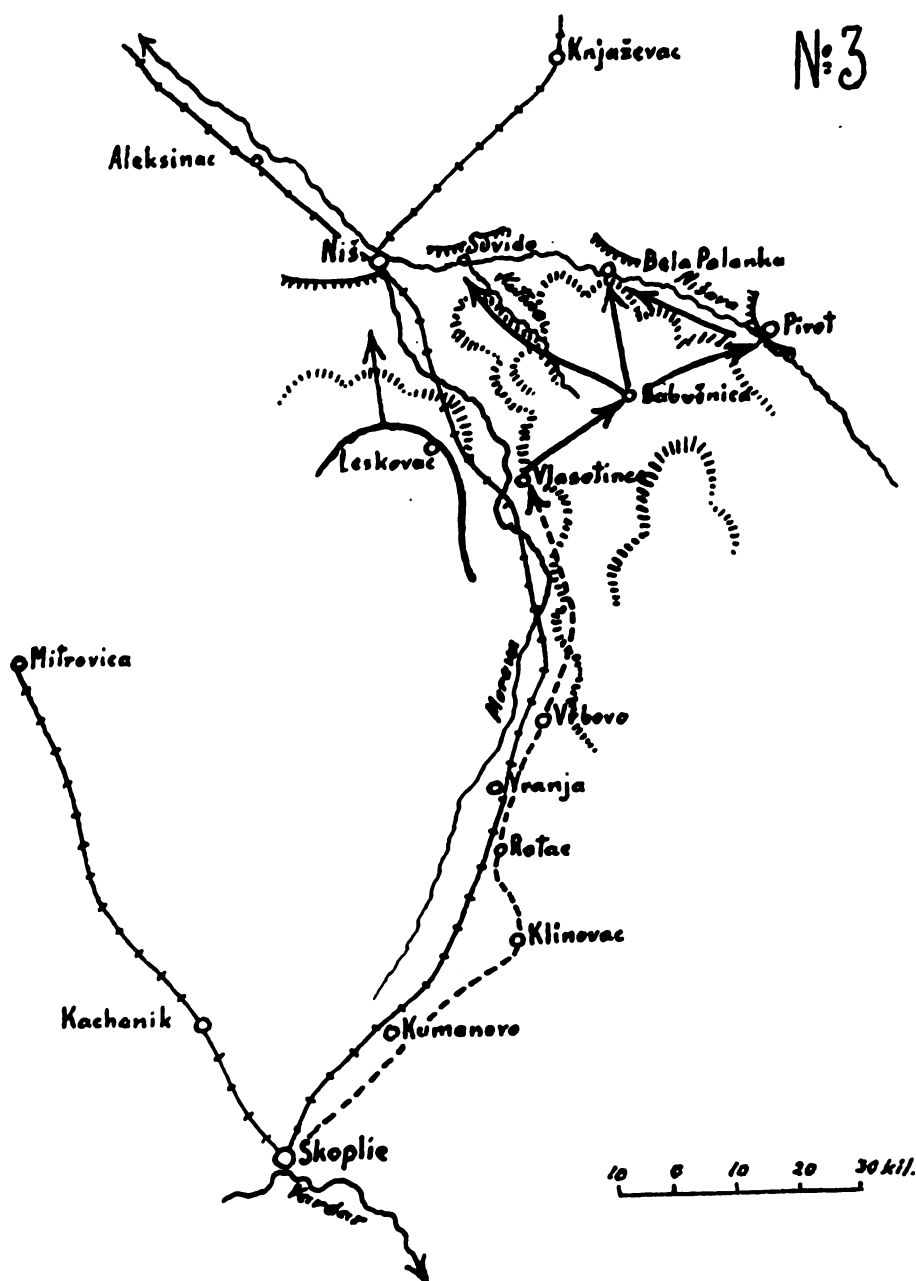
In accordance with these orders the Spahis regiment were to attack over the Vodna hill against the crossings which lay to its north and north-west and was to deny the enemy the road

Kalkandelen—Skoplie. The 1st Horse-Chasseurs having reconnoitred the crossings north of Dracsevo was to cross the Vardar and attack along its left bank towards Skoplie. One of its squadrons was to establish contact with General Trannier's detachment which was expected to come from Veles. The 4th Horse-Chasseurs' was to attack Skoplie from the right bank of the river along the railway line. One of its squadrons was kept in reserve.

The attack began at 5 a.m. in a dense fog which covered not only the Vardar valley but even the mountain slopes. South of the Vodna hill the Spahis' regiment met with strong resistance from the enemy and, dismounting, slowly made progress, having sent a squadron mounted to outflank the mountains from the west.

The 4th Horse-Chasseurs being fired on 6 km. from Skoplie by an armoured train concealed behind trees, had also to dismount and began gradually to push the Bulgarians towards the town. The 1st Horse-Chasseurs' crossed the Vardar but on the left bank they were stopped by a battalion of Bulgarians. Two squadrons dismounted, and the rest made an outflanking attack which forced the enemy to retreat leaving some prisoners. The advance was slow, as the cavalry group had no horse artillery. The Bulgarians, therefore, had time to blow up their depots at Skoplie, and under cover of the fire of the armoured train evacuated a quantity of rolling stock and seriously damaged the railway line.

About 9 a.m. the 1st Horse-Chasseurs reached the eastern suburbs of Skoplie, the 4th Horse-Chasseurs continued to advance along the railway, and the Spahis' regiment having captured the Vodna hill with one squadron proceeded with the remainder of the regiment to cross the road leading from Kalkandelen to Skoplie. At 11 a.m. Skoplie was captured and the cavalry occupied the heights and organized the defence of the town. Air reconnaissance reported to General Juino-Gambetta that the Trannier's detachment was advancing but was yet far away, and that the Bulgarians were retreating from Skoplie to the North.



Meanwhile, the enemy advancing from Kalkandelen, though attacked by the French aircraft, began an attack with considerable infantry forces against the Vodna hill held by the Spahis,

and the western suburbs of the town occupied by the Horse-Chasseurs. The position of the cavalry group became very precarious. The dismounted cavalry had to defend the town against large numbers of infantry, until the arrival of Trannier's detachment.

This task was fulfilled and the town remained in the hands of the French till the night of October 1st. That day at 11 a.m. Trannier's detachment entered Skoplie. From that moment General Juino-Gambetta's group consisting of the Spahis' regiment and the 1st Horse-Chasseurs' became part of the 1st Serbian Army, and the 4th Horse-Chasseurs' was attached to Trannier's detachment which was to defend Skoplie. Also, on October 1st the cavalry group received by air some boxes of horse-shoes and nails which were urgently required after the rough work in the hills and for further operations.

On October 2nd, the Skoplie regiment was sent forward towards Kumanovo in pursuit of the retreating Bulgarians.

From Skoplie to the Danube.

Bulgaria asked for an armistice and according to the negotiations made in Salonica, the 11th German Army was to be disarmed and the Allies obtained the right of passage through Bulgaria.

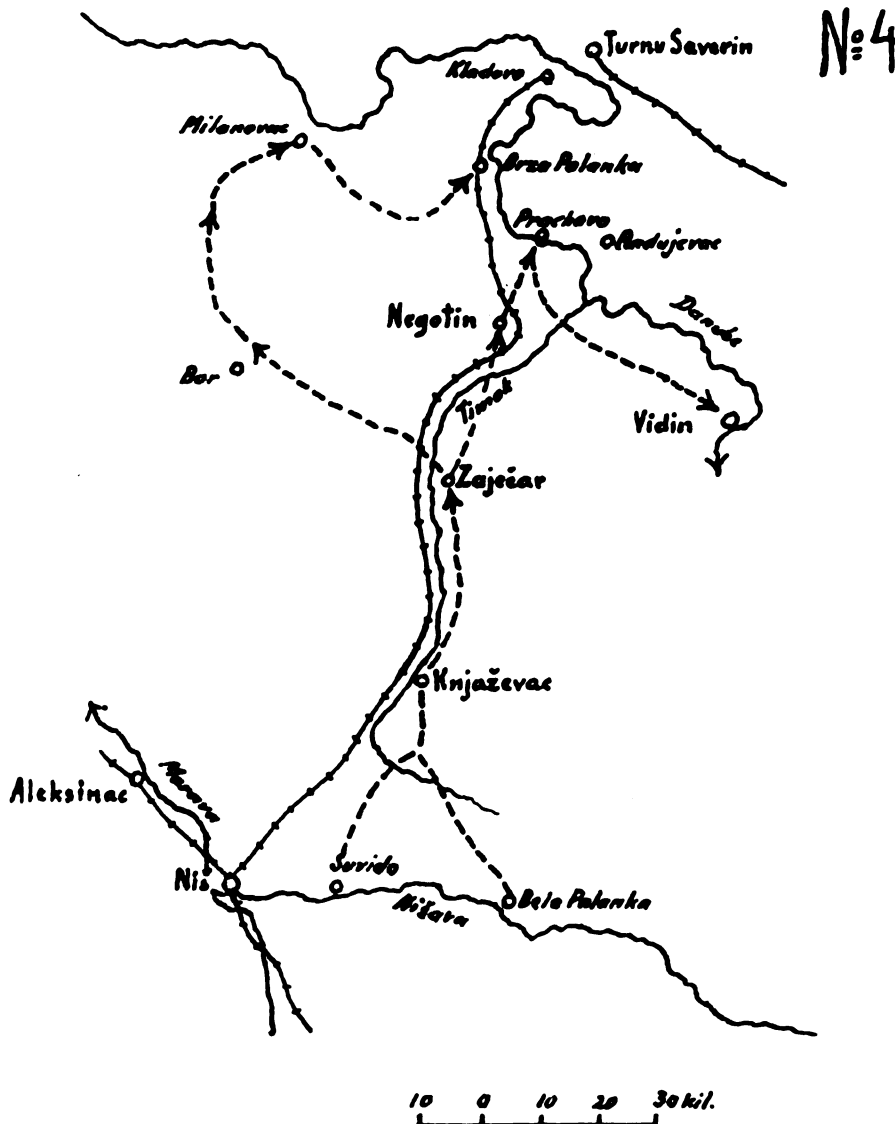
Nevertheless, the German command took energetic measures to organize a new front in Serbia. According to Ludendorf's memoirs, 4 German divisions from Russia, the Austrian divisions from the Ukraine and the Alpine corps from the Italian front were ordered to Nis. If these forces had been allowed to concentrate they could have put up a strong resistance and the Allies' endeavour was to beat them in detail.

The 1st Serbian Army was dispatched toward Nis. It was preceded by General Juino-Gambetta's group. This group was to advance along the eastern bank of the Morava river, whilst the Serbian cavalry advanced along the western bank.

As far as Vlasatince, Austrian troops only were met but further north appeared the Germans. On October 4th the

cavalry group dislodged the enemy from Ratae, and on October 5th, from Vrbovo, taking prisoners and machine-guns.

The advance was carried out under great difficulties. There



was a dense fog on most days, the troops were worn out, supplies and forage were coming to an end and the roads became worse and worse owing to the enemy's destructive work. But it was clear

that the moral of the enemy, demoralized by constant retreat was rapidly falling. On their way the enemy threw away guns and machine-guns. On October 7th, having reached Vlasatince the group established contact on its left with Serbian cavalry who had occupied Leskovac.

In the meantime, the German reserves coming from the north endeavoured to secure the line of the Nisava river and evidently meant to organize a strong defence of Nis. At the same time the advance of a part of the German troops from the north towards Pirot was discovered, and this endangered the flank of the 1st Serbian Army. The French cavalry was ordered to protect that flank.

General Juino-Gambetta divided his group in three detachments.

(1) The Spahis regiment (less one squadron) was to capture Babusnica, and further occupy Pirot. After that two of its squadrons were to advance along the right bank of Nisava and to capture Bela Palanka.

(2) The Horse-Chasseurs (less one squadron) was to advance along the valley of the Kutina river towards Suvido, occupy this spot and advance further towards Nis.

(3) A joint detachment (one squadron Spahis and one squadron Horse-Chasseurs) was to follow the first detachment as far as Babusnica and from there to advance on Bela Palanka from the south.

The cavalry lines of communication were now becoming very lengthy and precarious and it was unlikely that they would improve for some time yet. During October 9th the enemy held Babusnica, but on October 10th they began to leave the town. On October 13th the central detachment occupied Bela Palanka, and at dawn the Spahis captured Pirot but they could only help the central detachment on the left bank of the Nisava. The left flank detachment was fighting its way to Suvido and Nis and was in contact with the Serbs when they occupied that spot. On October 14th the enemy, pursued by cavalry, were in full retreat.

The Serbs then attacked against Aleksinac, the French cavalry against Knjazevac. On October 16th the German rear endeavoured to hold on to Knjazevac but the Spahis pushed them out northwards. The pursuit continued.

The cavalry was now reinforced by the 1st battalion of Serbian infantry and one mountain gun battery as the fighting was almost entirely against the infantry of the German rear-guard. The task of the French cavalry was to occupy Zajecar as soon as possible, an important junction of roads near the river Timok.

On October 18th the Horse-Chasseurs was given an independent task: to occupy the copper mines at Bor and an important industrial town, Majdanpek. This done, the regiment turned towards the Danube, dislodged the enemy from Milanovac and captured Brza Palanka. The pursuit in the direction of Negotin was continued by the Spahis, reinforced by the Serbian battalion and the mountain-gun battery. On October 21st the Germans were dislodged from Negotin. The Spahis sent detachments to continue the pursuit towards Prachovo and Radujevac and then advanced to Vidin.

This was the end of the cavalry operation. The regiments remained on the Danube and cut the enemy's communications along the river. On November 1st the Serbian Army entered Belgrade.

In revising the work accomplished by the French cavalry in the destruction of the Bulgarians it is inevitable to note:

(1) The great strain on the cavalry which *during 32 days covered about 700 km. of mountainous and barely cultivated land in almost unceasing battle.*

(2) *The directing of the cavalry at the enemy's communication lines at the very moment when the front was broken was well-timed.* It is hard to tell what might have happened had the Germans had time to concentrate their reserves, which was chiefly hindered by the work of the cavalry.

(3) The work of the cavalry rendered a great service to the success of the whole enterprise. The capture of Skoplie, almost

under the eyes of the retreating Bulgarians, was fatal to the 11th German Army. The protection of the 1st Serbian Army flank was organized just as skilfully and prevented its being outflanked by the German division sent down from Russia and advancing towards Pirot.

(4) No less *instructive and interesting* were the actions of General Juino-Gambetta's group *from the tactical point of view*.

(a) Most evident was the cavalry's endeavour *to investigate the circumstances in battle, to locate the flanks of the enemy, to find out passages within the quartering of the enemy's troops, and having found them, to thrust themselves through them under cover of the reconnaissance detachments*;

(b) Having met with resistance on the front the cavalry *was not detained* by leading the battle dismounted, but immediately uses its chief feature, agility, gained the enemy's flank on horseback and thus more than once forced the enemy to continue their fatal retreat;

(c) *The Commander of the cavalry group was quick in seizing the situation and in his decisions, as a cavalry officer should be*;

(d) Very interesting from the point of view of the activity of the cavalry in the present war conditions are the facts of *the timely support rendered to the cavalry by the infantry and auto-cars as well as by aircraft* which helped in the reconnaissance, in battle and even in victuals;

(e) The characteristic peculiarity of the cavalry, its capacity of *being swiftly led out of battle*, was largely applied by the cavalry group in Macedonia and Serbia;

(f) But the most interesting and instructive of all was that the cavalry acting in mountainous country, with very limited ways of communication, uses means peculiar to the country. Thus it *did not stick to the main roads* where it could be detained even by small infantry rearguards, but *made straight across the almost pathless mountains, rightly considering that the difficulty of passage and loss of time would be amply rewarded by the impression of suddenness wrought on the enemy*.

***THE THREE HUNDRED MILE MARCH OF
"A" SQUADRON THE ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS
FROM ST. JOHN'S, QUEBEC, TO PETAWAWA
MILITARY CAMP, ONTARIO, JULY 13th to JULY 25th,
1937.***

By CAPTAIN C. CHURCHILL MANN, R.C.D.

THIRTY years ago, Regimental Headquarters and "B" Squadron marched from Toronto, Ontario, to Petawawa, over a distance of two hundred and sixteen miles, but since then no such march has been made by a Squadron of this Regiment, although each year, Regimental Headquarters and "B" Squadron have marched one hundred miles to Niagara Camp at Niagara on the Lake Ontario from Toronto.

Major G. F. Berteau, commanding "A" Squadron at St. John's had given his officers a very interesting account of the march in 1907 only a few days before word was received that the Royal Canadian Dragoons were to be concentrated for training at Petawawa in August. Consequently, when some of us proposed to Major Berteau that a splendid opportunity was at hand for our Squadron to get the benefit of his previous trip as he was one of the very few members of the Regiment still serving who had been on the march so many years before, he at once agreed that this was a good idea—providing we were able to obtain the necessary sanction from Defence Headquarters, and that it could be undertaken without interfering with our instructional duties with the Non-Permanent Active Militia.

Many details and minor difficulties were overcome through the co-operation of the various Non-Permanent Active Militia unit commanders, and the Staff of the Military Districts which send

candidates to the Royal School of Cavalry at St. John's where we conduct schools of Cavalry and Cavalry Armoured Cars during the summer as well as during the other seasons, and with the great saving of public funds which would result from a move of a squadron of cavalry by march route instead of by rail to lend weight to our opinion that all ranks would benefit greatly by such a march, we waited anxiously for the official verdict.

With a feeling of triumph, we finally heard that our proposal had been approved, and that, at last after seven years, we were to shake the fetters of barrack life from our venturesome bones, and start on a long, long trail, which if we succeeded in terminating successfully with our men and horses hardened and fit for Regimental Training, would be an accomplishment not yet equalled by any other cavalry squadron in Canada for at least many years.

Our next problem was the arrangement of administrative matters pertaining to supply, the health and condition of horses and men, transport and baggage—to mention a few of the numberless things that required careful co-ordination if we were to accomplish our self-set task in a creditable fashion.

We received the most cordial co-operation from the authorities of various towns, cities and villages, as well as from farmers who owned property which attracted our eye as potential bivouacs. Not a single refusal hindered our planning, and with only two changes in our selected bivouacs—we were able to issue our march orders without difficulty.

Our column consisted of the squadron horses—a few recently joined remounts travelling as led horses under saddle, and carrying riders for part of the day's journey—and a rather unique little Mechanical Transport column, containing an Armoured Car, a Horse trailer, a Travelling-Kitchen trailer, two light lorries, two reconnaissance cars and two privately-owned cars belonging to some of the officers.

The population of the countryside, and in the local centres, evinced the greatest interest in our squadron, both while we were riding along the highways and byways, and when we halted to

bivouac. We received many hundreds of visitors at each halt, and there were many amusing examples of the curiosity of human nature from time to time. We never finished answering questions, and many compliments were received by Major Berteau upon the courtesy shown the visitors by the personnel of the squadron, even after some long and fatiguing marches.

It is probable that many districts through which we passed had not seen marching troops for many years, and the convenience of the party line for telephonic distribution of information was clearly demonstrated. The officers were soon convinced, by observations made to them by civilians en route, that the benefits of the march were not confined to the personnel of "A" Squadron alone, but that the Permanent and Non-Permanent Active Militia of Canada as a whole would unquestionably benefit through a closer understanding and better appreciation of the quality of the present-day soldier by the thousands of persons who became acquainted, if only for a short time, with the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

The local press were everywhere emphatic in their congratulations upon the condition of our horses as they arrived at each succeeding locality; it being especially gratifying to have well-informed persons express such admiration at our last bivouac near Pembroke, since we were then within fifteen miles of our objective. On occasion we utilized our horse trailer to "lift" a horse showing signs of distress, and with this equipment, which became ours through the kindness of Lt.-Colonel Decary, four horses enjoyed a brief ride in a "horse taxi," being then able to continue in their important role. It is interesting to record that every horse, with one exception, was re-shod at least once with a complete set of horse-shoes while on this march, although they all started out on shoes that were not two weeks old. The exception is my own horse "Patia," aged seventeen, who came through on the same shoes that she started out on. I am especially proud of this horse, as she is the first horse I ever owned, and she has given me the very best of service for the past nine years.

But, with a last word to commend the Troop Officers, W.O.'s, N.C.O.s and Troopers upon their conduct and zeal whilst on this march, I will take the readers of this narrative (if any!) upon the actual trip, as seen and recorded by various participants, whose impressions and comments (somewhat censored I confess!) form a running account of the day by day progress of our march which will form one of the high-lights of my own military career in retrospect.

FIRST DAY. ST. JOHN'S P.Q. TO SHERRINGTON P.Q.

22 miles.

"Reveille at five-thirty found everyone alert and eager to start on our long anticipated march. The final packing was done, the transport loaded, horses saddled, inspection carried out and at last we were off. At seven-fifteen we marched out of Cavalry Barracks in high spirits on the first leg of our journey. Moving along familiar roads we reached Napierville, which marked the beginning of unfamiliar routes from now on. The horses seemed to realize that something unusual was afoot, as they soon were moving along very steadily, with ears pricking and nostrils sniffing the new territories with great interest.

Reaching Sherrington, our first day's objective, we realized the advantages of Mechanical Transport with cavalry—finding our horse lines erected, water troughs in position, and all the other details of bivouacs completed, including the very welcome and savoury smells coming from the Travelling Kitchen. Lieutenant Berwick donated a barrel of beer to all ranks, to convey the best wishes of his horses, present on the march, who had done so well at the recent Seignior Club Horse Show. This disappeared in short order after a dusty ride. Following a meal of steak and onions, we devoted the afternoon to horsemastership, it being evident to the officers that all ranks realized that they had a very serious task to ensure the best of care for their mounts with such a distance to travel in the next fortnight."

The Stable Piquet, doubled in strength for the first night, had a difficult task, as the horses took the opportunity to settle

many old scores with one another, kicking and biting the whole night long—fortunately without serious injury. I am sure that all ranks were relieved when dawn finally arrived—I know that I was!

SECOND DAY. SHERRINGTON TO AUBREY P.Q.
22 miles.

“ Marching on our way again at eight o'clock, we made short work of this next lap. Everyone felt that at last they were clear of barrack life for a while, and songs were gaily travelling up and down the column. Filled with anticipation, we arrived uneventfully at the outskirts of Aubrey, to find Donald Black, the Member of Parliament for Huntingdon County waiting for us. He was quickly mounted on Major Berteau's own horse “ Bobs ” and led us in to his own farm, heartily cheered by all twenty-three citizens of Aubrey! We offer an opinion that this brave act of Mr. Black's will result in his perpetual re-election—which of course we hope.

After the usual clean up, nearly everyone enjoyed a swim in a nearby river—returning to find several large cases of refreshment waiting for us with the compliments of the brewers of Black Horse Ale. This was a great treat and was most appreciated. It had, what we believe to be the desired result, as we found no difficulty in stretching the truth when asked “ where did that splendid horse come from? ” and we were able to convince each questioner that the best cavalry horses all came from Huntingdon County (Donald Black, M.P.) including the one referred to. We were even able to identify the right horse for anyone who asked to see their ‘ old mare ’ or ‘ brown colt ’ or ‘ that promising chestnut I sold the Army four years ago. ’ Strangely enough—horses being friendly animals at heart, each such person left fully convinced that he had seen his old horse, that the horse was well, and that the Dragoons had very obliging soldiers looking after the horse.

At night the local team gave the Squadron team quite a lesson in baseball—but our lads retrieved their laurels later on at

the open-air dance which had been arranged for them. We hasten to apologize to the local lads for stealing their girls for one evening, but can we help it, if 'there's something about a soldier?' "

THIRD DAY. AUBREY TO VALLEYFIELD P.Q.

24 miles.

" Marching at eight o'clock—amid shouted farewells, we pondered on the folly of getting to bed at about three o'clock in the morning when we had to get up at five-thirty! However, it was interesting to pass through such lovely country, along the winding banks of a pretty stream, with shaded sides and nice footing for the horses.

After a few hours march, rain commenced, but such is life and of course we continued on our way. One man, with an injured foot, being carried in the Armoured Car, was overheard saying ' This iron horse may be bullet proof but it certainly isn't rain-proof.' He got scant sympathy from his mounted comrades!

Eventually arriving at Valleyfield, we found ourselves quartered in a long galvanized shed, used at the local fair, which was a great help. This was soon teeming with townsfolk and it was difficult to locate anything for a while. Later on in the evening we had a surprise attack from about four thousand frogs, who apparently took great delight in sitting on our heads and endeavouring to keep tune with our snores. The Medical Orderly had begun to have quite a clientele, mostly minor cases of galls and cuts. However, first-aid cleared them up, and it was not long until we all became hardened to the task."

FOURTH DAY. VALLEYFIELD P.Q. TO ALEXANDRIA, ONTARIO.

37 miles.

" This leg of our journey was the longest of all, but also was probably the most interesting. After an hour's ride we reached the St. Lawrence River—about two miles wide at this point. An antiquated ferry was waiting for us, the engine being ninety-

five years old, according to the engineer. A good deal depended on this vessel, as it cut sixty miles from our journey, if we were able to embark our horses safely upon it. Little difficulty was found however, and we disembarked safely at Point Au Diable without falling behind our schedule."

The M.T. column had the real problem, which was how to load trailers filled with impedimenta, on to the ferry with no room to manœuvre the towing vehicle. Recourse was had, as so often occurs, to the man-handling method; and with the assistance of the engineer and his mate, and all the 'carried' personnel, all vehicles and their appendages were safely on, and off the ferry on the landing side.

The noon halt, given only as a map co-ordinate, with instructions to the W.O. i/c M.T. Column, to find suitable watering facilities within a couple of miles, turned out to be satisfactory and was duly located by all concerned. After lunch, the remaining twelve miles soon rolled by, and we arrived at Alexandria in the midst of flag bedecked streets (in our honour as we later learned) and occupied the local Armoury as close billets. We were very fortunate, both at Valleyfield and here, as having shelter, the rain was a blessing in disguise, since it did much towards freshening up the horses. From now on, we had no rain until the night we had arrived at our final destination.

It was interesting to notice the effect of systematically laid out roads, upon the men, as we entered the Province of Ontario. Many of our personnel were leaving the Province of Quebec for the first time, and the long straight roads were a matter of much comment. Several men remarked upon the simplified map reading required by the troop leaders, but many others noticed the discouraging effect of an interminable ribbon of road ahead—particularly noticeable after the first thirty miles in a day's march. A winding road, with changing scenery is undoubtedly a great deal easier from the point of view of the man in the ranks.

"While in Alexandria we were glad to enjoy a visit from a

past commanding officer, Lieut.-Colonel Douglas Bowie, D.S.O., but unfortunately were unable to accept his invitation to visit his farm at Lancaster, Ontario. Everyone was tired after this march of thirty-seven miles, and were glad to know that we were to have a day to rest and clean up.

The Alexandria Company of the Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry Highlanders, returning from annual training, made every effort to make our stay at their Armoury a pleasant one. Their endeavours, and an issue of beer from the Squadron arrangements, resulted in a very successful and enjoyable evening. Their officers and their Honorary Colonel, Colonel D. J. Macdonald, were very zealous in their anxiety to look after our officers, and we feel sure that 'co-operation with other arms' was well carried out.

Later that evening, our officers were the guests of honour at a civic dinner, which was a great compliment to the unit, and no doubt enjoyed by those present! "

FIFTH DAY, ALEXANDRIA, ONTARIO.

"We cleaned everything from horses, saddlery, arms and accoutrements to ourselves and our clothing. It must have been an instructive sight to see so many sets of summer uniforms drying on improvised clothes lines. The farriers were very busy catching up on their important task of shoeing, and shod seventeen horses during the day. After inspections of the various natures which are necessary, if not always welcomed, the majority of the Squadron enjoyed a swim, going some three miles in our Mechanical Transport for this purpose.

Returning from the swim, we were interested to find that the forward reconnaissance to our next day's bivouac, made each day after arrival, had been quite an adventure for those upon it. Captain Mann and Lance-Corporal Hone, the N.C.O. in charge of our advance party, had reconnoitred the M.T. route on the outward journey. Returning by the more suitable roads for marching horses, they reached a point not two miles away from Alexandria. The road showing as 'improved' on the official

map of 1927, had fallen into dis-use, but appeared to be suitable for horse traffic in half sections. Endeavouring to take the car through this road, they took an hour and a half to go a mile and a half, and had to jack the car up on one occasion to get it over a large boulder! No doubt they consoled themselves with Napoleon's maxim about the value of reconnaissance! It is interesting to observe however, that one of the Troop officers succeeded in losing his troop for a few hundred yards while going through this same portion of the route—so the feat of bringing a car through such going can be appreciated."

SIXTH DAY. ALEXANDRIA TO FINCH, ONTARIO.

32 miles..

"Reveille at four-thirty this morning, accompanied by shouts such as, 'Come on, do you want to sleep all day' from the Troop Sergeants, shook the dreams of more comfortable nights from our heads, and soon we were all busy with activity once more. We moved off at seven o'clock, and travelled through varying sorts of country, ranging from gravel hills, to rolling turf and concrete highways. We noticed a predominance of Scotch accents in this area, which was puzzling to some of our men, and a treat to some others.

Arriving at Alec MacDougall's farm near Finch, we were able to stand the horses in a pretty stream for a time, which cooled their feet and legs after a tiring march, with a lot of up and down hill work. A number of the personnel enjoyed a swim also, when the horses had been attended to and the bivouac squared away. A swim is most refreshing after a dusty ride, and officers arranging bivouacs should keep this fact in mind if possible. Some excitement occurred when some of the MacDougall cows commenced to eat the cook's laundry, but the Squadron toreadors saved the day, and peace reigned once more.

The officers of the Glengarrians visited us again, and assisted in the watering parade at eight o'clock in the evening—riding some of our best 'sea-horses' down to the river in their very nicely pressed white flannels. This created a very interesting

set-up, as they had been mounted with much thought! However, to the great disappointment of a certain faction, for some reason our best known rollers failed in their role—allowing the flannels to keep their crease! Perhaps we do not credit our friends the Infantry with as much horse knowledge as they possess.

While at Finch, we were given a thorough inspection by the entire community for some miles around—and the number of people who went through our lines, examined our horses, our vehicles, and our innermost secrets in most unexpected fashion is reckoned at well over a thousand. The greatest interest of course was in the horses, who were in splendid condition after covering, so far, a distance of one hundred and thirty-seven miles."

FINCH TO KEMPTVILLE.

35 miles.

"We started this morning with a slight change in routine, which seems like a good idea. As the horses do not drink well early in the morning, and as the days are getting very hot, it was decided to feed them their oats as soon as possible after reveille, before they become restless and impatient—with accompanying kicks, and then water as they move out on the march. As we always walk for the first twenty minutes, at the start of the day's march, and then halt for inspection and to tighten girths, no time is lost, and the horses have a good drink—which is so necessary if they are to keep in condition on this long trip in the middle of summer."

(This manner of watering was followed for the rest of the journey.)

"Troops moved off at fifteen minute intervals, thus clearing the watering points before the next arrived, and avoiding the dust of the one ahead. We noticed that the Troop Leaders were able to take better advantage of the accidents of ground and condition of road surface, than they were when moving in longer columns. Arriving, pretty tired, at Kemptville (the home of Canada's ex-High-Commissioner, Mr. Howard Ferguson) we welcomed a barrel of beer with open arms—partic-

ularly as this had to be obtained beforehand on account of local option laws in the vicinity. Everyone appreciates such forethought on the part of those in charge. We were complimented by a brief visit from the D.O.C., M.D. No. 3, Brigadier W. B. Anderson, who was passing through Kemptville.

EIGHTH DAY. KEMPTVILLE TO CARP, ONTARIO.

33 miles.

"On account of the extreme heat, we found out, rather abruptly, that reveille had been ordered for three o'clock in the morning. However we realized the wisdom of this, and enjoyed much early morning humour in our efforts to find nose-bags, and match them to horses. Packing our kit, and getting saddles ready by head-light illumination, using all our vehicles, we realized one of the advantages of modern transport equipment. At least one horse also realized this advantage, when it was discovered that a haversack with cleaning kit, brasso and shaving things had been placed down instead of his oats. A very fortunate and timely discovery in the horse's opinion at least!

After a breakfast of bacon and eggs, we marched out once more at five o'clock, and even then were able to sense the heat that was waiting for us. Several men found the advantages of a saddled led-horse quite convenient, and it was not hard to observe men pulling a bottle of beer from an empty rifle bucket, after saving one from the night before. But, as this did not clash with the strict orders that no one was to drink water between the main halts for meals, or bivouacs—which was a wise, if stern, measure—the thirsty ones enjoyed their little treat unmolested, and probably envied by the observers. This water discipline is very necessary in marching through so many different areas, and although it is pretty hard to resist when we water the horses in cool running streams, or springs at the side of the road, all ranks realize that bad drinking water will cause casualties in short order—so this rule was well observed by all, with the result that we did not have one single case of sickness from this cause.

We found ourselves turning north at last, which was en-

couraging as, for several marches, we had been forced by the road system to go south-west for several miles each day, with our objective north-west. Reaching Carp in a blazing sun, we settled in at the fair grounds, had a cup of tea and a sandwich, and commenced the important duty of looking after the horses, which also were showing the results of a march through flat, shadeless country in the heat of the day.

Later on, we were able to visit the Canadian Small Arms School, some ten miles away, and enjoy a hot shower and a glimpse of some of our friends attending the School from other units. Returning to Carp we enjoyed a good meal, found the heat of the day beginning to ease off, and relaxed in pleasant contemplation of the fact that we were only ninety-five miles from our destination."

While some of our officers went to Ottawa to visit the 4th Princess Louise Dragoon Guards officers at their Mess, Major Berteau entertained the Carp Agricultural Society, whose grounds we were using. Later on, Lt.-Colonel Murray Greene, commanding the R.C.R. and Mrs. Greene arrived, and also Colonel McMillan and Colonel Blue who both served with the Regiment overseas, accompanied by Mrs. Blue. These visitors joined the others in expressing congratulatory remarks on our horses."

NINTH DAY. CARP TO ARNPRIOR, ONTARIO.

22 miles.

"To-day's march, starting at seven o'clock, found us travelling through rather uninteresting country, without much shade and very flat. We paused to water the horses at a pretty town—Galletta—which is on the banks of the Mississippi River (a name-sake only, of the great river in the United States), and soon after came out upon the main provincial highway with its splendid grassy shoulders four or five feet wide. These roads, for traffic-trained horses are perfect for marching, with no dust, easy grades and soft footing without the risk of small stones in the horses' feet. Moving on both sides of the road in single file, the traffic was free to pass in either direction at high speed without much danger of mishap.

We made use of the party line telephone as a means of recalling the car carrying the farriers, which had moved up to make some minor repair to some horse's shoe, and was needed at the rear of the column some two miles back for the same reason—one horse having lost a shoe. By getting one of the subscribers to put our request on her 'phone, we were able to have the message relayed ahead in a few minutes, and back came the car to carry out the repair.

Reaching Arnprior in a blazing sun, we received a great welcome from the townsfolk. The arrival of the rear party caused considerable amusement, having mounted a number of children on the spare horses. With ceremony befitting a chieftain, they were duly presented to the Squadron Commander as recruits—to be attested in 1945.

After caring for the horses, and getting the bivouac all settled, we learned that we were to spend the next day here also, to allow time for a good clean up, and a rest for all. Again we were fortunate to have the advantage of a near-by river, this time the Ottawa, where we adjourned in force—less an envious piquet, to revel once more in a good swim. This had been arranged by the Officer Commanding the Lanark and Renfrew Scottish Regiment, Lt.-Colonel Gardner, in conjunction with the Chief of Police. These examples of thoughtfulness were much appreciated, and nearly everyone had at least two good swims during our stay. We had another visit from Colonel McMillan, and Colonel and Mrs. Blue, as well as a visit from the Director of Military Training, Lt.-Colonel E. W. Sansom, which was a reminder that Defence Headquarters knew we were in the vicinity. These visits were a great encouragement to all of us, and the interest shown by our visitors, together with their complimentary remarks was most welcome. The Lanark and Renfrews invited our officers to dinner and our N.C.O.s were entertained by theirs. Passes were provided for the remainder, through the kindness of this unit as well, to attend the local movie. These diversions, arranged for the second evening in Arnprior, were further evidence of the advantages of such a march as we were on, as all ranks agree that we have made many

friends en route with members of other arms—and Arnprior will be remembered by us all for a long time.

On account of the continuation of the hot spell, and the excellent night-march conditions, with the same good shoulders on the side of the highway, and a full moon, it was decided to move to our next bivouac under cover of darkness. Consequently, after a meal of scrambled eggs and bacon, served at midnight, we saddled up and moved quietly out of Arnprior at one o'clock in the morning."

ELEVENTH DAY. ARNPRIOR TO OLMSTED LAKE.

34 miles.

"As a protective measure, a warning sign was placed on the rear of the reconnaissance car following the column—"Marching Troops 1/4 Mile Ahead—Please Drive Carefully" and proved to be a very successful measure. Overtaking motorists were able to check their speeds and enjoy the spectacle of a Cavalry Squadron moving through a bright moon-lit night, many of them stopping after passing the column, to get another glimpse of a beautiful sight. Some outdoor dancers at a roadside platform had quite a thrill when we halted for ten minutes beside them. Regretfully, we heard the bugle sound "Mount" and moved on again. Quite a temptation, but no stragglers, and—no stow-aways! A few men dozed momentarily in the saddle—strangely enough this is easy to do, even at the trot. However, no untoward incidents resulted, and all ranks enjoyed this lovely ride through the moon-lit, pine-scented night probably more than any other one march on this trip.

Reaching Renfrew early in the morning, we paused for an hour, to water and feed, and enjoy a cup of tea and a sandwich, before pushing on to the secluded lake that was to be our next stop. On this lap of the journey, we had the pleasure of the company of an officer of the Lanarks, Captain Pottinger, who had waited up for us to reach Renfrew with this in mind, after the officers dinner. Another example of the co-operation of all arms!

This bivouac was undoubtedly the pleasantest of all, we enjoyed a little privacy for the first time since leaving St.

John's, and were able to swim 'in birthday suits,' as well as letting the horses have a good swim too. Our Squadron dog 'Erbert' distinguished himself as the first one to swim across to the other side of the lake, about half a mile, but was soon followed by some of our indefatigable men, whose energy is abundant, even after an all-night ride.

Here, as this was the last opportunity to enjoy the pleasures of a 'Detached Force' unhindered by official visits, or curious citizens, we opened two barrels of beer, as the sun went down. Soon a rousing sing-song was in progress, although a good many of the numbers rendered are best left in the 'unwritten legend' condition! Failing, through a false sense of security, to take protective measures to prevent surprise, we soon found that our vocal efforts had attracted a large group of local inhabitants to a position of observation (and no doubt listening also) on our flank. The discovery was announced in true soldier's humour by the sudden merging of a ringing chorus into 'Abide with me.' "

TWELFTH DAY. OLMSTED LAKE TO PEMBROKE.

22 miles.

"Reveille rang out clear and true over the still lake at six o'clock. All ranks bustling with activity, the pleasant smell of frying bacon rising from the kitchen, packing of stores, a number of men enjoying a last swim, the trumpeter sounding 'Feed'—all the pleasant sounds of a Cavalry Squadron getting ready to march from bivouac.

We moved off again at fifteen minute intervals, and soon reached our last bivouac, although we stopped to water and give the horses a small feed on this lap, bearing in mind the necessity of arriving the next day at Petawawa Camp, ready to commence strenuous training and manœuvres as soon as we were joined by Headquarters and "B" Squadron, who were coming up by rail.

Reaching our halting place—Fraser's Farm, about three miles south of Pembroke, we commenced the task of making every horse, saddle and part of our clothing and equipment as spick and span as it was possible to do. Orders were issued for

the final march to commence at ten o'clock the following morning, in order that everything could present its very best appearance, as we rode through Pembroke and into Petawawa. The Squadron Commander realized that the arrival of cavalry in the Camp would be an event of great interest, since the artillery are all mechanized, and no horsed units have been there since we were last at Petawawa in 1929."

THIRTEENTH DAY. PEMBROKE TO PETAWAWA CAMP.

15 miles.

"We arrived at the entrance to the Petawawa Military Camp on schedule, with only one horse out of all those that had marched out of Cavalry Barracks, St. John's P.Q. so many days ago, unable to march in good condition. This horse was brought on in the horse van, and although a remount without much service, will soon be at work again.

Halting at our horse lines, Major Berteau congratulated all ranks upon the manner in which they had succeeded in bringing all their mounts into camp after a long, but very pleasant and memorable march. And so, completing three hundred miles in fifty-seven actual marching hours, we dismounted at last, looked after the horses, and adjourned to the canteen to renew old acquaintances, and reminisce on the various incidents of the march."



SWISS CAVALRY REORGANIZED.

By MAJOR M. F. SCHAFROTH, Swiss Cavalry.

I.

ALL Swiss armed forces are organized as militia and Swiss Cavalry is much the same as yeomanry with yearly training-periods of two weeks. These so-called "refresher courses" are part of the compulsory military service and prescribed by fundamental constitutional law.

Cavalry recruits are carefully selected, stables and farmyards having to conform to certain regulations and the youth being obliged to prove that he and his father are sufficiently well-to-do, so that he may maintain a horse of his own during the ten years' "Elite" service. When considered "fit for service" and aged 21 years, the youths are sent to a "recruit school" of formerly 92, now (since 1936) 102 days' duration in barracks. There they buy from the government remount-stock a horse, 4-5 years old mostly of Irish breed, at half price. The other half is paid by the Federal Government who thus retains control of and claims the horses for the yearly training-period (refresher-course) even when the owners might be temporarily unfit for service. Horses are to be given back when the owner is relieved from further service obligation, goes abroad or becomes definitely unfit.

Every year 10 per cent. of the price is considered amortized and thus after 10 years' service the now aged horse is the property of its rider who, at the age of 32, passes into the unmounted "Landwehr-Units" (first reserve, V.C. units, etc.).

Horses becoming unfit for service through no fault of the rider are replaced on the same conditions. They are to be

employed in the owners' own service (mostly as draught-horses in agriculture) but have to be maintained fit for riding. A net of voluntary "riding societies" is spread all over the country controlling and directing the training, mostly guided by officers.

The same as with all other arms of the Swiss army the recruits, once schooled, are entered in a regionally organized unit of the active army (Elite). Officers and other ranks alike are all militia men, up to and including Brigade Commanders and Staff Officers. Uniforms and individual arms, as well as the horse equipment, are left to the man as a grant by the government. They are to be his personal property after his finishing all service obligations at the age of 48 years. Outside refresher-courses and the horse-training, the yearly exercises comprise a series of shots with the carbine (18 rounds at least), a certain efficiency being required and enforced. These exercises required in 1936 $9\frac{1}{2}$ million rounds and were completed by voluntary exercises, firing a further 15.3 million rounds of ordnance pattern; pistol-rounds fired in the same period 1.3 millions. All this outside the exercises of the army and its schools.

II.

THE actual army-reform was caused partly by a shrinkage of ranks through birth-reduction, creation of new units, etc., and partly by adopting the Swiss defensive system to the latest development of tactics and arms. A surprise invasion by mechanized and motorized forces might have thrown into confusion the whole mobilization scheme, as there were neither permanent troops nor frontier defences.

On the new establishment there exist now all along the 1,000 miles' frontier-line some "Permanent Guard-Companies," set on foot this spring. Based on little block-houses and street-barrages they are enabled to hold up an invader for some hours, sufficiently long for the "Frontier Forces," i.e., brigades recruited in the frontier districts and to be set on foot within short notice, to reinforce them and protect thus the war-mobilization

of the country. Cavalry units are no part of "Frontier Forces."

On the old Cavalry establishment there were :—

30 squadrons of Dragoons, each with 4 light machine guns and 6 squadrons of Mitrailleurs (riding machine gunners), each with 6 machine-guns distributed in

6 groups of 2 squadrons each, attached to Infantry-Divisions;

6 regiments of 3 squadrons of Dragoons and 1 Mitr. Sq., having thus 12 light and 6 heavy machine-guns;

3 Cavalry-Brigades of 2 regiments and 1 cyclist battalion of 4 Companies (8 light machine guns each).

More cyclist companies were attached to Infantry Divisions.

The new establishment (1937) has placed the dragoons, cyclists and all motorized troops under the control of the former Chief of the Cavalry Arm, now called *Chief of Light Troops*. All light troops are wearing the Cavalry Uniform with yellow facings.

Henceforward *Light Troops* are :—

(1) CAVALRY : 30 *squadrons of Dragoons*. Each squadron numbering 163 all ranks and 158 horses. Trains motorized (2 motor-trucks of 2.5 t.)

9 troops of 12 horses, i.e., 9 light machine-guns in 3 platoons.

(2) CYCLISTS : 42 Companies of three different types.

Combat Companies : 165-169 all ranks; 4 platoons with 3 light machine-guns each (3 troops).

Liaison Companies for Divisions and Alpine Brigades, the former 151, the latter 83-94 all ranks. Liaison Companies have no light machine-guns and are attached by sections to every Infantry Regiment or Headquarters of other arms, forming part of Divisions or Alpine Brigades.

(3) MOTORIZED TROOPS :

(a) 6 *Motor-Cyclist Companies* : 134 all ranks, 9 light machine-guns in 3 platoons.

(b) 9 *Motorized Light Machine-gun Companies* : 115 or 163 all ranks.

6 Companies of 12 light machine-guns each (4 platoons) to form D-Company of every cyclist battalion; 3 Companies of 18 light machine-guns (6 platoons) attached to Cavalry (or Light) Brigades.

All LMG-Company platoons alike have 3 light machine-guns, 2 motor-cycles and 4 standard light motor-cars.

(c) *Motorized Heavy Machine-gun Companies*: 153 all ranks, 12 heavy machine-guns in 4 platoons of 4 standard motor-cars each.

(d) *Motorized Light-Gun (JK) Companies*: 121 all ranks, 3 platoons with 3 motor-drawn 47 mm (up to 2 inch) guns each.

(e) *Armoured Car Detachments* of 4 light tanks of different models, 22 all ranks, 12 motor-cycles, to be attached to certain Groups and Divisions.

With these units are formed :—

(1) 6 *Light Regiments*, continuing the traditions of the former 6 Dragoon-Regiments and being formed with the same dragoon squadrons.

Owing to the strictly local recruiting of units in the Swiss Army the bearers of traditions are not regiments but infantry battalions, squadrons and batteries. They bear distinctive numbers (squadrons are numbered from 1-30 since 1925, i.e., since the reduction of the former 42 cavalry units to 36, dragoons and riding machine gunners) and they are the remainder of the old cantonal armies of 1815 to 1874, continuing sometimes old traditions back to 1768 and even to 1653. Not a few of the actual innovations in the latest army establishment are reviving the long lost traditions of the old-times home-defence army in pre-revolutionary days.

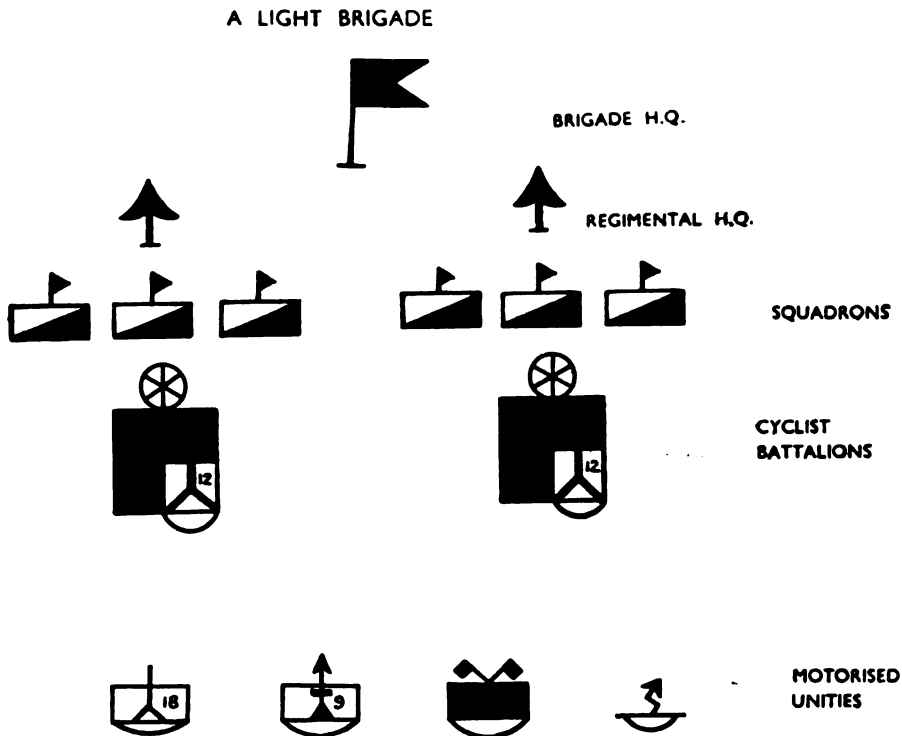
Light Regiments are formed with headquarters, 3 dragoon squadrons and 1 cyclist battalion of new formation. Cyclist battalions are formed with 3 cyclist (combat) companies and 1 motorized machine-gun company of 12 L.M.G. Experiences of nearly 10 years manœuvres have shown the perfect co-operation of those three elements (horse, motors and bicycles) in Swiss hill and pre-Alpine country. It is intended that dragoons and

cyclists will form mixed detachments whenever opportunity arises, the commanding officers to be staff-officers, "on special duty" with regimental headquarters, and/or the battalion commander of cyclists.

Headquarters of Light Regiments comprise a gas-detachment (cyclists), a motorized wireless station, M.O. with pack-horse and first-aid personnel on cycles.

(2) 3 *Light Brigades*, each one consisting of Headquarters; 2 Light Regiments; 1 Motorized Light Machine-Gun Company (18 LMG); 1 Motorized Light-Gun (JK) Company; 1 Motorized Sapper Company from the Engineers (100 all ranks, 11 motor-cars, 2 motor-cycles); 1 Wireless Detachment (3 stations on motor-cars).

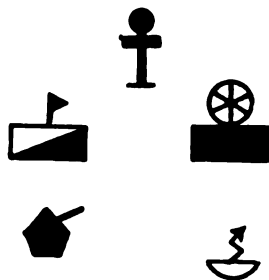
Brigade-Headquarters comprise 5 ambulance motor-cars, a VC-detachment, 1 pigeon-group, etc.



The grand total of a Light Brigade is : 2,900 all ranks (149 commissioned officers), 1,002 horses, 998 bicycles, 289 motor vehicles, 168 light machine-guns, 9 light guns (JK).

(3) 6 *Exploration Groups* each one consisting of Headquarters; 1 Dragoon Squadron; 1 Cyclist Combat Company; 1 Armoured Car Detachment; 2 Wireless Stations on motor-cars.

AN EXPLORATION GROUP



350 all ranks, 169 horses, 161 bicycles, 37 motor vehicles, 17 light machine-guns, 4 heavy machine-guns.

Exploration Groups are part of Infantry-Divisions. Each Infantry Division contains further 1 Dragoon Squadron and 1 Cyclist-Liaison-Company, both exclusively for exploration and liaison service with Infantry and Artillery Regiments.

Alpine Divisions and Brigades have exploration groups formed with motor-cyclist and motorized JK (light guns) Companies.



FILBY/STANILAND EXPEDITION, 1936-37.

"A NIGERIAN STABLE."

By A. E. FILBY.

THE care of the horse by the West Coast African native usually lacks any system: he is more interested in adorning his mount with gaily coloured saddle-cloth and highly decorated harness and to see that the huge spade bit will make it show off its paces on ceremonial occasions.

However, some of them are very excellent riders, many of the Fulani, the ruling tribe in the Northern Provinces of Nigeria, play a very fine game of polo, the son of the Emir of Katsina, whom I saw playing in the Christmas tournament at Kano, being fascinating to watch for his suppleness alone.

British veterinary officers, who are by the way mostly Irishmen, are continuously covering the country and are always very willing to give any help and advice, which the natives appreciate and follow to the best of their ability.

One of the few if not the only exception to this general rule among natives is the Lamido of Adamawa, who keeps some thirty-five animals under excellent conditions at Yola.

I had the privilege of visiting him under the guidance of Mr. Reynolds, the District Officer in that town, and spent a very interesting morning inside the high walls that enclose the labyrinthine passages which run between the Lamido's residence and stables.

As soon as we arrived in the pleasantly cool archway of the entrance, a number of bearded ancients set up an endless chant and I learnt that they were the official flatterers, who repeated over and over again the virtues of the Lamido. The Lamido soon came to welcome us and we were conducted to the beautifully built native hut that formed the audience-chamber and I should

think by the pens and paper which occupied one side a very efficient recording room as well. Here we sat for a short while on wooden thrones covered with bright silks before being taken to see the stables themselves.

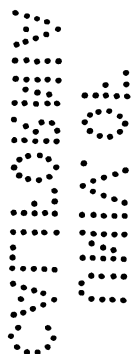
I did not realize on entering the first roomy rondavel that this hut, beautifully built of plastered mud, well beaten floor and thickly thatched roof, was actually part of the stable, but I found that each individual horse was allotted these quarters and also an area outside. Three-quarters of the hut was covered with finely sifted sand, heaped up to form a saucer-shaped enclosure in which the picket post was set : earthenware receptacles built into the floor, assured each animal of a fresh supply of water constantly.

The water was supplied from a well specially dug in the stable area itself, and a large number of retainers saw that it was carried to each hut, while droppings were not allowed to sully the floor for more than a moment. As the weather was cool the horses were tethered in the small yard that adjoins the hut entrance, and here again the clean sand was formed around each picket to which the animal was tethered by the foreleg. The more refractory animals having an extra tether between the other foreleg and a hind leg.

The Lamido informed us that every horse was exercised daily, and that he kept a special supply of fodder always on hand. This was stored in a long cool chamber, which also served as harness room and here also were kept such things as lances, spears and polo-sticks.

It was obvious from his care for details that horses are the Lamido's hobby and he waxed enthusiastic over his plans for breeding.

The stables, however, were typically African in their layout : no plan seemed to have been followed, each enclosure being added as the stables grew, with the result that in a few minutes we had lost all sense of direction. One very curious feature of the stables was the hundreds of cats that sat in line in the shade or wandered around, all of whom would rush to the audience chamber, if the Lamido sounded a gong.



AMAZONS OF BRITAIN.

By MAJOR ERIC WAKEHAM.

Hannah Snell.

Most Generals, the larger proportion of Admirals, are, if subsequent attainments be compared with the eccentric ambitions of childhood, failures.

No disparagement is intended, or indeed arguable, from such a statement. The truth is self-evident. Honours, awards, fulfilment of high naval or military endeavour are not the peak of achievement desired by practically every male in early youth.

Not one of these distinguished officers has ever attained his early ambition. Not one has become an engine-driver, a tram conductor or even a policeman. The stream of male endeavour has been diverted to other channels: childhood's ambition has remained unfulfilled. From this standpoint these men are failures.

Compared with them Hannah Snell was an outstanding success: for Hannah achieved her ambition of early youth.

True it is that the normal ambitions of the female, even in these days of monogamy and a surplus feminine population, are more attainable than those of the youthful male. The proportion of women embracing the profession of matrimony is, one must admit, larger than the proportion of males embracing the profession of the foot-plate.

Hannah, however, was not a normal female so far as ambitions were concerned. Matrimony, though incidental, was not her goal in life. Her desires were those of Mars rather than those of Venus or Aphrodite. From earliest youth Hannah, possibly deriving inspiration from the coincidence of

her birthday with the day of St. George, and certainly imbued with the tradition of soldiering inherited from both sides of her grandparents' families, preferred marching and military glamour to the frills and flounces of her father's hosiery and dyeing establishment. At an early age she announced her desire of becoming a soldier.

Visitors to the town of Worcester in 1733 would have encountered a well-known band of youthful volunteers parading the streets in their mock uniforms, wooden swords, and martial make belief. Amazon Snell's company of braves was admired and recognized in the Worcester of the period, and at the head of this company, as self-designated commander-in-chief, was Hannah, the youngest daughter of Snell, the esteemed hosier of that city.

On the death of her parents Hannah joined her sister at Wapping, and for a period martial ambition gave way to more feminine pursuits. The cuirass of Mars was discarded, at least temporarily, for the softer implements of Cupid and Eros.

It was at Wapping that Hannah fell in love with and finally married her tempestuous Dutch sailor lover, James Summs. And it was through him that those early martial, rather than marital, desires were, paradoxically enough, later consummated.

James Summs was a blackguard. Two months before the birth of Hannah's babe he deserted her and made off to sea. Hannah, true to that superb character so often found in women attached irrevocably to blackguards, refused to credit the obvious. If her "Jemmy" had disappeared he had certainly not done so of his own free will, said Hannah. He had evidently been forcibly removed, press-ganged, and was thus unable to return to his loving wife. To this view she clung persistently and pertinaciously. Furthermore, if Jemmy could not come to her obviously she must emulate Mohammed in his problem with the mountain and go to her Jemmy.

On the premature death of her infant Hannah started on her quest. Her inhibited inclinations and the force of the modern

slogan "Join the Army and see the world" soon decided for Hannah the exact method of tackling her task.

Borrowing a suit and the name of her brother-in-law, she walked from London to Coventry and there enlisted in the 6th Foot, one of the regiments concentrated against the Pretender's rising of 1745. No difficulty arose. One cursory glance of the recruiting officer at that sturdy, comely young volunteer confronting him, and the King's head passed from palm to palm, a pot of ale cemented the bargain, and without any medical examination Hannah passed into the ranks of His Majesty's Army. Nor had she long to wait before participating in that 22 days' march to Carlisle.

There Hannah first tasted the woes of her new calling. Her serjeant, one Davis by name, invoked her aid to further his design on a maiden of the town. Hannah, true to her sex rather than to her breeches, warned the girl. The thwarted, infuriated serjeant riposted at the earliest opportunity. The wretched Hannah was "run in" for gross neglect of duty and summarily sentenced to six hundred lashes.

The sentence was carried out at the Castle gate. We can reconstruct the scene easily enough. There is Hannah, bare-backed, feverishly trying to disguise her sex by pressing up against the bars of the gate, to hold in place the handkerchief knotted round her neck and falling in uncertain camouflage over her front. Behind the trussed delinquent is the lustiest drummer of the regiment detailed to carry out the sentence; there is the serjeant supervising the drummer and behind, in aloof duty, is the superintending officer.

The brutal flogging of the period starts. Lustily the drummer lays on the lash. One hundred, two hundred, three hundred, four hundred strokes—not a murmur escapes from this remarkable woman. Nor must she allow herself to faint, her sex to be revealed and her quest thus to end in immediate failure. Yet another hundred lashes are administered. Five hundred! The strongest of men could not bear such punishment without flinching or moaning. Time and again, indeed, tough men would be carried away unconscious and broken for weeks after

such a flogging. Yet, here was a woman, overwrought with the possibility of discovery of her sex and having but lately walked to Carlisle, enduring this agony without a murmur, much less passing into the relief of temporary oblivion. Were it not for numerous accounts handed down by history the least sceptical would find such an episode difficult of belief.

Few more amazing examples of feminine fortitude can ever have been cited. Such fortitude indeed could not leave unmoved the superintending officer. So filled was he with admiration that he remitted the remaining one hundred lashes.

Hannah, scarred and bleeding but still, according to contemporary accounts, with her secret inviolate, returned to her quarters to recover. She did not stay there very long.

A future under the authority of such a serjeant, the recent arrival of a male recruit from her own brother's house at Wapping and the consequent certainty of the divulgence of her sex, determined Hannah to desert.

Exchanging her military coat for an old civilian garment temporarily discarded by a farm labourer picking "pease" in a field, Hannah started her trek to Portsmouth. The reason for deciding on this destination is unknown. Perhaps she considered, with partial ignorance of the geography of the kingdom, that Portsmouth was about as far from Carlisle as she could possibly go: possibly the sea, the element which claimed her husband, and the chances of seeking him on it influenced Hannah's choice.

Except for the necessity at Liverpool of thrashing the landlord of her inn for his jealous insinuations regarding Hannah's advances to his wife, the trip down country was uneventful. She reached her goal within a month.

Here at Portsmouth an overseas expedition bound for the East Indies was in course of preparation. Hannah immediately enlisted in Captain Graham's company of Colonel Frazer's regiment of Marines, and within three weeks marine "James Grey" embarked in the Swallow sloop-of-war (Captain Rosier) of Admiral Boscawen's fleet.

The new marine made haste to popularize herself in her new environment. On the voyage she made herself remarkable for "dexterity and address": so proficient and willing was she at mending and washing her messmates' linen, at service in the cook's galley, that she was "greatly caressed by her messmates for her readiness to stand work as occasion required." (This expression of a century-old book is misleading in its present-day implications. Hannah, no less than Kit Walsh, her predecessor in masquerade, maintained the secret of her sex under seemingly impossible conditions.) Her original soubriquet of "Molly" on board the *Swallow*, inspired by her lack of beard, soon gave way to the popular "heartly Jemmy."

The usual rewards of the willing horse were Hannah's inevitable lot. Her proficiency and willing spirit were naturally noticed by Lieutenant Weygate, who thereupon promptly commandeered her as his Mess servant. To the four-hour watches, her action station, her mending and her washing Hannah now added the duty of attending her officer. Nor were these duties carried out under ideal weather conditions. Foul weather necessitated Hannah's help to man and work the pumps. The *Swallow*, separated from the Fleet in this hurricane, her mainmast sprung and her course erratic, finally managed to limp into Gibraltar harbour to refit.

And while her ship was being treated by dockyard hands Hannah, adding yet another accomplishment to her long list, was busy day and night nursing her lieutenant who had been stricken with fever. She did indeed, according to one account, save Weygate's life. By the time the *Swallow* sailed again Hannah had nursed Weygate back to convalescence.

Sailing via Madeira, it was the intention of the fleet to attack Mauritius, and it was there, during a reconnaissance before the attempt was conveniently abandoned, that Hannah received her baptism of fire. One of a crew in an open boat under fire from the shore batteries and unable to reply, Hannah displayed the nonchalance and phlegm inherited from her fighting ancestors. So much so that she evoked "the love and esteem" of her fellow marines.

It was not long before she was afforded an opportunity to demonstrate her true fighting qualities. The Fleet sailed to attack the French port of Pondicherry. The Marines disembarked at Fort St. Davids and after six weeks' march arrived at the river fort, covering Pondicherry from the South, of Areacopong (or Areacopolong).

Entrenchments were made, saps driven forward, all the preliminaries of siege operations prior to a storm were carried out. It was during these preparatory operations that Hannah proved her worth and her marksmanship. Hannah and her mates were detailed for a fatigue party, under Lieutenant Campbell of the Independent Companies, to fetch stores from the waterside. The party fell into a French ambush and a surprise attack. Her officer and the mate standing next to her were shot: quickly Hannah grounded her shovels and entrenching impediments, rapidly she aimed her musket and unerringly avenged the deaths of these two men.

For nine days the siege of Areacopong continued. On the tenth a lucky shot from the British batteries blew up the French magazine. The enemy fell back upon the main defences of Pondicherry.

Rapidly the British pursued, with Hannah in the first party of British Foot to ford the river, breast high, under the fire of twelve French guns.

Here before Pondicherry Hannah tasted all the discomforts, the dangers and alarms of trench warfare—seven successive nights on picquet guard in no way diminished the ardour of the fair Marine in throwing up trenches, for which duty she was paid by Mr. Melton the munificent sum of five pence English a day. Those nights and days in the unceasing rains of August spent in water-logged trenches with water up to her waist seem in no way to have deterred Hannah from joining in the first wave of the eventual attack.

With the storming party Hannah fired no fewer than thirty-seven shots from her musket before six wounds in the right leg, five in the left, and a wound in her groin incapacitated the gallant Marine from further fighting.

To the pains of the flesh were added the mental anguish connected with the last wound. On no account, Hannah determined, must this wound be divulged, or her secret be violated. She therefore failed to disclose the groin wound to the surgeons, and the latter, if contemporary records are to be believed, were evidently too satisfied with the discovery of the first eleven wounds to probe or enquire after any more.

While she lay in hospital, recovering from the ministrations of surgeons, Hannah did a little private surgery. In this she procured an accomplice—the Indian woman dresser of the hospital—and though Hannah, fully aware of the tongue-wagging propensities of such an accomplice, wisely refrained from divulging her sex, she did, by dint of presenting the woman with a rupee, obtain “lint and salves to dress the wound.”

Lint and salves, however, were not sufficient. The ball remained in the wound. Extraction was imperative. Hannah decided to perform the operation herself. “And the manner in which she extracted the ball was full hardy and desperate.” Probing the wound with her finger, she discovered the ball, inserted the finger and thumb and pulled it out much as one might extract a bulls-eye from a bottle of sweets.

That any mortal should carry out such an operation and survive, that such a wound, treated in such a manner, should actually heal, stretches the credulity of the least sceptical to breaking point. The female, one hears, can bear pain with greater fortitude than the male. If such an episode as this of Hannah Snell be true one can well believe it, and one male at least has no intention of entering into competition.

I am well aware that in recounting this astounding incident the historian lays himself open to the not unreasonable charge of downright falsehood, or at least of perpetrating an inaccuracy. Yet numerous authorities quote the episode, vouch for the details. One can only repeat their assertions and cogitate in wonder and amazement.

A constitution which could survive such treatment of the flesh soon made light work of the remaining eleven wounds. In three months Hannah was discharged from hospital and thrust

immediately into duties of even a more arduous nature than those of a marine. The greater part of the Fleet had sailed. Hannah was drafted on to the Tartar Pink and, until the return of the Fleet from Madras, was forced to carry out the duties of a "common sailor."

Transferred, on the return of the Fleet, to the Eltham, man-of-war (Captain Lloyd), Hannah sailed for Bombay and during the voyage was the victim of gross injustice.

An order from the First Lieutenant to sing was not, considered Hannah, the veteran of many engagements, wounds and years' standing, a lawful command. Hannah refused. The Lieutenant was not amused. Nor was it long before he had his revenge.

A complaint by a seaman of the theft of his shirt gave the First Lieutenant his opportunity. Hannah was put in irons for five days for the alleged theft, received twelve lashes at the gangway, and was sent to the foretop-mast-head for four hours. The shirt, merely mislaid, was soon afterwards discovered in the seaman's own chest. The injustice rankled so much with Hannah's friends, her messmates, that one, when up aloft, found an opportunity, on arrival at London, of "accidentally" dropping a heavy weight on to the unpopular officer's head.

Before, however, Eltham returned to London, she called at Lisbon. There in an Irish house of public entertainment on the waterside of one of the prettiest harbours in Europe, Hannah by sheer chance fell in with a British sailor ashore from a Dutch boat which had recently come from Genoa.

The possible connection between a Dutch husband and a Dutch boat was irresistible. Hannah led the conversation discreetly into the right direction. Yes, said this sailor, he had met one Jemmy Summs at Genoa. Alas, he would meet him no more. Summs had been in prison the very day on which the sailor had met him : the following morning he had been executed for a foul murder. Before his execution, however, continued the sailor, Summs had confessed extreme repentance for deserting in Wapping as good a wife as man had ever been permitted to wed.

Hannah received the information stoically. Indeed by this time the original object of her quest seems to have dwindled into practical oblivion.

By the 1st June, 1750, Eltham had paid off at Spithead. Hannah with many of her comrades lodged at the sign of the Jolly Marine and Sailor, at Portsmouth, and here curiously enough Hannah met again the young lady of Carlisle whose honour had cost Hannah so dearly. The girl was grateful, even amorous. James Grey, suggested the lady, would make her just the husband for whom she was longing. Hannah resisted these blandishments and shared her accommodation in this hostel with various of her messmates, as was the habit of sailors of the period. The subject forms the theme of an amusing, though bawdy, rhyme concocted after Hannah had disclosed her secret and ceased to masquerade as a male. It is perhaps permissible to give a few lines of this verse. Those interested may read for themselves the entire production in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1750.

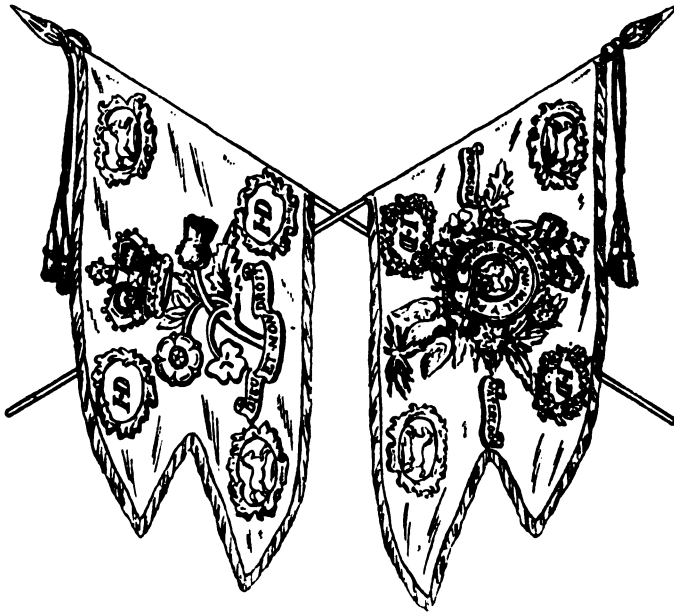
“ Hannah in breeks behaved so well
That none her softer sex could tell.
Nor was her policy confounded
When near wounded;
Which proves, what men will scarce admit,
That women are for secrets fit.
. etc., etc. ”

Eventually Hannah discarded the breeks and queue of Marine Grey, resumed her petticoats and life with the sister at Wapping. Here she eked out a compassionate pension, obtained by the petition of H.R.H. The Duke of Cumberland, of £30 a year by appearances on the stage. In military attire and parts specially written to recall her earliest exploits, Hannah strutted and sang at the Royalty, Saddlers Wells, and at the Goodman's Fields theatre, where Mr. Malton who had paid those five miserable pennies a day for digging trenches before Pondicherry saw her performance.

The rôles of “ Bill Bobstay ” and “ Firelock ” were popular and resulted in sufficient money for Hannah to set up in a public-

house, "The widow in masquerade" or "The Female Warrior," where many seafaring folk patronised the bar below the sign-board depicting Hannah herself, one-half dressed in full regimentals and the other half attired in the garb of a seaman.

After two further ventures into matrimony and a period in a mental hospital Hannah Snell died. By her own desire she was buried in 1792 in the grounds of Chelsea Hospital and there, in the hall of that historic and romantic building, one may see to-day an engraved portrait of the female marine who suffered so much for her country and for her faith in a blackguard.



CAVALRY IN THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

By REGINALD HARGREAVES.

“The Cavalry? We almost forget the existence of the Cavalry nowadays; . . . and yet they always come into their own again, —the horsemen!”

LORD HALDANE (1917).

It is a curious thing that in practically none of the innumerable works dealing with the campaign in North America of 1776-1783 is there any adequate mention of the work done by the Cavalry; either the Colonial Horse or the various mounted regiments in British pay. Denison, in his *History of Cavalry*, remarks that, “the war, fought as it was in a country almost covered with forests and wildernesses, did not give any facilities for the use of cavalry, nor do we find that force exercising any great influence upon the fate of the war”; a statement rather in the grand manner, which does less than justice to the considerable degree of activity and enterprise that the horsemen actually displayed. In this Olympian opinion, however, Denison is not alone: in Lossing’s encyclopædic *Field Book of the Revolution* the doings of the horse receive no more than perfunctory recognition; Stedman’s *History of the American War* is equally sparing of particularisation; while even the admirable historian of the American Army, Major A. W. Ganoe, pays less than full tribute to the hastily-improvised but patently-sound foundation upon which the present very efficient body of U.S.A. Cavalry has been carefully erected. (Fortescue, as always, is both just and discriminating; but, after all, Fortescue is rather in a class by himself.)

It is true that no major cavalry engagement can be recorded to the credit of either side throughout the whole course of the conflict; nor even one of those spectacular raids behind the opponent's lines which distinguished the later War of Secession. For the most part, the work of the mounted branch with either force was confined to scouting, unremitting outpost duty, comprehensive foraging, and the—sometimes rather drastic—intimidation of civilian sympathisers with the opposing cause.

These routine forms of activity characterized the brief intervals which separated incessant minor clashes between roving detachments of hostile horse, which were frequently sanguinary and always pursued with the utmost vigour and ferocity,—for as often as not quarter was neither given nor expected.

Possibly the absence of any really inspired leader amongst the higher ranks of the British as well as of the Colonial forces may account, to a very large degree, for the failure to employ the *arme blanche* on anything like the grand scale. It is true that "Gentleman Johnny" Burgoyne, in his younger days, had shown himself a leader of horse endowed with a generous measure of that daring, *élan*, and capacity for swift intuitive decision which is one of the most important attributes in the Cavalry Commander's mental equipment. But throughout the initial stages of the campaign he had held what amounted to little more than a watching brief. When, at long last, he achieved an independent command, it was as the leader of an expedition through a *terrain* so unsuitable for cavalry action as to render the mounted troops accompanying him less of a help than an ever-multiplying source of embarrassment. Incidentally, his clumsy troopers, with their long-skirted coats, eight pound sabres, enormous canteens, ponderous head-dress, hair powder, queues and pomatum, were about as suitably attired for scuffling about the backwoods of North America as the White Knight in Alice-in-Wonderland. For the rest,—Gage, Clinton, Cornwallis and Carleton, . . . whatever their other qualifications for high command, in their wholesale neglect to employ the mounted branch for anything more important than tip-and-run enterprises, of limited scope and negligible military value, they

betrayed themselves as totally lacking in at least one faculty by which the really great exponents of the art of war have invariably been characterized. As for the amiably dissolute "Billy" Howe;—well, as one sardonic contemporary critic rather brutally put it, "Howe shut his eyes, fumbled through his battles, drank his bottle, had his little whore, advis'd with his Counsellors, receiv'd his orders from North and Germaine, one more absurd than the other, shut his eyes, . . . and let the war go by."

This persistent neglect to employ the horse-soldier on anything but minor enterprise can in no way be attributed to a dearth of the necessary troops. From first to last, the cavalry regiments employed in the North American theatre by the British High Command included the 16th and 17th Light Dragoons, Hovenden's Dragoons, the King's American Dragoons, Cathcart's "Irregulars," three troops of Hessian Chasseurs, Reidesel's Horse,—commanded by the ill-starred Colonel Baum, whose swan song was that triumph of rebel treachery known as the battle of Bennington,—the Brunswick Dragoons, and the three Light Dragoon regiments of Manners, Philipson and Douglas, numbered 19, 20, and 21. These last-named were raised in the November of 1779, from the Light Troops of the various Dragoon regiments on the Home Establishment; and they were not disbanded until the war's termination in 1783. In addition, there was the mixed force of Cavalry and Light Infantry,—the latter frequently horsed and used as Mounted Infantry,—which went by the name of the British Legion. The mounted branch of this unit was known, from the colour it affected, as Tarleton's Green Horse.

This aggregation, it must be allowed, represents quite a respectable proportion of cavalry for the total number of troops employed. Moreover, the majority of these regiments was in the hands of thoroughly capable commanders; men of such proved ability as Emmerich, Delancey, and Simcoe of "the Queen's." But none approached in dash, resource and indomitable courage the short, swarthy, defiantly youthful

Lieutenant-Colonel of Light Horse, Banastre Tarleton, a "thruster" of the first quality if ever there was one.

Landing in North America as a Cornet of the K.D.G.'s, Tarleton had first served under Sir William Erskine, at that time commanding Howe's cavalry. White Plains, in the October of 1776, was the first action in which he gave his comrades a taste of his quality; and thereafter his rise was both speedy and spectacular. It was Tarleton, unquestionably, who was responsible for the best showing in general battle action that the British cavalry made throughout the whole war. At Bigging Bridge,—as again at Lenew's Ferry,—he surprised and routed three regiments of rebel Horse,—Pulaski's Legion, Washington's Horse, and Bland's (or White's) Dragoons; capturing 400 horses, which he needed desperately, and all the baggage and camp equipment. A force under Tarleton pursued the Colonial leader, Lieutenant-Colonel Burford, for one hundred and five miles, covering the distance in fifty-four hours, and catching up with the fugitives at Waxhaws, where they suffered a sound beating, losing four pieces of artillery, five colours, and all their baggage. At Cowpens, in 1781, the impetuous young Colonel,—for to this rank he had by this time been promoted,—with no more than a meagre stiffening of regulars to enhearten the heterogeneous levies that accompanied him, wrought prodigies of valour against the equally determined men of the Colonial Horse. In short, at the head of a desperate charge of 40 men and 14 mounted officers, Tarleton snatched something very akin to victory from what had threatened to end in sanguinary defeat. Following, as this action did, upon the humiliation inflicted on British arms by Sumpter,—a riposte for Cornwallis's earlier victory on the same field in 1780, to which Tarleton had also contributed generously,—this gallant gesture may well have been of even greater psychological than military value. Considering the paltry number of combatants employed,—a troop of the 17th and about double the number of the Legion,—the effect on the spirits of the entire army was almost pathetic in its patent disproportion. Catawba Fords, Wilmington and Revanna were other relatively major engagements with which the name of the

gallant young Commander of the Legion will ever be associated.

In his quieter (?) moments, during Howe's long and dilatory occupation of New York, Tarleton found an outlet for his fiery, restless spirit in organizing raids into the "neutral" territory of Westchester and East Chester Counties,—the broad, debatable area which separated the British and Colonial lines,—a difficult *terrain* of stream, wood and coppice, where almost anything might happen! On one occasion, having lured a detachment of Sheldon's Continental Cavalry to the other end of this rather indeterminate No-man's-land, the young British Commander calmly rode into Marmaroneck market, almost within gun-shot of the rebel outposts, confiscated every head of cattle within sight, and triumphantly brought the whole capture back to the undernourished garrison of the Hudson, despite the surge of infuriated Colonial Horse that pounded impotently at his heels.

If Tarleton was deficient in anything, it was in a really nicely-balanced sense of humour. In this connection it is related by Lossing that, "While at Salisbury, the British officers were hospitably entertained by Dr. Antony Newman, notwithstanding he was a Whig. There, in the presence of Tarleton and others, Dr. Newman's two little sons were engaged in playing the game of the battle of Cowpens with grains of corn, a red grain representing the British officers, and a white one the Americans. Washington and Tarleton were particularly represented, and as one pursued the other, as in a real battle, the little fellows shouted, "Hurrah for Washington, Tarleton runs, Hurrah for Washington!" Tarleton looked on for a while, but becoming irritated, he exclaimed, "See, what cursed little rebels," and strode angrily away. Justifiable enough comment, maybe, but rather heavy artillery for so diminutive a target!

Tarleton achieved no higher rank than that of Lieutenant-Colonel until long after the struggle for North America was over. This, probably, by virtue of the fact that throughout the whole campaign the Cavalry was never brigaded nor utilised in brigade formation. Lack of weight,—solidity,—the neglect to employ the horse in anything like mass, even when opportunity

offered, may, in fact, be said to mark all those occasions when it was demanded of the horsemen that they should fulfil their traditional rôle of "shock troops"; and to that defect in their employment may be attributed the absence of decisive result which, for the most part, attended even the most strenuous of their performances.

That no hint from the Home authorities that the horse could be put to better use was forthcoming is hardly surprising when it is borne in mind who occupied the leading positions in the country at the time in question: "Farmer George," who knew as much about cavalry and their handling,—except as an escort for the Royal carriage!—as he did about the binomial theorem; Lord North, who has been described by one reliable historian as "the worst Prime Minister in English history," and as Secretary-at-War, "the great incompetent," milord Germaine. Certainly no words of counsel, wise or otherwise, could be expected from this last-named. One does not talk of rope in the hangman's house; and advice upon the judicious employment of the *arme blanche* would have come with peculiar inaptitude from one who, as Lord George Sackville and the Comamnder of the Allied Cavalry on that momentous day of August 1st, 1759, had done his utmost to mar the triumph which, in spite of him, the Minden action had still contrived to be!

* * * *

II

If these defects in the employment of the mounted arm can be urged against the British, no less can the same charge be preferred against the Higher Command of the Colonial Forces. Neither could the latter, any more than their adversaries, plead in extenuation any dearth of the necessary troops. Of mounted men to their orders there was abundance.

Apart from the "regular" cavalry of the Continenal Line,—Baylor's, Sheldon's and Moylan's regiments of Dragoons,—the American Order of Battle included Jameson's 2nd Dragoons, Marion's Light Horse, the shabby but enterprising Connecticut Light Horse, Armand's command of Legionaries, the Albany Light Horse, the Philadelphia City Troop, the South Carolina

Light Dragoons, and the polyglot commands of Lee,* Pickens and Sumpter; to which must be added the threadbare regiments of the Mounted Militia and Mounted Infantry, too numerous to be itemised in detail.

But, again, the trouble was that there was no born cavalry leader on the Continentals' side to give the mounted force at their disposal the necessary drive, cohesion and corporate *esprit-de-corps*. Magnificent horsemen as they were, with a natural eye for country, and capable of sustaining life "on the smell of an oily rag"; men, moreover, imbued with a burning ardour which took no reck of consequences, for the most part their energies were frittered away in trivial raids and indeterminate affairs-of-outpost, which penalised them in casualties without in any way helping forward the progress of the war.

General Count Pulaski was gazetted Brigadier and Commander of all the American Light Horse; but neither at Cowpens nor at Eutaw did he employ his troops in anything but driblets. True there was a charge of the Albany Light Horse at Flockley in Schoharie, and the Light Dragoons were heavily engaged at Monmouth. But the opportunities for mass action which occurred at Trenton, at Princeton and at Germantown were entirely neglected.

One cavalry leader of potential quality the Americans did possess in the person of the truculent, slippery, slap-dash Major-General Charles Lee.† As will be recalled, Lee had soldiered for some considerable time in the British service, at one period acting as a subordinate commander under "Gentleman Johnny" Burgoyne in Portugal. That he was heart and soul a horse-soldier is borne out by his comment in a letter to a friend, written soon after he had abandoned his connection with the 16th Light Dragoons,—he was subsequently to be taken prisoner by the men of his old regiment in the December of 1776,—to take service under the Tzar of Russia; "I am to have a com-

* Light Horse Harry Lee, in no way to be confused with that "difficult and prickly character," Major-General Charles Lee, a very different potato.

† Lee's hot temper was notorious, and was responsible, amongst other things, for his appearance in at least a couple of duels, one of which he fought with no less a person than Colonel John Laurens, Washington's principal A.D.C.

mand of Cossacks and Wollacks, (he wrote) a kind of people I have a good opinion of. I am determined not to serve in the Line; *one might just as well be a churchwarden!* ”

But although Washington eventually gave Lee the command of a Division, it is questionable if he ever entirely trusted him. And after the volatile turncoat's *boulversement* at Monmouth Court House and the adverse verdict of the Court Martial which followed it, the Americans' most experienced cavalryman retired into the *Ewigkeit*; and it must remain a matter of speculation as to how far his presence in the field might ultimately have influenced the handling of the Colonial Cavalry had it not been so summarily cut short.

One of the most difficult myths of the North American campaign to dissipate is that which insists that the Colonial Army continued throughout the entire seven years of conflict in that miserable unequipped, unarmed and ununiformed condition in which, in the early days of Valley Forge, it had entered upon the struggle. It is true that, right to the end, some of the extemporized Militia infantry went about their business in threadbare homespun, and were possessed of the minimum of equipment. But with the arrival of that stout-hearted alien patriot, Baron von Steuben, things very soon took on a remarkably different complexion. He had not been long at work before, not only the drill, discipline and morale of Washington's forces, but their whole victualling and turn-out underwent a striking change for the better. The Pennsylvania, Virginia and other Rifle Battalions were soon in uniform if not actually in "regimentals"; that is to say, they were clothed in one of the most serviceable, smart and comfortable garbs an army has ever possessed,—the so-called "rifle frock." This consisted of a loose blouse, of white duck in summer, and in winter of white wool, falling to a few inches above the knees, and often elaborately caped and fringed. Long white leggings, fitting closely to leg and ankle, gaily tasselled in a variety of colours and strapping over the shoe, completed the *ensemble*. It was a type of habiliment which, by the last year or so of the war, had been adopted by at least two-thirds of the Colonial infantry; the

balance of the State regiments and the battalions of the Continental Line remaining faithful to "regimentals" of more conventional European cut, sufficiently orthodox, in some instances,—*pace* the Delaware unit,—as to include the Grenadier cap. The celebrated "Blue and Buff,"—apart from its use by General Officers,—was only worn by the New York and New Jersey Line.

But when it came to the cavalry, these went admirably uniformed and equipped, even in the days when the gunners and "foot-sloggers" were forced to rest content with homespun or the first, embryonic "rifle frock." For instance, Bland's Dragoons,—known as the Virginia Horse,—wore blue jackets faced with red and sported steel helmets bound with bear fur, with crests and plumes of white horsehair. Their vests were of scarlet cloth and their breeches buff-coloured leather. The 2nd Dragoons also patronized blue; and one wing of the regiment was mounted on dapple-grey chargers. Baylor's 3rd Continental Light Dragoons flaunted it in blue, scarlet and buckskin; Moylan's 4th Dragoons wore scarlet up to 1775 and green thereafter. Hyde's Continental Light Horse preferred brown, buff and yellow; the South Carolina Horse, like Pulaski's troopers, plumped for blue and white; Armand's regiment were clothed soberly in brown and olive green; Light Horse Harry Lee's contingent were equally well turned out in buff and green; while Washington's own Horse Guards, by virtue of their standing as a *corps d'élite*, marched bravely in the "national" colours of blue and buff. Hardly the "shoeless, hedgerow clods" that tradition would prefer us to accept!

To sum up, the history of the cavalry of either side in the campaign is the story of a hundred opportunities neglected, of enormous potentialities always insufficiently exploited. But what the horsemen *were* called upon to do they did with all their might. Brave fellows,—one and all; the tale of whose prowess more than generously repays the student who cares to delve into those dusty records wherein their glory remains imperishably enshrined.

*FATHERS OF THE INDIAN CAVALRY**De KANTZOW and ROBARTS.*

By THISTLE.

SIR Claude Champion de Crespigny, ("Forty Years of a Sportsman's Life"), records that, about the end of the "sixties," when he was stationed in India, "there were three superb regiments, Probyn's Horse, Robarts' Horse and Hodson's Horse." He adds, "I saw more than a little of these regiments," and goes on to praise Robarts' Horse particularly, mentioning the large sums that Robarts personally spent on his regiment.

The names "Probyn's Horse" and "Hodson's Horse" still appear in the Army List, but "Robarts' Horse" is not to be found. Nevertheless the lineal descendant of that regiment is in existence, it appears under the designation of the 15th Lancers.

In spite of the fact that Robarts' Horse first appeared in the post-Mutiny Army List, 1858, as a new Irregular (silladar) Regiment, in reality it was, like "Probyn's" and "Hodson's," for the main part a "mutiny corps." It had acquired some fame as "de Kantzow's Horse," sometimes known as the Rohilkhund Levy.

On the reorganisation of the Bengal Army and the formation of the "Staff Corps" in 1861, Robarts' Horse received the designation of the 17th Regiment of Bengal Cavalry (late Robarts' Horse) but the latter part of this designation fell into abeyance. In 1900 the regiment, having been made lancers, was re-named the 17th Bengal Lancers.

On the re-organization of the Indian Army by Lord Kitchener, Presidency designations were eliminated. The regiment, while remaining lancers, now adopted the name of

the 17th Cavalry to distinguish itself from the 17th Lancers of the British Service.

Many regiments, including the 9th Bengal Lancers (Hodson's regiment) and the 11th Bengal Lancers (Probyn's regiment) seized this opportunity of reviving as secondary titles their original designations; but the then officers of the 17th Cavalry felt that the term "Horse" had been rendered commonplace by the irregular corps of the South African war, and allowed both the Kantzow's and Robarts' names to lapse into oblivion.

In the post-war reductions of 1921-22, the amalgamated regiment, which carried on the traditions of the 17th Cavalry, (at first termed the 17/37th Cavalry), was given the designation of the 15th Lancers: a title that carried with it no historical associations.

Lieutenant de Kantzow of "de Kantzow's Horse" was the son of Baron St. George de Kantzow. He was born in 1835 and joined the H.E.I.C.'s service in 1853. He saw active service on the North-West Frontier in 1855. The outbreak of the Mutiny found him in an Indian Infantry battalion at Mainpuri. The local outbreak gave him an opportunity of showing his innate capacity for authority. Alone and unaided he faced the mutinous sepoys for three hours, and by moral force alone prevented them from rushing the weak police guard and looting the Treasury. For his services during this period he received an autograph letter of thanks from the Governor-General signifying Her Majesty's approval of his conduct. The letter contains the following passage: "Young in years and at the outset of your career you have given your brother soldiers a noble example of courage, patience and temper from which many may profit."

Subsequently on June 6th, 1857, in the action of Bowgong (where he commanded a troop of irregular horsemen) he killed in personal combat the rebel commander of the mutineers of 7th Light Cavalry, 13th, 48th and 71st Infantry. Retaining command of his irregular horsemen he continued to serve as a volunteer in the various operations in the vicinity. He had a horse killed under him in July, 1857, and earned, by his gallant conduct on this and other occasions, a mention in despatches.

On October 27th he was now appointed Commandant of the Muttra Police—subsequently generally known as de Kantzow's Horse. This mounted force had been originally recruited by Mark Thornhill, the Collector of Muttra, from the land-owning families of his district in June, 1837; and was known as the Muttra Horse. The corps was then incorporated with another irregular corps called the "Northwest Police," and the combined levy called the Muttra Police. It was then about one hundred strong.

From the time that de Kantzow assumed command he continued enlisting men, and he undoubtedly brought many with him from his original irregular troop. He also raised, organized, and commanded some levies known as the Fatehpur Police battalion.

de Kantzow's Horse was first in action at Fatehpur Sikri in the autumn of 1857; it accompanied Cotton's column. It remained working in this locality until February, 1858, when it was sent to join Sir Thomas Seaton's Force which was ordered to operate in Rohilkhund. The march to join this force was carried out at an average rate of twenty-five miles a day. The cavalry levy was then about three hundred strong, de Kantzow's infantry levies were additional to this.

He was present with his levies at Kankar on April 7th and had two horses shot under him. Malleeson says "in this action Lieutenant de Kantzow greatly distinguished himself." He was again mentioned in despatches.

His Horse was left with Colonel Hales' force at Shah-jehanpur. This place was attacked on May 3rd by the Faizabad Moulvie with eight thousand men and twelve guns. Colonel Hale, informed of the enemy movement by a spy, decided to reconnoitre with de Kantzow's Horse. Malleeson describing this says: "The sudden apparition of vast bodies of cavalry numbering about eight thousand proved the truth of the spy's story. De Kantzow, truly one of the heroes of the Mutiny, always ready for action, always cool and resolute was for a charge to check their advance. Hale, mindful of his orders, would not permit it, but falling back brought his men within the Jail enclosure."

De Kantzow took part in various affairs during May, 1858, was dangerously wounded and had a horse wounded under him and was again mentioned in despatches.

In June, 1858, the name of the Mutttra Horse was changed to the Oudh Auxiliary Levy. It still continued to be called, even in official documents, de Kantzow's Horse. The levy was composed of men who were in their own eyes personal followers of de Kantzow; they called themselves his *mulazims*, and the regiment was his *risalah*.

In command of his corps, between June, 1858, and January, 1859, he five times earned the thanks of the Government of India, and was mentioned in despatches for the fourth time. During this time it was engaged in operations upon the Nepal border. In the meantime, on November 21st, the Corps had been embodied in the new Irregular regiment of Robarts' Horse, but it did not join until October 1st, 1859, as it was engaged in the pacification of Oudh.

Thus de Kantzow's Horse became Robarts' Horse. It then had a strength of 320 sabres, and had during the course of the Mutiny sustained casualties of between 250 and 350 in both men and horses.

The Government of the North-West Province (the present United Provinces of Agra and Oudh) specially reported de Kantzow to the Government of India for his valuable services and he finally received the thanks of Her Majesty the Queen. "Decorations," in the modern sense, were not awarded in those days. de Kantzow did not push himself and his modesty allowed his exploits to be forgotten. After the Mutiny de Kantzow went into civil employ. The Indian Cavalry lost a hero and a born leader when he was permitted to become a bureaucrat. He retired in 1887 and died in 1927 aged 92.

De Kantzow appears to have been rather shabbily treated by the military authorities. His exploits gave him a claim to a command, and his Levy was used as a nucleus of a new regiment of irregular horse. It was probably disgust at being made only second-in-command that caused him to give up his military career.

Charles James Robarts (who took over de Kantzow's Horse and expanded it into Robarts' Horse) was however a colonel of whom any regiment might be proud. Hodson and Probyn both made their names in the Mutiny but differed from each other in type; Robarts was another sort of man altogether. He was not in India when the Mutiny broke out. His shrewd sense and knowledge of Indians had enabled him to prophecy its coming, and after an unsuccessful attempt to warn the authorities, who laughed at him, he proceeded on furlough out of the country. This was a fortunate move for him, he would probably have been killed had he remained with his regiment, the 14th Irregular Cavalry. This not only took part in the Mutiny but also murdered its officers.

Robarts did not take any historical part in the Mutiny, nor does he seem to have any claim to military fame; but that his military reputation was good is shown by his selection to command the corps which bore his name. It contained men of the wildest Afghan tribes, enlisted without any enquiry into their characters, who were regarded with some fear by the civil population of the cantonments and districts in which they were quartered. Rumour has it that some of the worst were dacoits, and that they stored their loot in the Colonel's compound.

The nucleus of the new regiment bearing Robarts' name was formed by amalgamating the Meerut Military Police Squadron, about a hundred strong, with de Kantzow's Horse. The establishment was completed by certain transfers and by about a hundred direct enlistments of Afghans. The Meerut Military Police had been raised by a Captain Tyrwhitt. It was mainly composed of Sikhs, and had done some useful service in the pacification of the Meerut District. A Jemadar of this corps, Boodh Singh, was mentioned for gallantry and given eight hundred Rupees for killing a noted rebel leader Sah Mull, "whose head was stuck on a lance and carried as a standard to the end of the day."

Eccentric, fond of his own way and caring very little for Government orders, Robarts was a notable figure of his day. He lived in patriarchal dignity amidst a mass of retainers collected

from India, the Frontier, and Central Asia, by the pleasing news of the mediæval hospitality which he dispensed. It is said his private kitchens cooked food for two hundred people a day. His aim was to make his regiment the finest force of light cavalry in the world. His methods were those of a by-gone age, his troopers were his retainers. His men were noted for their fine physique and fighting qualities and the horses for their quality. After his death his successors found the regiment difficult to manage.

He had the advantage of being a very wealthy man. His private income of some £5,000 or £6,000 a year was drawn on as necessary for general expenses and for improving the mounting of the regiment. On his death, at the end of the fourteen years' command, it was quite uncertain which horses belonged to him and which belonged to regimental *chanda*. It has been estimated that on the item of horses alone the regiment was his debtor to about £20,000. He was very fond of hunting and always maintained a pack of hounds. His private stables usually contained upwards of seventy horses. He thought that hunting was better training than parades, so the subalterns of the garrison were often removed from parade (on his authority as station Commander) to attend "meets" on his horses.

He was a well known figure on the Indian Turf under the assumed name of "Mr. W. W." Why he adopted a "racing name" is not known. He never indulged in betting nor in, the then common, racing "selling lotteries." He is the only Colonel of Indian Cavalry who has won the Blue Ribbon of the Indian Turf, the Viceroy's Cup. His Australian horse "Favourite" won this two years in succession in 1869 and 1870.

He is described as a funny-tempered, peppery old gentleman, a non-smoker, a non-drinker, an early riser, who disliked and avoided wearing uniform, and always dressed in plain grey clothes, a grey felt topee and Wellington boots. He is reputed to have been one of the best judges of a horse in India and a champion pistol shot. For his own riding he only used Arabs, although he owned horses of many other sorts.

He was very versatile, wrote well and was an accomplished Oriental linguist. He could converse fluently at durbar in Persian, Punjabi, Pushtu, etc., as well as Urdu. In the eyes of his troopers he was a very great man indeed. "Robarts sahib was a Nawab and lived like one; he fed two hundred people every day, kept horses, hounds and hawks and maintained an Oriental Establishment in the old style." Such was the verdict of an Indian officer who knew him.

His judgments were summary. Tradition says he went about with a handkerchief in one hand in which to weep for the unfortunate, and a stick in the other to castigate delinquents. His rule was of the kind that Orientals love, a combination of common sense, equity and justice tempered by the ties of gratitude, friendship and sentiment.

Such was Charles James Robarts—a type of the men who made the British Dominion in India. He died in command, honoured, respected and regretted by all who knew him. Although well known and in some respects famous at the time, he has now passed into oblivion.



THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

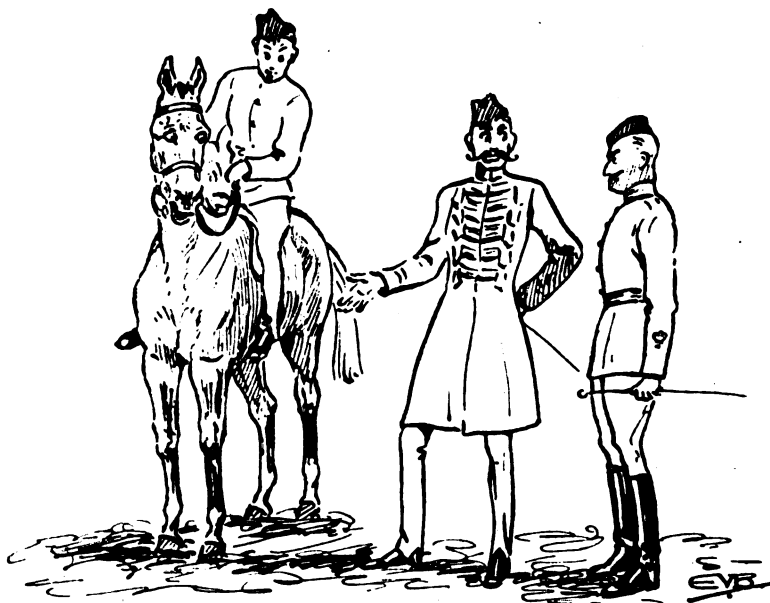
By COLONEL F. A. HAMILTON, late 3rd Cavalry, I.A.

Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away,
Young blood will have its course lad!
And every dog his day!

C. Kingsley.

AT Sandhurst many of us looked forward to riding-school days. We were marched down from the school, and halted inside the building in a line. Facing us was a long line of troop horses, some of which were nice rides and some indifferent, but none really bad. The great thing was to get a good horse, but if you took the same one too often the wily Riding Sergeant-Major made you all go up one, which was rather disconcerting, especially when you had given the horse-holder a *douceur*. When we were all mounted, and stirrups fitted, the riding-master Major X. would appear. He had been in the appointment some years, and knew all the tricks of the trade. He was full of the sayings and expressions of the riding-masters of those days, now quite unknown and out of date! He was, in fact, the last of the old school at Sandhurst. Smart and well drilled a perfect figure of a cavalry officer, with his red and gold forage cap, and perfectly fitting black frock-coat, with frogs down the front. He was really a kind-hearted man, but he struck terror into the newly joined gentlemen cadets, which is the reverse of what is encouraged nowadays? He would walk round and inspect them, after having halted the ride. Once, a certain cadet came down in a great hurry, and put his Wellington boots on the wrong feet. "Sergeant-Major," said he to the rough-

riding Sergeant-Major, "For Heaven's sake engage a nurse to dress some of these young gentlemen." "Very good, Sir," said the Sergeant-Major. The Major proceeded on his tour of inspection! "What's your name, my lad?" "H. Sir." "Well, with a backbone like yours it ought to be 'Fish.' Sit up Sir; you're all crooked; why, if you swallowed a poker, it would become a corkscrew!" It was the custom for newly arrived G.C.'s to be asked how much riding they had previously done.



" Sergeant-Major for heavens sake engage a Nurse to dress some of these Young Gentlemen!! "

The wise lad was very modest about his performances, and so got an easy ride allotted to him. The Major had his own way of dealing with the braggart. "Oh, I've hunted and raced nearly all my life," said one young gentleman. "Have you?" said the Major. "Put him up on No. 19, Sergeant-Major." After a few times round on No. 19, the Major halted the ride, and went up to young Richard Bragg. "You say you've ridden a lot before, do you, my boy? Well, I should think the only

riding you ever did was on a boudoir sofa; I should say you'd have a very good seat on that!" When he was in an unusually rogueish mood, he would get the ride trotting round, and give the order "Cross your stirrups, go large." Then he would suddenly fire a pistol loaded with blank. "Halt! Now then! Who the deuce told you gentlemen to dismount?" said he, addressing the fallen. "I swear some of you have no more hold on the saddle than a stamp with the gum licked off!" He had his little ways, but he was a good sportsman. I can't leave the



"... Who the deuce told you gentlemen to Dismount? ...

riding school without mentioning another riding master, named Hubbard, not at Sandhurst. He belonged to a smart cavalry regiment and had been promoted from the ranks. He had been in the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava as a trooper. One day, in the Mess, a young subaltern asked him "What did you do, Hubbard, when you heard the order to charge?" "What did I do? Why, I drew the bridoon reins between my forefinger and thumb, and said 'ere goes for the last of the 'Ubbards!" Lord Cardigan was said to have said the same thing, before he

led the charge, but in that case the family name was Brudenel ! One young officer, who we will call Hawkins, was given to oversleeping himself and coming down late to riding school, when going through his recruits course. Hubbard stuck it a few times, but was getting rather bored with it, until eventually, one morning, Hawkins rolled up very late, and walked in smothering a yawn. Hubbard looked at him fiercely and said " 'Awkins, where's your 'orse ? " Hawkins had forgotten his horse ! This was adding insult to injury, and Hubbard sent him to his quarters under arrest. There the unfortunate 'Awkins was compelled to remain. After leaving him there, to make him think a bit, Hubbard paid him a visit, and appeared to be very serious. " Now ! Look 'ere 'Awkins ! Things 'ave gone a bit too far ! " said he, " I can't 'ave this slackness ; it's a bad example to the men ; I'll 'ave to make a serious case of it this time " said he, looking round the room with much interest. Now it happened that Hawkins, being well endowed with worldly goods, kept a very well equipped toilet table with various kinds of hair wash, lotions and other luxuries. Hubbard picked up a bottle of the most expensive hair oil, and smelt it. " Beautiful scent this, 'Awkins ! My missis loves scent ! Lovely aroma " said he, pocketing the bottle. Several others met with his approval, and followed suit. He then turned his attention to the cigars, of which Hawkins had a very good supply of the very best. Hubbard, who liked a weed now and then, sniffed the box and said " Lovely cigars, 'Awkins ! Beautiful condition ! I'll take a couple of boxes. " At length, after fitting himself out well, he turned to Hawkins and said " Well ! I'll overlook it this time, 'Awkins, but don't you turn up late again, and next time you come on parade, don't forget your 'orse, or you'll 'ave to run round with the ride ! Beautiful cigars, these, 'Awkins ! Lovely perfume ! " said he as he left the room, heavily loaded with spoil.

When I was at Sandhurst in 1899 and 1900, the Staff College was closed, and all its officers employed on the Staff in the South African War. They left the Drag hounds for Sandhurst to take care of, and carry on the hunting. Those of us who rode were in great luck, for, in normal times, only a selected few of us were

invited to hunt with the Staff College Drag. I was one of those who much appreciated the Drag Hounds, and made the most of them, keeping my spare money to hire horses, instead of spending it on riotous living, and "week-ends" in London! The Master was one of the instructors, Colonel Wildman Lushington of the K.O.S.B.s, a brother of "Tommy" of that name, who trained King Edward VII's Grand National horses, Ambush II and others. He was a great little sportsman and rider, and much liked by us all. The whippers-in were Cecil and Billy, who afterwards became gay sabreurs in crack British cavalry regiments. On occasions, when one of these latter was not available, I, or another, was allowed to take his place. Those were red letter days; and we longed to hear that dear old Cecil or Billy had bitten the mud, and received slight injuries sufficient to keep them at home for a bit. The pack were a nice lot of smallish hounds, and most suitable for their work. They went like smoke, and so did the G.C.s, until the Master who feared for his hounds, was compelled to have the gate shut until the hounds had a few fields start, and then we were allowed to go. The kennel huntsman was old Gaiter. He combined his duties with keeping a book, and was much sought after before race meetings,—not so much after them. I regret to say! He was a very good hound man and also laid the drag, for which purpose he rode a white horse which, using an old nickname, we called "Gehazi," because he was a leper as white as snow! Gaiter made a great pet of him, and if he came to a place too formidable for both of them, he would dismount and crawl through, leaving Gehazi to follow after him, which Gehazi always did, receiving a piece of sugar. The field consisted of some of the instructors, local country gentlemen and ladies, and sometimes cavalry officers from Aldershot, as well as ourselves. I remember the late Field-Marshal Lord Haig, then Major Haig, coming out, with others of the 7th Hussars; he was on a wonderful horse which broke its pastern in that hunt, and had to be destroyed. Rather cruel luck! and all for a drag hunt! but he took it as a real sportsman, like he was, would do.

One of my friends (the late "Mouse" Tomkinson) had his

own chestnut horses, which had been bred at Tarporley, in Cheshire, the home of that famous sporting family. His father and uncles were the originals of one of the Lays of the Tarporley Hunt, part of which goes as follows :—

“ And now if it came to a wager,
I know not which brother I'd back
The Parson, the Squire or the Major,
The purple, the pink or the black,” etc.

They were all equally good, and the nephew took after them. In those day some of us G.C.s used to go out hunting regularly on Wednesdays and Saturdays. On one particular Saturday I was whipping in. All went well until the first check. We had run for twenty minutes very fast, and were glad of a rest. There was another twenty minutes hunting to come, over some of the best of the Hawthorne Hill country. We started for the second half of the run. I was riding a very good little mare who seemed untirable, but neither she nor any other horses can jump rabbit holes. She put her foot in a large one, and we turned a clean somersault. My friends picked me up, and I was taken home with concussion, talking rubbish the whole way. My next recollection is, of waking up in bed in the Hospital at Sandhurst, with an exasperated orderly bending over me, saying “yes, you're in a rabbit 'ole alright, and the ruddy 'orse is on top of yer!” I had kept him awake all night asking him the same question “Am I in a rabbit hole, and is the horse hurt?”

“ Well those were harmless pleasures enough,
And I hold him worse than an ass
Who shakes his head at a neck on the post,
Or a quick thing over the grass.”

Lindsay Gordon.



THE LAST JOUST.

Or the event which brought to an end the mediæval military sport and ceremonies of the Tournament.

By O.N.H.M.S.

I.

IN 1530 Count Gabriel de Montgomery was born in France, six years after the death of the *preux chevalier Bayard sans peur et sans reproche* and his career as a worthy nobleman and man of action is of special interest today on account of his spiritual devotion and because his daughter Roberta, who married Gawen, son of Sir Arthur Champernoun, Admiral of the Narrow Seas to Queen Elizabeth, left gallant and intrepid descendants, who survive in Britain and Greater Britain at the present time.

He was a member of the house of Montgomery counting two saints among their ancestors, which in the dawn of the eleventh century had stood at the head of the Norman aristocracy.

William the Conqueror in 1066 had rewarded the loyal services of Roger de Montgomery by the gift of Salisbury and Arundel Castle. Five centuries later the young Count Gabriel de Montgomery followed in the footsteps of his warlike ancestors, for he commanded part of the bodyguard of the King of France, the trusted Scottish Archers, a company one hundred strong, made familiar to us by Sir Walter Scott. The Montgomerys were allied by marriage with the Royal Stuarts.

Soon after he came of age, Montgomery entered on his first campaign and was posted to the troops commanded by his own father, the veteran James Montgomery, Seigneur de Lorges, and governor of the Bastille. Let us pass over the young count's

early experiences at the wars. They were terminated in 1559 by the treaty of Câteau—Cambrésis which ended the long rivalry of the royal houses of France and Austria and in consequence fêtes were decreed and public rejoicings indulged in.

But within three months an ominous event occurred. Montgomery was ordered personally by his King to arrest five members of the French Parliament accused of attachment to the new protestantism. The arrests, followed by the utmost cruelty to these unfortunate men, engendered widespread resentment and by a strange coincidence, which the persecuted protestants hastened to interpret as divine intervention, the officer who executed this command was the very man who within a fortnight was unconsciously to avenge the victims.

In Paris, King Henry II had initiated the preparations for the solemnization of a double royal marriage, resulting from and confirming the recent treaty, and immediately there began a series of wedding festivities, balls and banquets. The royal host devoted his energies to organizing the jousts and passages of arms which were arranged for the last three days of the month of June. Few modern displays can compare with the glamour of a tournament in feudal times. Each knight turned out in gorgeous panoply on his favourite charger and the fair sex appeared to grace the proceedings in their richest robes and most precious jewels. Then came the rush of horsemen, the ringing blows, the splintering of lances, the crash of the fallen, followed by the fanfare of trumpets as the judges of the field proclaimed the victor amid the cheers of the concourse.

For this tournament of 1559 Henry II displayed undreamt of magnificence. He announced by royal heralds that he, the most christian king with the Prince of Ferrara, the Duke of Guise and the Duke of Nemours would challenge all comers, whether prince or commoner, knight or esquire, in order to encourage youth to virtue in arms and to incite the prowess of novices. The lists extended from the Royal Court and crossed the highway of Saint Anthony and the cobblestones were taken up for the occasion. The stands for the spectators were adorned with the colours of France, Savoy and Spain, with groups of

statuary symbolizing the war which was ended and the pleasures and riches of peace upon which they were entering.

When the scene was peopled by its tens of thousands, including the most beautiful women of the continent, with the arena flashing with cavaliers in burnished steel, the tableau which was presented on the 28th, 29th and 30th June, 1559, may be imagined.

But death lurked in the shadows and the tournament ended in a tragic dénouement.

Only a vague record remains of the first two days. In more than one bout the fanfares and applause acclaimed the dexterity and strength of Gabriel de Montgomery. On the morning of the third day, which was to conclude the jousts, Henry II had him summoned to his presence. The King ordered him, as soon as the tournament was finished, to start for Caux, to exterminate the heresy of protestantism, to put to the sword all who resisted.

All confirmed heretics were to have their tongues cut out and be burnt at the stake, those under suspicion to have their eyes torn out. Having given these orders the King turned to the concerns of the tournament. After lunch the King competed in the lists for about two hours with his three princes. The four royal competitors were considered the best men at arms that France or any other country could produce.

The King's livery was white and black, the choice of Diana of Poitiers; Ferrara wore yellow and red; Guise, white and carnation; Nemours, yellow and black. The contests were so evenly balanced that none could foretell who would win the honours of the tournament.

Henry II excitedly despatched one of his staff to thank the Duke of Savoy for the good steed he had lent him. "It is this good horse which makes me give these fine lance thrusts" he said, and the Duke replied that he was proud that his charger did such good service, but he joined the Queen in begging the King not to continue in the lists, owing to the stifling heat of the day. They represented also that the programme of events was ended; it was getting late; the time had come to disperse.

The King thought otherwise. He insisted that he would not quit the arena without meeting the triple assault which was the etiquette in a passage of arms. Having been the first to enter the lists he wished to be the last to leave. There was nothing more to be said. The King must be obeyed so the Duke of Nemours and after him the Duke of Guise made up the set with the King who gains the advantage against each of them.

The third who enters the lists, whose shield sparkles with fleurs de lis, the symbol of a former alliance with the blood royal of France, is the count Gabriel de Montgomery.

In this bout the victory is undecided. Already in the vast amphitheatre the crowds were rising to depart when the King claims a second passage of arms with his last antagonist. The objection was raised that this would be contrary to the established rules but the King exclaimed, in a tone which brooked no reply, "I must have my revenge. He made me reel in the saddle and nearly lose my stirrups."

Montgomery with very proper tact hastened to declare that nothing would induce him to claim the bout because the King had undoubtedly won. The King was growing more obstinate.

His Italian Queen, Catherine de Médicis, now begged him not to continue. At length he declared he would have only one more run, and he ordered de Vieilleville to place the helm on his head. De Vieilleville appeared confused, because he was not entitled to the honour of arming the King, but he obeyed saying with a sigh: "Alas, I never in my life did anything so much against the promptings of my heart." Just before lowering the vizor over his master's face he tried once more to dissuade him. "Sire," he faltered, "I swear to the living God that for more than three nights I have thought of nothing but that misfortune will overtake you today and that this last joust will be fatal to you."

Deaf to every argument the King wheels his horse about and dashes headlong at his adversary. The spectators were in a stupor, the trumpeters who usually sounded an echoing fanfare, remained mute. Next moment the two spears are shattered, the two horses are thrown backwards into their haunches. Mont-

gomery grips the pommel of his saddle to keep his seat. But Henry II clings limply to his charger's neck, unable to move. The high constable, marshal and field judges rush forward and support him but he faints in their arms. A lance splinter protrudes from the half-open visor.

II.

"The King is injured." The words pass from one end of the vast concourse to the other. The lists are invaded by a distracted mob. A crowd of privileged courtiers endeavour to revive the King. He regains consciousness.

At this moment the author of the accident "as grievously wounded in mind as the King is in body" pierces the crowd and throws himself at his master's feet. He begs to have his hand cut off, his head cut off. "Do not be troubled" answered Henry in a feeble voice, "you do not require to be pardoned, having obeyed your king and acted as a good knight and valiant man at arms."

"Le Roy, par testament
Prononça à voix haute
Que n'avois nullement
Vers luy commis la faute."

III.

Le Roi est mort! Vire le Roi!"

Ten days later the bells of the hundred churches of Paris tolled the knell of the unhappy king. From the court of Francis II Montgomery was banished; his aged father died, it is said of sorrow. France became a stage whereon was played a series of tragedies and the best blood of Gaul poured out in civil war filtered deep into the earth of that homeland.

The Tournament and its ceremonies was never again seen in France or at any court in Europe.

Gabriel retired to his Norman estates; took up arms for Protestantism; often aided by England he fought for the cause for fifteen years and was finally taken prisoner by treachery,

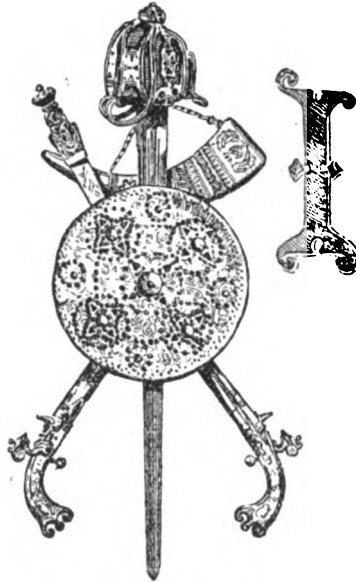
suffered torture and was executed while Catherine de Médicis who had become his arch-enemy attended at the final scene.

In a later era Napoleon said that "tragedy warms the soul, elevates the heart, can and ought to create heroes."

Though Gabriel de Montgomery's passing was tragic in some particulars we revere his courage, his military virtues, his faith, and in our lonely hours we draw a new strength out of his memory.

Fortis cadere, cedere non potest.

The author is indebted for many of the details in this article to *Le Comte de Montgomery* by Léon Marlet, published by Picard, Paris, 1890.



*NYANG TO-KI-POO OR THE CAVE OF HAPPY
MUSINGS ON MISERY.*

By LIEUT-COLONEL J. SCOTT COCKBURN, M.C.

IN the late summer of 1930 I had the good fortune to join, on the invitation of Mr. Suydan Cutting, the well-known American traveller and game hunter, an expedition which he had fitted out for exploration in Western Tibet. The objects of the expedition were twofold : Firstly to visit, if possible, the city of Lhasa and certain unknown regions in Western Tibet and secondly to collect in Sikkim, for the Chicago Field Museum, a group of *Ovis Ammon*. All stores and equipment, already packed for mule or yak transportation, had been sent on from New York to Darjeeling whence, having collected a string of pack animals, riding ponies and an interpreter, we started off on the first stage of our journey to Gyantsee. We travelled by short marches through Sikkim and over the Himalaya passes but it was not till we reached the undulating plains of Tibet, averaging some 15,000 feet above sea level, that the real interest in our journey began.

The Tibetans are, for the most part, a very friendly race. They welcomed us, the poorer classes by the protruding tongue of salutation, the Lamas and well-to-do by hospitality in their Lamaseries and houses. As is the custom in most Eastern Countries, so in Tibet, the guest should never arrive empty handed. Fortunately we had supplied ourselves with a plentiful stock of the silk scarves of greeting which form the Tibetan threshold gift and are presented to the host, stretched across the extended arms of the guest. The host with similar courtesy then presents a scarf to the guest so that, on the principle of a scarf for a scarf, one's stock of these exchangeable "Visiting Cards" remains constant. In addition to the scarves we had an adequate supply of supplementary presents to make our way easier for us ; these presents took the form of electric torches, chemically heated hot-water bottles, automatic petrol lighters, self-winding wrist

watches and a few cuckoo clocks. For his Holiness the Dalai Lama, having heard that he was fond of strange animals, we had two Dachshunds; these, feeling the effects of the journey from England, the heat of the Indian plains in July, and the sudden change to Himalayan altitudes, had to be carried on the back of a coolie all the way to Lhasa.

We found much of interest in our daily marches between villages; the barren plains with herds of grazing yaks tended by hardy nomads in their black tents, the sparse crops and rare stunted trees by watercourses, the Chortens and rock-hewn Buddhas which lined the route and flanked the gorges, the stray wolves, the herds of wild ass, antelope and gazelle and the occasional lone travellers or cheerful family parties that we met en route. Perhaps the most pleasant part of each day began on our arrival at the village where we were to pass the night. We would first be greeted by a pack of Tibetan mastiffs, the watch dogs and undertakers of the community—it is a brave man who, as a stranger, approaches a Tibetan village on foot—and, when closer, by the Headman who would regale us with the inevitable buttered tea and with whom we would exchange pleasantries through the medium of our interpreter. The arrival of white men at these isolated villages must be a rarity even on the Trade Route to Gyantsee for it seemed that the villagers could not do enough in their efforts to look after us. Supplies for the coolies were always available as well as for the ponies and pack animals; twice we were entertained by a party of Devil Dancers and almost invariably some old Lama would come to give us his blessing before taking his seat beside us, twirling his prayer wheel meanwhile or fingering his rosary and murmuring endlessly the mystic sentence “Om, mani padme Oom”—Hail to the flower in the Lotus. Later in the evening we would generally pay a visit to the local Lamasery, returning to our evening meal and rest as the Lamas, with their six foot trumpets of beaten copper, were calling the faithful to prayer.

On arrival at Gyantsee we were met by the British Trade Agent who lives in the fort with a garrison of Indian



BLACK HAT LAMAS



YAK SKIN BOATS



ON THE NIANG RIVER BETWEEN GYANTSEE AND SIGATSEE



A SCARRED NOMAD WITH THE UBIQUITOUS YAK

Infantry. From there we sent off to Lhasa our interpreter with the dogs and other presents for the Dalai Lama and also a letter to his Holiness, requesting his permission for our exploration into some of the unknown parts of Tibet.

Whilst waiting for the permit and a copy of the Dalai Lama's own seal, without which it would have been impossible for us to leave the Trade Route, we spent the time in visiting the various Lamaseries in Gyantsee and in short expeditions into the surrounding country. These were of great interest but of all, we were most fortunate in being allowed to visit the Lamasery of Nyang To-Ki-Poo, or the Cave of Happy Musings on Misery. This Lamasery is situated on the right bank of the river Niang, about fourteen miles down stream from Gyantsee and on the way to Shigatsee. It was only because the Dzongpön, or Governor, of Gyantsee anticipated our favourable treatment by the Dalai Lama that we were granted such an exceptional privilege.

Before setting out, the Dzongpön had explained to us how the inhabitants of this Lamasery differed from all other Lamas in their appearance, in their beliefs and in their customs. Tibetans are all Buddhists, a religion of which reincarnation is the basic belief. The ordinary Tibetan wears his hair in a pig-tail, or should do unless, as a coolie, he has cut it off to escape the two days military training per year in which their army indulges. All Lamas, trained in religious duties from early childhood and sworn to celibacy, whether Red Hats, the unreformed Yellow Hats or the miracle working Black Hats, wear their hair shaven; their doctrine, although somewhat altered by superstition, is founded on the original teachings of the Lord Buddha; their lives are spent in study and prayer in the Lamaseries, or on pilgrimages either in Tibet or to the holy Buddhist places in India.

We were told by the Dzongpön that, unlike all other Lamas, we would find those of Nyang To-Ki-Poo with long hair, believing in reincarnation and in many other of the teachings of Buddha, but with such teachings adapted and added to by the founder of their sect, one, Saraha—an Indian ascetic—believed to have come into Tibet some six hundred years ago. In

addition he told us we should find that they shut themselves up in caves, singly and without contact with the outer world, for long periods on end.

We decided to make the journey by river, sending ahead our ponies for the hack home. The boats provided were the most perilous craft for the swiftly running, ice cold stream with its many rocks and shoals. They were made of Yak skins, stretched over wicker-work frames, held eight or ten people with discomfort and possessed but the single advantage that they were easily carried on the back of a coolie for the fourteen mile walk back up-stream to Gyantsee.

It is difficult to imagine how a Tibetan could exist without his Yaks. They are used to ride, to plough and to carry loads; to provide milk, or dung fuel for the fire; from their hair are made tents, ropes and clothing; when dead, their flesh provides food, their bones knife handles and their hides—boats!

The journey down river, when we had overcome the first discomforts of these fragile craft, gave us opportunity to study some of the more cultivated parts of the Gyantsee valley. Here were crops of stunted barley, more extensive than we had ever seen before, fields being ploughed by Yak teams and coolies toting the cut barley to their village granaries. Now and then we passed small Lamaseries built into the steep hillsides and herds grazing on the moss-covered uplands. After some twelve miles the valley became more narrow until, turning a bend in the river, rocks and stones took the place of grass and crops. We then saw ahead of us, high on the hillside, a forbidding looking hermitage. Dotted around it could be discerned the gloomy caves of the anchorites.

Our boats were beached on the shingle near the foot of some rough steps which, lined by the inevitable prayer flags, led up the hillside to the Lamasery. Having climbed these steps we were met on the threshold by one of the Order, dressed in the conventional clothing of a Lama, but with long hair fastened up in a coil around his head. As we sat to drink buttered tea with him he explained that he was in charge of the Lamasery until the return of their head Lama from Lhasa, a boy of six years—

the reincarnation of their previous leader—who had gone to the Holy City to study. The Lamasery itself was much like many others we had seen, but sombre and poor in its furnishings. Over the main door were suspended two stuffed yaks, on either side were pictures of the Gods of the Four Winds and, in the centre, was the usual Wheel of Life, that pictorial explanation of the doctrine of reincarnation, which portrays the endless cycle of existence. The chapel was small but interesting in that it contained, in addition to the usual images of the Buddha in various attitudes, a number of paintings, the features and dress of their subjects resembling the conventional yogis of India rather than Tibetan deities.

We next asked to see the cells of the anchorites and, on the way thither, were given an explanation by our host of the custom of their incarceration. It appears that this imprisonment is voluntary and that the young Lamas are not expected to indulge in it until they have become proficient in the high arts of reading and writing, the performance of the Buddhist ritual and until they have read many of the holy books with which their library is well stocked. The first period of incarceration is for three months, three weeks and three days, the second for three years, three months and three weeks and, for future incarcerations, the devotee himself may decide how long he will remain alone walled up in total darkness away from all commune with the outside world. Many thus end their earthly spell of existence, hoping that they have acquired sufficient merit to qualify them for a higher form of life in their new reincarnation.

Our host, as he led us over the uneven floor of the monastery, stumbled continually and appeared to be half blind. He told us that, the year before, he had terminated a period of ten years voluntary confinement. We asked when he intended next to retire from worldly contact and he replied with a smile that, for the present, he felt he had earned sufficient merit and that he meant to pass the remaining days of his present incarnation in prayer—but not in a cell.

He led us from the chapel through the quarters allotted to novitiates, bright, sturdy and cheerful looking boys who, under

the instruction of one of the older Lamas and during the monotonous and seemingly endless droning of a Buddhist prayer, would look up at us with sly grins or surprised stares resembling, for all the world, a class of English schoolboys when some stranger visits their classroom. From these we passed through the kitchens whose feature, and only feature, was a group of massive copper boilers in which was being cooked gallon upon gallon of buttered tea.

At last we reached, by way of the dormitories, the outer wall of the Lamasery and started to ascend a rugged path along the hill side. To our right was the barren hill face while to our left were arid plains and undulating hills stretching, in the far distance, to the snow-capped heights of the Himalayas; below us the Niang river rushed past seemingly in a hurry to join forces with the great and holy Tsangpo, until, passing through the Abor gorges, it would change its name to Brahmaputra and join the sea at the Ganges delta.

Finally we arrived at the cells of the anchorites. After passing several of these we asked our host firstly how he could tell at what moment any of the inmates wished to end their term of incarceration, and secondly how they were provided with food.

To the first question he answered that, unless desirous of coming out, they were sworn never to let their voices be heard; to the second he replied that they were fed twice daily with buttered tea and barley meal, the signal that such was ready for them being a knock on the window of their cells.

We were able to discern, on the walls of the cells of those who had more recently gone into retirement, an area of fresh stone and native cement which marked their entrance and ultimate exit from these living tombs. In addition and in each one of them, was a little window-frame, some nine inches square, fitted with a small ledge and wooden door through which we were told food was passed.

Standing way up on the roof of the world, the vista of the Tibetan plateau stretching beneath us, with no sign of life, bird, beast or human, to tell us that we were not entirely alone, it was



A LONG HAIRED LAMA OF NYANG TO-KI-POO



. . . . THERE APPEARED A GLOVED HAND

10. 11. 11
11. 11. 11
12. 11. 11

difficult to imagine that each of those gruesome cells contained a living being. Rather wickedly we asked our host to knock on the window door of one of them in order to re-assure us that all he said was true. In that eerie stillness it was difficult to believe that, closeted within those sombre walls, was a human being who lived, breathed and ate as we.

In the manner of an animal keeper showing off the merits of his charges, he bent over the first window and gave a sharp tap on its wooden door. We stood nearby regarding him maybe as a conjurer but feeling that no sound or movement could possibly emanate from so sinister a tomb. After waiting perhaps less than a minute, though certainly it seemed much longer, some unseen agency moved aside the little wooden door and revealed a small square of cloth still shutting off the interior of the cell and its devout occupant. After another pause this curtain was moved aside and there on the window ledge, its fingers groping for what they expected to find, appeared *a gloved hand*! So strict apparently is their vow to avoid earthly contacts that even a hand must not be exposed to the light of day nor may the fingers so much as touch the vessels which contain the wherewithal for bodily sustenance.

Having made our adieus to the head Lama of Nyang To-Ki-Poo with grateful thanks for the great privilege of visiting his most exceptional Lamasery, we descended the hill stairway to our waiting grooms and ponies. Riding back along the bank of the Niang river, passing happy coolies working in their crops, meeting cheerful landowners followed by their retinues of smiling servants, seeing herds roaming at will on the hillsides and wild duck fighting in the sunset, our feelings were very mixed. Uppermost in mine were those of having left something tragic and futile behind me and of resentment that those boyish novices should be condemned to a life, literally buried out of sight and touch of all the joys of life and nature; but most of all was one of pity for that young monk studying at Lhasa. He, the reincarnation through six hundred years of Saraha of the Cave of Happy Musings on Misery, stood condemned, above all the others, to a living death, entombed in a forbidding hillside cell.

GROUSE.

By RICHARD CLAPHAM.

IF a census of opinions was taken as to which is our most popular game bird, I imagine the majority of shooting men would vote for the grouse. Whether you watch him in spring as he utters his challenge on his own particular knoll, rising into the air and alighting again with a loud "go-back! go-back! go-back!", or await him, gun in hand, as he comes straight at your butt with half a gale helping him along, you must confess that he is a thing of beauty as well as one of the most sporting birds that flies. Not only that, but his habitat is one of the most perfect in these islands, for what fairer spot is there to be found than a grouse moor, with the purple of the heather bloom stretching into the distance. He is chiefly shot during August and September, at the best time of year, and when finally he appears at table he makes most excellent eating.

From an economic point of view, too, his importance is great. He is directly responsible for a vast amount of employment amongst the rural population, and enables many an otherwise uneconomic agricultural holding in the north to be carried on. The pastoral value of the ground he inhabits is in no way impaired by his presence, because the proper management of heather is equally beneficial to grouse and sheep, so there is no clashing of interests between sportsmen and tenants. More than one book has been written about the grouse, and altogether he is a most remarkable bird.

One of the great charms of grouse shooting lies in the beauty and wildness of your surroundings. The very essence of true

sport is wildness, and nowhere in these islands can you better experience it than on a grouse moor. When artificiality creeps into field sport, the latter soon begins to lose its charm. The hand-reared pheasant may fly as high and fast as its wild relations, but the knowledge always lingers in the back of your mind that it is hand-reared. A number of experiments in the hand-rearing of grouse have been conducted from time to time with more or less success, but so far it has not been carried out with a view to the re-stocking of moors.

During the time that the Grouse Disease Commission were conducting their researches, they hand-reared a certain number of grouse for experimental purposes; sixteen or seventeen years later, Sir Richard Graham, of Netherby, experimented on a very much larger scale, and in the *Field* of September 6th, 1928, there was a most interesting article on the subject. Space does not permit of a description of the operations here, suffice it to say that in 1926, 62 grouse were hatched, and 60 reached maturity. In 1927, 21 hen grouse were caught and put in an open pen with the flight feathers of one wing cut. The outside wild cocks came in to visit these hens, but did not remain and pair, in the sense of one cock to a hen. The result was that the fertility of eggs proved very high. In 1928, 15 hen grouse and 1 cock were penned in a similar way. The hens all nested, and when the eggs were placed under bantams fertility was 98 per cent. or over. Two things were learned from these experiments, viz., that young grouse did not feed on short heather, but preferred to climb up on to old stick heather and pick the shoots off, and as the birds grew they showed a partiality for the common red sheep sorrel. Although the enclosure was on good heather ground, both young and old grouse showed a desire for green food, and it is possible therefore that wild grouse take their broods to places where sorrel and other green food grows. Sorrel seeds and the seeds of the dwarf rush appealed to the grouse chicks. In spring grouse are fond of the flowers of the cotton grass, as well as the young shoots. Cotton grass or Cottonsedge bears white, cottony tufts after the flowering period is over. It is a plant that grows in marshy ground.

Before you can shoot grouse you have to make the journey to the moor. Means of travel have been greatly improved since the day when Thomas Jeans wrote "The Tommiebeg Shootings," and A. J. Stuart Wortley penned the chapter entitled "The Scotch Mail" in the grouse volume of the "Fur and Feather" series. Fewer shooting men go north by the Scotch Mail now, for roads have been greatly improved, and fast motor cars are in general use. For those who desire still more rapid transit there is always the aeroplane.

In the days when "The Tommiebeg Shootings" first appeared, a book that is probably unknown to the majority of the present generation, Scottish factors were most unscrupulous in their dealings with regard to the letting of sporting properties. Mr. Jeans' amusing story did a lot towards bringing about a better state of affairs, and the lairds were aghast when the factors' machinations were exposed. The chief characters in the book are Brixey, Fribbles, and the notorious Captain Downey, and the substratum of truth underlying the fiction was sufficient to bring about a new and better regime where Highland shootings were concerned. Thomas Jeans, the author, was a school-fellow and close friend of Charles St. John, who wrote that sporting classic "Wild Sports in the Highlands."

If you are in Scotland you will probably shoot your grouse over dogs early in the season, and drive them later. South of the Border driving is the general rule. Should your shoot be of the rough variety, then you will bring your birds to bag as best you can by walking up, stalking, and now and then a little impromptu drive.

A driven grouse is a very fast bird, and he can offer you both varied and difficult shooting. Weight tells a tale where pace is concerned, and thus it is that a grouse weighing 26 ounces travels much quicker than a partridge that weighs 13 ounces. Wind, weather, and the conformation of the ground all influence the way in which grouse come over a line of butts. You may be in a butt from which your field of view is perhaps 60 or 70 yards, while from another your skyline may be only a quarter of that

distance away. Then again you may find yourself in a butt from which you can see the entire drive develop, and note the waving of the beaters' white flags, and the sudden flutterings of the red ones waved by men on the flanks to prevent grouse from breaking out at the sides.

Some men like a near skyline, others a distant one, while others again prefer to witness all that is happening where the drivers are. With a restricted view in front you have to keep very much on the alert and shoot quick, for grouse are on to you suddenly and as quickly away behind. Watching a drive develop enables you to note the oncoming grouse looking at first like tiny specks until they materialize into much larger objects, but I think it tends to make you poke at them when they finally arrive within shooting distance. Anyway, you have to draw for places and take the different butts that fall to your lot during the day, so you get plenty of practice in all sorts of surroundings, and with varied outlooks.

Most guns realize the fact that butts are there for the purpose of hiding them from the eyes of oncoming grouse, yet many of them fail to realize how much unnecessary movement on their part influences the amount of shooting they get. Conspicuous clothing, too, is often sufficient to cause birds to sheer off. The man who gets the most shooting, or at any rate makes the most of what he does get, is the one who dresses in neutral coloured clothing, and keeps perfectly still. A white collar, a white handkerchief, or a light-coloured hat, make the occupant of a butt a conspicuous object. The only exception with regard to light headgear is when you are standing behind a stone wall. A friend of mine invariably wore a light grey bowler when shooting driven grouse on a Yorkshire moor where the walls are built of limestone, and he was by far the most inconspicuous of the guns in consequence.

You get every imaginary kind of shot when grouse driving. Birds come high, low, fast, slow, swerving, crossing, straight at you, and singly or in greater or less numbers. On some days the light is better than others, and the weather more kind. Down

wind grouse come at you like rifle bullets, whereas up wind birds come slower. The necessity for wearing inconspicuous garments and keeping still has already been mentioned, but it is also sound policy to go to the butts by as well camouflaged a way as possible, and refrain from talking en route. Grouse have eyes and ears, and they know how to use both. Herein lies the advantage of being able to reach the butts via a gully which serves the purpose of a sunken road.

As the season advances the days get colder, and unless your butt is sheltered on all four sides it can be a jolly parky job waiting for birds to appear. On the other hand the grouse are by then wild and strong, and they offer you some very pretty shooting. Late in the season it is often difficult to get together a team of guns for grouse driving, as people are then engaged with partridges and pheasants.

Mention of driving calls to mind many famous moors where great things have been done. Names to conjure with are Moy and Abbeystead, Broomhead and Wemmergill. Abbeystead moor, roughly 12,000 acres in extent, lies some eight miles from Lancaster, and belongs to the Earl of Sefton. Shooting there on August 12th, 1915, eight guns killed 2,929 grouse, which constituted a world's record. In 1872, Sir Frederick Milbank, shooting at Wemmergill, in Yorkshire, was one of six guns who killed 2,070 grouse. Of these Sir Frederick shot 728, and he killed 190 birds in one drive. On August 30th, 1911, the Hon. J. Dawnay killed 570 grouse to his own gun, as one of eight guns who accounted for a bag of 2,523 grouse on Langholm moor. His best drive was 180 grouse, thus he only failed to beat Sir Frederick Milbank's record by eleven birds.

Turning from grouse driving to shooting over dogs, the chances you get are for the most part much easier and less varied, but the work of the dogs more than makes up for all that. Pointers and setters are delightful to shoot over. The former are perhaps the steadier, but they do not stand cold and wet as well as setters whose coats are thicker. Setters are also less apt to get footsore, as they have a certain amount of hair

between their toes which saves their feet from the rough heather stems. While it is customary for two guns to shoot over a brace of dogs, it is really a one-man job. To shoot in harmony two guns must know each other's qualities very well and be prepared to give and take. This matter of courtesy, however, tends to reduce the bag, and the better of the two shooting single-handed will as a rule kill nearly as many birds. Given a brace of well-conditioned dogs which have been got into really hard trim before the opening of the season, you can look forward to the 12th August with every hope of sport.

Arrived at your ground, you let go Don and Sam, and they swing into their stride quartering the heather like clockwork. Suddenly Don checks his gallop and comes to a stop, standing rigid as a statue, one fore paw lifted and his tail as stiff as a ramrod. Sam, spotting his kennel companion's halt at once backs him. You move up on Don, and with a whirr of wings the covey rises. It is an easy chance, and you get a right and left to open the season.

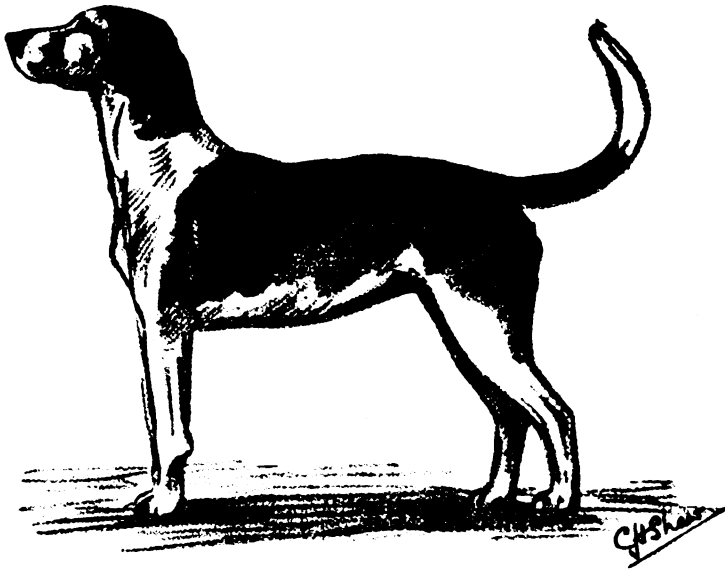
Most of the shots you get are of the straight away persuasion, although now and then a bird will swing back or rise wild. Not all the shots are easy ones. There is none of the difficulty of killing driven grouse as far as the actual shooting is concerned, but the work of the dogs is a joy to watch, and you have time to enjoy the sights and sounds of the moor.

In August the curlews, pewits, and golden plover are still about the uplands, and you see them and hear their different calls as you stride through the heather, raising clouds of yellow pollen as you go. Bees hum amongst the purple bloom, and perhaps you find a little clump of white heather which you hope will bring you good luck.

It can be warm work in August shooting over dogs, and by noon you will be quite ready to sit beside the burn and eat your sandwiches with a drop of something out of a flask to wash them down. After that a comfortable smoke while you listen to the tinkle of the water and the various moorland sounds. You need be in no hurry to start again. Morning and afternoon are the

times to make a bag, so sit still for awhile during the midday heat.

Grouse driving and shooting over dogs both have their particular attractions. Some people prefer the former, some the latter. It depends to some extent as to which you were first entered to. In driving it is the shooting that appeals, whereas over dogs the work of your canine companions forms the chief attraction of the day.



SIXTEENTH CENTURY CAVALRY.

By MAJOR E. W. SHEPPARD, O.B.E., M.C., Royal Tank Corps.

THE military history of the 16th Century, which forms the subject of Sir Charles Oman's recently published volume in continuation of his well known "Art of War in the Middle Ages," is not a very familiar subject to most of us. The reason in part, no doubt, is that the period is from the point of view of British armies rather a lean one. Against the glories of Drake, Hawkins and Raleigh and the other Elizabethan seamen there is little enough to set—Flodden, an anachronistic battle from the purely technical standpoint, Pinkie, of which more later, and a few dreary and profitless campaigns in north France and the Low Countries, unmarked by any feat of arms worthy of remembrance. But for the armies of other nations the period was one of considerable interest and importance. It saw the duel between France and Spain in Italy and Flanders, the religious wars in Germany and France, the Dutch wars of independence and the great Turkish offensives in Eastern Europe. The battles of Pavia, St. Quentin, Ivry, Lepanto, and Mohacs, and the sieges of Rhodes and Malta are familiar, at least as names, to most of us. We are here concerned, however, not so much with the actual military history of the period—for which reference must be made to Sir Charles Oman's own fascinating pages—as with the organization, fighting methods and achievements of the mounted arm during the hundred odd years from 1494 to 1606, covered by the book.

The period at which our story opens was one of great and far-reaching military changes. Cavalry had been declining in importance for many years already. It is customary among

British historians, with an outlook somewhat naturally insular, to attribute this in the main to the power of the English longbow. Much more important had been the military rise of the Swiss, with their closely knit phalanxes of well-trained soldiery, armed with long eighteen foot pikes, who from the middle of the fifteenth century had been the most formidable troops in Europe. A newer factor still, which accentuated the advantage of dismounted over mounted troops, was the increasing use of firearms, and the adoption of the natural counter to all missile weapons, field entrenchment. These tended still further to circumscribe the already narrowing field of cavalry usefulness. Against troops behind earthworks horsemen were of course quite powerless. For the time being the slowness of fire, short range, clumsiness, and general unreliability of firearms—hand guns and cannon alike—made it necessary to retain pikemen as part of the infantry and as escorts to the gunners. But every technical improvement in the primitive muskets and guns of the period tended to lessen their users' dependence on others to protect them against attacks of cavalry, though it was not till the invention of the bayonet, towards the end of the 17th century, that the pike finally became obsolete.

Under these circumstances heavy cavalry—the mailed horsemen who had reigned supreme on the battlefield for close on a thousand years—began to form a less and less necessary element in the armies of Europe. The vogue for light cavalry on the other hand tended to increase. They were found to be of great use for scouting, raiding, and minor enterprises generally, but their powers of attacking infantry arrayed in order of battle were of course limited in the extreme.

The French armies retained far longer than most others the large contingent of heavy horse, known as the *compagnies d'ordonnance*, which formed the core of their regular organization, and were reinforced in battle by the mounted archers of the royal guard and the gentlemen of the household. Their light horse at first included many units of foreign extraction, but later native troops were raised and trained for the role. Their foemen, the Spaniards, on the other hand, relied far more

largely on their national light cavalry, the hordes of so-called "genitors" which had attained a high pitch of perfection in the course of the long wars with the Moors just victoriously ended. Lightly armoured, they carried a store of javelins which they hurled at the enemy, and a sword for close combat, in which however, they rarely indulged, except against a shaken or wearied foe. Heavy horse, consisting of the royal bodyguard, the noble contingent, and the knights of the great military orders, were comparatively few in numbers in the Spanish armies; the national cavalry tradition and preference lay with their lighter armed comrades.

The German cavalry of the early part of the 16th century, on the other hand consisted for the most part of heavily armoured squadrons, using sword and lance after the fashion of the mediæval chivalry, and habituated to attack in deep formations. But as the century wore on, light horsemen armed with pistols became more numerous and of increasing importance from the tactical point of view. The German "black horse," as these "pistoleers" were termed from the black armour they usually wore, were the first light cavalry of their kind in Europe, and so high became their reputation that units of them were before long enlisted as mercenaries in all armies. Apart from the question of efficiency, they were most indisciplined and unreliable troops, prone to plunder, mutiny, and desert on any and every occasion, and upon any pretext or upon none. Failure to pay them promptly and in full usually resulted in an instant withdrawal of their capricious services, and the old saying "No money to Swiss" might with equal aptness have been applied to these hireling German troops.*

Later the "black horse" took over the role of the heavy cavalry—they had always worn closed helmets and cuirasses, though they had discarded leg armour—and the light cavalry duties in German armies passed to foreigners known variously as Croats, Pandours, Hussars and so forth, who had an even worse

* I cannot resist repeating here the old story of the German mercenary soldier who was misguided enough to take a high moral tone in comparing his fellow-countrymen with the Swiss. "You Swiss fight for money," he said scornfully, "we Germans fight for honour," thereby laying himself open to the devastating retort, "Of course; each of us fights for what he has not got."

reputation as plunderers and brigands than the "black horse" themselves.

Of the Italian armies little need be said, and is that little nothing to their credit. The old *condottiere* bands, by which the internal wars of fifteenth century Italy had been carried on, had reduced warfare to a delicate and bloodless game. Their heavy cavalry, grown soft, were quite unfit and unwilling to stand up against the French gendarmerie, eager to fight, and not afraid to charge home, prepared to incur as well as to inflict heavy casualties at need, and disinclined to give or accept quarter. After their defeat at Fornovo, in 1495, the Italians declined to offer pitched battle again, and for cavalry work placed their chief reliance on light horsemen, known as "Stradiots," recruited from Albania, who were expert at partisan war, and indeed most useful for all purposes except fighting in the line. For the rest, the Italian States followed the prevailing trend of the times, and began from 1500 onwards to increase the proportion of infantry in their armies, special attention being paid to units armed with the arquebus, the ancestor of the musket.

This radical change in the constitution and armament of European cavalry everywhere involved equally general and radical changes in tactics. The heavily armed and armoured horsemen had for many years found it no longer worth while to attempt to charge home against the English longbowmen or the Swiss pikemen. It was obviously even less possible for their lighter armed successors to essay the same hopeless task, especially as the gradual growth in the range and efficiency of firearms continuously increased the resisting power of infantry, as against cavalry.

A new method of attack was therefore devised, known as the "caracole." Units of horsemen armed with pistols were formed up in several lines, and each line, riding up in succession to the front of the opposing infantry, arrayed in mass or square, would fire its pistols and wheel off to the rear to clear the front of those following. In theory these successive volleys delivered at short range would, it was hoped, cause such heavy

casualties as to produce a gap at an angle of a hostile square, or a series of gaps in its front, by which the rear lines of cavalry could break in and get a chance to use pistol or sword at close quarters. In practice this rarely occurred. The attacking cavalry too often fell into confusion and got clubbed in carrying out this complicated series of wheels and turns under a close range fire more sustained and effective than their own. The rear ranks, unable to get close enough to use their pistols to good purpose, usually fired in the air. Badly trained pistoleers in any case habitually fired too early, and the less courageous among them seized the first choice of riding to the rear instead of halting and reforming line ready to deliver fire with their second and third pistols (pistoleers as a rule carried three such weapons). The manœuvre was in fact too much for the training and morale of any but the best cavalry. Sir Charles Oman's book mentions no instance where caracoling cavalry succeeded unaided in breaking a resolute body of infantry standing firm to receive them.*

As against cavalry the manœuvre was little more effective. Two opposing cavalry forces, each adopting caracole tactics, produced a vast deal of noise and smoke and a heavy expenditure of ammunition, but no decision unless and until the morale of one side or the other proved unequal to the strain, and it broke and fled in disorder. To horsemen who charged home, caracoling cavalry were an easy prey. The sight of rank after rank filing away to the rear in a manner and at a pace often indistinguishable from flight, led the rest to follow their example and go to the rear too on the least provocation, so that the whole array broke up into demoralized rout. Whether employed against infantry or cavalry, these caracoling tactics almost invariably proved at best ineffective, at worst disastrous. For many years, however, they were practised by every cavalry in Europe—yet another example of military conservatism and blindness to facts.

Towards the latter half of the century there developed a controversy between the advocates of an order of attack

* At Turnhout, in 1597, the Spanish infantry were demoralised by the abandonment of the field by their own cavalry before breaking up under the attack of the Dutch pistoleers.

for cavalry in long thin lines and those who preferred a deeper mass formation. Much could be, and was, said on either side; the Germans continued to fight in masses and to rely mainly upon firearms, the French held to linear formations and the lance. Curiously enough however, when the question was finally settled by the hard test of war experience on the battle-fields of the French religious wars, the Huguenots, whose main strength lay in their mounted troops, had learnt from the German reiters whom they took into their pay, the massed tactics combined with fire power which decided the day at such battles as Coutras (1507) and Ivry (1590). Their horsemen, charging in a six or seven deep array, firing their pistols at point blank range, and then closing with their enemies, sword in hand, burst clean through the long two deep lines of the Catholic horse at their chosen points of attack, and then turning outwards to the flanks, rolled up and dispersed the intact fragments on either side of the breaches thus made. In these actions cavalry once more, after the aberrations of previous years, returned to its oldest and strongest weapon, shock tactics, and again began to play a worthy part on the field of battle. Cromwell and Gustavus Adolphus, more than half a century later, were to revive the prestige and utility of the arm by incorporating in their doctrine and practice the lesson of the supreme value of shock tactics derived from the events of these Huguenot wars.

It is noteworthy too that during this conflict the proportion of cavalry to other arms in both the Catholic and the Protestant armies rose higher than it had ever been in Western Europe since the heyday of mediæval knighthood. This proportion was almost invariably one in three, and in some cases as high as one in two. In consequence the infantry once more began to lose quality and importance, and usually put up little resistance if their own horsemen had been driven from the field. The day of the mounted arm was dawning again after a temporary eclipse.

Meanwhile there were coming into being, in addition to the heavy cavalry in every army, numerous categories of light irregular cavalry of all kinds. These included not only the

“genitors” of Spain, “stradiots” of France and Italy, and the pandours and hussars of Germany, already mentioned, but also corps of mounted arquebusiers, the ancestors of the 17th century dragoons, who used their horses mainly as means of transport and dismounted to use their firearms. There were also bodies of light horse armed with carbine or pistol, which they used from the saddle, but without body armour. None of these were trained to or capable of taking any but a subsidiary part in a pitched battle, but they were of great value in all phases of minor warfare, in the service of information and security, for raids and surprises, and in the pursuit of a broken and fleeing foe.

A word may be said here about the English cavalry during this period. The art of war in Britain had sunk to a low level, and English armies, which had been among the first in Europe during the late fourteenth and early fifteenth centuries, were now out of date as regards both composition and methods. Flodden was a battle which might have been fought during the Wars of the Roses, and the campaigns of Henry VIII in France were dull and disappointing affairs, during which we signally failed to achieve anything worth while or to add any lustre to our arms. Henry had no national permanent levies to form the backbone of his armies, which consisted largely of foreign mercenaries hired for the campaign.

Heavy cavalry was especially deficient—there was good material for light cavalry in the Border countries, and he had available a certain number of demi-lances—half armoured men on unarmoured horses. But the English knights had been used to fighting on foot for the last hundred years, and had lost all taste and aptitude for cavalry work during that time. Henry had to hire Germans and Burgundians to make good the shortage and to supplement them by mounted archers and arquebusiers, who might be more correctly described as mounted infantry. In his last French expedition in 1544 a number of Burgundian pistoleer cavalry were hired among the rest of the mercenary horse—somewhat apparently to Henry’s annoyance, for he, with good reason, thought little of them and their peculiar methods of fighting.

The army under Protector Somerset that invaded Scotland in 1547 and won the battle of Pinkie Cleugh was no better off for national cavalry than its predecessors, and recourse was perforce had to lavish and widespread hiring to secure the services of a goodly contingent of Frenchmen, Spaniards, Italians and Germans, which, together with the Border horse and the Royal bodyguard, gave a figure of 4,000 mounted men—a quarter of the total strength of the army. They played a prominent and gallant part in the ensuing battle, their incessant charges, despite heavy losses, brought the attacking Scottish masses to a stand under the fire of the English cannon and arquebusiers. By this means the Scots were soon broken up, and cut to pieces in their flight by the pursuing horse, who took heavy vengeance for their earlier maltreatment.

Subsequent to this campaign British troops were engaged only as auxiliaries in the Dutch wars of independence, where they well maintained the national reputation for chivalry and gallantry without playing any very prominent part in the operations as a whole. The 16th century was not, as has been remarked earlier, one of the proudest periods of English military annals, and in the development of the art of war, particularly in the sphere of cavalry organization and tactics, our armies throughout lagged far behind those of other nations.

A brief summary of the greater wars and engagements of the period will show in more detail the varied part played by cavalry in the military practice of the day. The Italian wars between France and Spain raged almost without a break from 1494 when Charles VIII of France set out on his first attempt to conquer Naples, to 1525, when the signal defeat of Francis I of France at Pavia compelled him for the time being to abandon his ambitions to dominate Italy. Furnovo, where the heavy cavalry of the Italian condottiere bands were crumpled up in a moment by the headlong charge of the French horse, was a triumph of vigour and energy over dilettantism; and at the Garigliano Gonsalvo de Cordova, Spain's "Great Captain," made admirable use of his cavalry for a surprise incursion into the scattered cantonments of an unwary and discontented enemy, and

gathered the full fruit of his success in a vigorous and relentless pursuit. The succeeding battles of the war however, were for the most part infantry and artillery fights pure and simple. At Pavia the French cavalry, charging gallantly but piecemeal against the Spanish and Germans who had successfully executed a surprise flanking movement and caught Francis unawares, were shattered to pieces before their infantry could get up to their help. The latter, thus left unassisted, fought feebly; the day ended in a complete defeat for the French, and Francis, who fell into the hands of his enemies, had to conclude a highly disadvantageous peace.

The Italian wars were renewed in 1536, and again in 1543, but there was in either campaign a singular absence of great battles and of decisive results. In the only set engagement, at Cerisoles in 1544, the French infantry carried off the honours of the day, achieving a victory after all the attacks of their cavalry on the Imperialist infantry had been repulsed with heavy losses.

In 1551 France and the Empire* once more went to war, but this time the main theatre of operations was no longer in Italy but in eastern France, and in Flanders. At Gravelines in 1558, a French force, rashly venturing on a prolonged raid north-eastwards along the Flemish coast, was intercepted on its return journey, and the Imperialist cavalry performed admirable service by cutting across the head of the retreating enemy and holding him fast by incessant charges until their infantry could arrive to deal decisively with him. The year before the Constable of France had made a sad muddle of his attack on St. Quentin, and exposed himself to a devastating counter offensive by the Imperialist cavalry, who caught his line in disarray, scattered the French horse in panic, rout, and massacred the abandoned French infantry at their leisure. This action was the prototype of many to follow, which showed that, as infantry left alone and unsupported could not sustain a combined attack by all arms, the victor in the cavalry duel was usually the victor in the battle as well.

* Spain and the Empire were now united under the rule of Charles V.

Many examples of this occurred during the French wars of Religion, which continued intermittently over the whole period of thirty-six years from 1562 to 1598. At Jarnac, at Moncontour, at Coutras, and at Ivry the story was the same; cavalry met cavalry in headlong charge, and the body of horse which drove the other from the field made an easy prey of the hostile infantry, disheartened often to demoralization at being thus abandoned by their mounted comrades to the mercy of the victors. Generalship on either side was conspicuous by its absence, but in Henry of Navarre the Huguenots had an inspired and inspiring cavalry leader, with a lust for battle and a hail-fellow-well-met way with him, that inspired with devotion to his person all the heterogeneous elements of which the Protestant armies in the later stages of these wars were composed. This single factor of good cavalry leadership was enough to turn the scale in their favour on the battlefields, though Henry's irresponsibility and infirmity of purpose made him quite unfit to conduct a successful campaign against a general of reasonable competence, as his duels with the able Spaniard, Parma, conclusively proved.*

It was unfortunate from the point of view of cavalry history that the war of Dutch independence gave so little opportunity, owing to the nature of the country and the character of the fighting, for the use of the mounted arm. The history of the campaigns of Maurice of Nassau, the flower of the Dutch commanders, and the able Spanish soldiers, Alva, Parma and Spinola, thus affords few examples of decisive cavalry work in battle. Turnhout, already referred to, showed up once more the helplessness of infantry deprived of cavalry support, and Gemblours was a brilliant mounted exploit, in which a small body of Spanish horse by a headlong surprise charge completely routed and destroyed a far superior Dutch force of all arms, which had not even time to form order of battle from column of route,

* Parma had a poor opinion of Henry's abilities. "I thought I had to deal with a general," he remarked, "not a mere captain of dragoons," and later, after Henry had somewhat unexpectedly extricated himself from an awkward position by skilful rearguard fighting, Parma's comment was, "He can make a fine retreat, but why does he get himself into positions from which he can only retreat? I never do."

before being overrun. But for the cavalry historian the war of Dutch independence is somewhat barren soil.

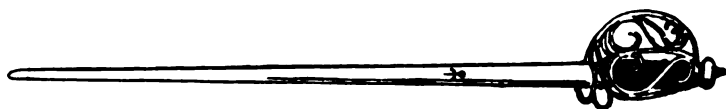
Considerably more interest attaches to the great campaigns in South-Eastern Europe, where for the whole of the century the Turks were conducting a formidable, but fortunately for their adversaries an intermittent, series of offensive campaigns against the Empire. The larger part of the Ottoman armies consisted of masses of feudal cavalry, fine troops of formidable valour, not fitted in armament or composition to stand up against the charge of heavy mailed cavalry, but fully capable of wearing down or luring to destruction an enemy whose first rush had failed to secure a decision. The Janissary infantry, well trained, armed and equipped in fully up-to-date fashion, and noted for their practical courage and *esprit de corps*, were worthy rivals for any body of western soldiery, and formed a solid and reliable *point d'appui* round which the hordes of Turkish light horse could manœuvre and fight.

The chivalry of Hungary and the Empire, who had to bear the main brunt of the Turkish offensives, should have been no bad match for their adversaries. The heavy German cavalry were the superior in a charge or a hand-to-hand fight of anything that could be brought against them, and the Hungarian hussars could meet the Turkish light horse at their own game. But internal dissension in Hungary brought about a division of national effort in the critical campaign of 1526, and many of the magnates even went so far to fight on the side of the invaders. Indiscipline and deplorable weakness of command further crippled the defence. The battle of Mohacs ended in a ruinous defeat, after victory had for a time smiled on the Hungarians, who broke in as far as the Turkish third line before being stayed. This fearful disaster sealed the fate of the country for the next two hundred years; when it was freed from the Ottoman yoke by the victories of Marlborough's colleague, Prince Eugene of Savoy.

From this newly won vantage ground the Turks continued their attacks, and in 1539 Vienna had to stand a siege. But trouble with Persia in the opposite quarter of the Ottoman

Empire soon came to distract the great Sultan Soliman, and under his feeblers successors the army began to deteriorate in quality. Corruption and indiscipline spread through all ranks; the Janissaries developed the worst and most characteristic vices of Pretorian troops, and hirelings and substitutes increasingly filled the ranks of the feudal cavalry to its detriment. Thus Europe was given a respite from Ottoman attack, of which it made in fact singularly little use. The chances of taking advantage of the enemy's weakness and disunion passed neglected and unutilized right up till the last decade of the century. It was not till 1596 that a formidable army was collected for the recovery of Transylvania, and then after a successful battle at Kerestes, it threw away all it had won by dispersing to plunder in the moment of victory. The resulting disaster was little less complete than that of Mohacs, though the strategical consequences were fortunately less far-reaching. The Western armies opposed to the Turks during this century appeared indeed to have learned nothing since the unhappy days of the Crusades, showing exactly the same defects and falling into exactly the same errors time and time again.

With this we must conclude our study of the cavalry of the 16th century. It was at first a period of eclipse for the mounted arm, but later on there came the beginnings of a revival. Crecy, Bannockburn, and Laupen in the fourteenth century had heralded the commencement of cavalry's decline and fall from importance, and for the whole of the fifteenth century, and for the first half of the sixteenth it had played only a subordinate role. The 16th century battles of St. Quentin, Coutras, Ivry and Gemblours described in outline above, were the prototypes of yet greater days to come—of Lutzen and Nordlingen, of Marston Moor and Dunbar, of Rocroi and Fleurus, which were once more to restore to cavalry that preponderance on the battlefield it had held for a thousand years from 378, and had lost awhile.



NOTES.

ERRATUM.

On page 160 of April, 1937, in the order of battle of the 10th Cavalry Brigade for "32nd Lancers," read "2nd Lancers."

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KING EDWARD VII CONVALESCENT HOME FOR OFFICERS, OSBORNE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

Osborne House, formerly the private residence of Her Majesty, the late Queen Victoria, was presented to the nation by King Edward VII in 1902 and except for the State Apartments which have been reserved for exhibition to the public, was, at the wish of His Majesty, adapted in 1904 for use as a Convalescent Home for Officers of the Navy, Army, Air Force, and Indian Army.

All officers of the Territorial Army, the Regular Army Reserve of Officers, the Militia and Supplementary Reserve who require a period of convalescence after illness contracted whilst on Service or in the normal course of civil life are eligible for admission.

Osborne House is ideally situated in well-wooded grounds sloping down to the sea. This situation, coupled with the almost complete absence of irksome routine, makes it one of the finest convalescent homes in the Kingdom.

Accommodation is provided for 45 convalescents.

There is a resident House Governor and Medical Superintendent and a large staff of visiting Consultants. The duration of stay in the Home is determined by the House Governor and a member of the Consulting Staff, but officers may leave at any time at their own desire.

Each officer is charged six shillings a day to cover the cost of board and lodging and ordinary medical attendance. A small additional charge is made to cover the cost of special nursing or other special attention when considered necessary.

Electro-therapeutic treatment, including massage, diathermy, ionisation, ultra-violet and infra-red radiation, radiant heat and melted paraffin baths, is available when required at a nominal charge of 6d. a day.

Other amenities include an extensive scientific and fiction library, a 9-hole golf course (with resident professional), tennis, croquet, squash racquets, bowls, badminton, billiards, and a golf putting course. A motor car is available for long or short runs at a reasonable charge.

All officers resident in Osborne are honorary members of the Royal London Yacht Club, Cowes; the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, Ryde; the Island Sailing Club, Cowes; the Seaview Yacht Club, Seaview; the Royal Albert Yacht Club, Southsea; and the Royal Naval Yacht Club, Portsmouth.

Officers are asked to subscribe 3s. a week to the Sports Fund, and subscription to the Osborne Golf Club, of which they and their wives are eligible for membership, is 3s. a week for each member.

A private hostel for relatives, excluding children under 12 years of age, has been established in the grounds, and any officer desirous of bringing his relatives with him should communicate with the House Governor.

Application for admission, which should be accompanied by a medical certificate from the officer's Medical attendant, should be addressed direct to the House Governor, Osborne, East Cowes, Isle of Wight (Telephone : Cowes 251), from whom any further particulars can be obtained.

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THE NATIONAL HORSE ASSOCIATION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Major H. Faudel-Phillips presiding at a Meeting of the Council of the National Horse Association to-day welcomed Mr. James Kilpatrick of Craigie Mains as the representative on the

Council of the Clydesdale Horse Society—also Sir Berkeley Piggott, Bart., as the representative of the New Forest Pony. The resignation of Mr. J. F. Davidson was accepted with regret, Mr. James Higgs of United Dairies being invited to fill the vacancy. Major G. de Chair of the Metropolitan Mounted Police was elected an Honorary Member of the Council.

62 candidates were elected to membership of the Association and reference made to the many visitors to the Association's stand at the recent Richmond Horse Show. Approved Riding Schools had been given an opportunity to display cards and approximately 600 of these were distributed to enquirers. The Council have the intention of extending this scheme of publicity next year in the interests of Riding Schools holding the Association's approval.

Hints on Driving.—Approval was given to the publication of an article by Major-General Geoffrey H. A. White, entitled "Hints on Driving," the Council considering that as the standard of driving of horse-drawn vehicles in the streets of London, etc., is capable of improvement many drivers would welcome the practical hints contained in General White's comments.

The Riding Committee reported that 123 Schools and Stables had been accepted under their scheme of approval and that many others had been examined without approval being given considering the much higher standard now required under the scheme. The Committee had under consideration restrictions imposed on horse riders in various parts of the country, including Epping Forest, Dartford, Bognor, Woolwich, Eltham, etc., and all cases were being fully investigated. It was resolved to issue a booklet indicating the rights of horse owners on public roads, commons, etc., and that information which is to be secured in this connection should be submitted at the Council's next meeting. The Secretary would, therefore, welcome any data which could be usefully included in such a publication.

Export of Horses Bill.—The Council heard with pleasure that the promoters of the Export of Horses Bill had, after consultation with the Ministry of Agriculture, introduced a number

of amendments in the original draft so that the amended Bill was satisfactory from all points of view and will doubtless be placed on the Statute Book in the course of a few weeks.

The following were elected as Chairmen and Vice-Chairmen of the Standing Committees :—

Riding—Major H. Faudel-Phillips and Mr. Horace Smith.

Finance—Sir Walter Gilbey, Bart., and Mr. C. Herbert Moore.

Publicity—Brigadier W. H. Anderson and Mr. James Forshaw.

General Purposes Mr. Nigel C. Colman, M.P., and Mr. C. Barker.

Bravery—Major-General Geoffrey H. A. White.

Executive—Committee, Chairman, President and two immediate Past-Presidents.



OBITUARY

Colonel Sir Alfred Welby joined the Scots Greys sometime in the Seventies from the Infantry. He became, henceforward, always keen and enthusiastic about everything to do with the history and traditions of the Regiment. Incidentally, he invented one of the most ornate kits ever worn, long since abolished. It consisted of an elaborate, open frock coat worn over a stable jacket and it was a tribute to his imagination.

He commanded the regiment from about 1892. It was early in his command that the late Emperor of Russia was appointed Colonel-in-Chief. The story is, or was, well known, how while he was dressing for dinner he informed his servant of the great honour that had been done to the Corps. This servant, one Fraser if I remember right, merely replied—"Can he hold the twa appointments at once."

Colonel Welby, of course, headed the deputation from the regiment that went, not long after, to Petrograd at the invitation of the Tsar. He puzzled the Russian Officers by wearing mess kit, a form of uniform they neither knew nor understood. Their somewhat too exuberant views of entertaining puzzled him. On one occasion when dining with a Guard regiment, an excitable Grand Duke presiding, he was constrained to observe,—*"Messieurs, nous sommes venus chercher l'hospitalité, non pas l'ivresse."* Thereupon the British Military Attaché to distract attention, dropped the decanter.

He had previously contested two or three constituencies and during his period of command he achieved the unique distinction of being a Member of Parliament and commanding a Cavalry regiment at the same time. Needless perhaps to mention the Queen's Regulations were then amended. Very rarely he

brought some voters to the Mess. They were refreshing and original.

After his period of command he served for many years on the London County Council where he did excellent work. It may very truly be said of him that whatever he did, he did it with all his might. During the last war he laboured hard in London for the duration, for which he was rewarded with the K.B.E.

But those of us who were privileged to know him knew that his real interest in life was the Regiment. I wish I had preserved the letters he sometimes wrote me. There would not be one that did not contain some allusion to a soldier or an episode in our long history. He was well qualified to, and it is many pities that he never wrote a documented, detailed history of the Greys. We all know how to the very end, till within a few weeks of his passing away, he attended every Old Comrades gathering and Regimental dinner. And he was very happy on those occasions.

A GOOD GREY.

L.R.



HOME AND DOMINION MAGAZINES.

The first article in the "Army Quarterly" is the Bertrand Stewart prize essay by Captain H. L. Telfer, of the Essex Regiment. The subject was the reorganization of the Territorial Army, and the writer recommends the supplementing of the existing air and coast defence units, the formation of a mobile division, augmented by Royal Tank Corps units and army troops as required, the creation of a Territorial Army Reserve and officers' training units, and the introduction of military training on a compulsory basis up to the numbers required to raise and maintain a large national army. Captain G. C. Wynne concludes his study of the development of the German defensive battle in 1917, and points out that our present doctrine, while adopting the system of fortified localities, has failed to provide for the necessary counter attacking troops behind to recover any ground lost and rescue any garrisons cut off, or for the full responsibility to be given to front battalion and divisional commanders, which the Germans then found essential for efficiency. There are a number of other historical articles of considerable and varied interest. Apart from these Mr. G. W. Headlam discusses the question of officers' education in the Army, coming to the conclusion that the present system with certain modifications is as good as any we are likely to be able to devise or afford. Lt.-Colonel A.H. Burne has an entertaining paper on the fallacy of assuming the "probable action" of the enemy to be an invariably sound basis for our own plans which must be made and kept flexible so as to be adaptable to any change of situation, however unexpected.

The June "Fighting Forces" contains articles on such varied subjects as the position of non-combatants in war, impressions

of a recent visitor to Germany, and the question of Army officers' pay. All are readable and worth reading. The author of the first, Lt.-Colonel Baird Smith, comes to the somewhat novel conclusion that "frightfulness" in war is neither a novelty nor inherent in the nature of modern war, and that it is likely to be practised, if at all, by nations confident of victory rather than by those fearful of defeat, and therefore of retribution. The article on Army pay proposes that parents should be officially expected, as in the case of special entry naval officers, to make their sons an allowance during their first three years of service to compensate for the admitted insufficiency of the junior subaltern's present rate of pay.

The August issue of the same periodical opens with a discussion of the ever topical problem of the North-West Frontier of India, and the anonymous writer is of opinion that it can be solved only if command be unified, preferably in military hands, and if overwhelming force be shown at the first sign of trouble, to nip it in the bud and prevent its spread. There are two instructive articles on the Territorial Army and its difficulties and problems, and an admirable account of the history and work of the Army Co-operative Squadrons of the R.A.F. The selection of lighter articles in this number, too, is specially good and varied.

The "Royal Engineers Journal" has two interesting illustrated articles, one on Tattoo Searchlighting by Lieutenant R. B. Muir, and the other on the work of the R.E.s in connection with the recent floods in the Fen District by Captain F. J. R. Heath. Both are matters which exemplify at their best the skill and adaptability of the Corps and its technical personnel, while being little known in detail to the outside readers. There are two articles in lighter vein, the career of "Ilex," a famous yacht belonging to the R.E. Yacht Club, and a shooting trip in Albania.

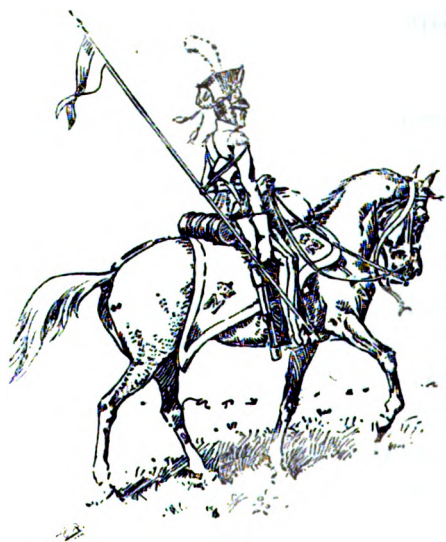
The "R.A.S.C. Quarterly" has two articles of more general interest than the bulk of its contents, on the carriage and distribution of petrol from railheads to fighting units, and on the concealment of vehicles from air and ground observation. Both are matters with which cavalry officers, now that the arm is being so thoroughly mechanized, will have before long to concern themselves.

The "Royal Artillery Journal" contains, besides two interesting articles on the first battle of Gaza by General MacMunn and the German artillery at Bertrix in August, 1914, a lecture by General Ironside on Q.M.G. duties in India, which makes most lively and amusing reading. He outlines recent progress in the matter of mechanical transport, foodstuffs, housing, hill stations, canteens and remounts, and advises any officer offered a "Q" job in India to go there with a light heart.—"He has lots to put right and that should be the best thing for him"—and never to be put off with the excuses, "It's never been done," or "It's always been done." "I found the work absorbingly interesting and enjoyed myself all the time." There are also two good lighter items on a visit to the United States, and a ski-ing holiday in the Alps.

The second issue of the "Royal Tank Corps Journal" contains a series of articles describing the work of various units of the Corps all over the world in connection with internal security duties. The operations in Palestine, and on the Indian frontier against the Fakir of Ipi, are thus dealt with in considerable detail, and an earlier campaign against the Moplahs in 1923, as seen by the O.C. of an Armoured Car Company at the time, is also briefly narrated. There is also a historical narrative of one of the great days of the Corps in the War—the battle of Amiens on August 8th, 1918, and various present-day questions of tactical and technical interest are discussed on other pages of the issue.

The "Royal Air Force Quarterly" has as its leading item a well-phrased and readable critique of General Golovine's recently published book on Air strategy. The General himself concludes his essay on air defence, discussing the questions of ground observation, air patrol, and the combined action of destroyers and single-seater fighters against raiding air bombers. Major Pemberton contributes a readable article on British Colonial Policy and the Imperial Commonwealth, with special reference to the recent Imperial Conference.

The "Canadian Defence Quarterly" includes in its pages two important official statements on Imperial defence matters—Mr. Mackenzie King's statement in the Canadian House of Commons on the Dominions foreign policy, and the Australian Defence Minister's memorandum on Australian defence. Both are well worth perusal by British readers, to whom they will contain a good deal that is novel. The other articles are for the most part of purely Dominion interest.



FOREIGN MAGAZINES.

The United States "Cavalry Journal" for May-June devotes much space to the consideration of horseflesh and various problems connected therewith. These articles need no further mention. Major M. S. Williamson then supplies a brief description of a "command" car that was designed and fitted up by the headquarters of the 6th Cavalry. The main idea of such a car is to provide the commanding officer opportunities of control and of transmitting orders. Particular attention is paid to the radio set, which has a loud-speaker for verbal communications. Unpacked the car affords means of rigging an effective shelter for the work of headquarters in the open. It is a clever conception. Next an extract is given from the evidence of General Kromer before the sub-committee of the Committee on Appropriations of the House of Representatives. General Kromer, on being asked, "Is horsed cavalry obsolete?" replied that both horsed and mechanized cavalry would find a place in modern war. He supported the argument for the retention of horsed cavalry by pointing to the 16,000,000 horses existing in the United States side by side with their huge motor industry. "Horsed cavalry," he argued, "has great fire power, a high degree of tactical and cross-country mobility and is more easily concealed . . . it has not the strategic or road mobility of our mechanized cavalry, nor its crushing power . . . Our combination of horsed and mechanized cavalry gives us usability in insuring continuity of action, night and day, and the greatest application of force when and where needed and ability to use that form of powerful, mobile fighting troops which is best adapted to the particular terrain in which the operation occurs."

The next article of interest, though not primarily to cavalry

officers, is one dealing with the question, "Was Lawrence a great soldier?" to this answer, the author, H. A. De Weerd, replies that concerning Lawrence there are two schools of thought. The first holds that "he was a military and literary genius, an 'amateur' who had conspicuously outperformed the professional soldiers in their own field. The other school discounted his military achievements and attributed Lawrence's reputation to the brilliant books in which he enshrined his own accomplishments with unrivalled skill. This school regarded him as a 'make believe' soldier who rode triumphantly into Jerusalem and Damascus on the rear platform of the Allenby Limited." The author continues, "The Arab revolt was not a war in the ordinary sense of the term; it was an insurrection. Its objective was not so much to conquer Arabia as to deny the Turk its occupation." His previous training and experience in the War fitted him particularly for a task which "few Englishmen would have attempted and perhaps none other could have handled." The familiar story of Lawrence's march with his Arab tribesmen is well told; the "battle" of Tafila (January 25th, 1918) is recounted in detail.

The author concludes "A good deal of his success may be attributed to the fact that he had an obliging and stupid adversary. Whenever the Arabs ran into German detachments or even unshaken Turkish units they made little headway. Few commanders find an enemy so willing to play their own game. His intelligence service drew from the whole countryside . . . He showed more audacity and imagination than most professional soldiers, but in all probability would not have distinguished himself in any other campaign. The Arab revolt was made to order for his eccentric talents.

The Turks would have lost the war in Palestine even if Lawrence had never left Cairo. But his intervention saved the British thousands of casualties. Lawrence belongs not to the select company of great captains, but to the small group of great guerilla or irregular warriors of history: Clive, Forrest, Garibaldi and De Wet. . . His literary and administrative talents were greater than his military gifts.

The French "Revue de Cavalerie" for May-June opens with an anonymous but interesting study on the "Reaction of mechanics on the equipment and organization of units."

Armoured vehicles, the author begins, are helpless by night and against the interior of woods. Mechanized units must therefore be ready to work in combination with other troops, particularly with aircraft. He then takes the case of the new French cavalry division, composed of horsed and mechanized units. On the march, the latter will be employed for reconnaissance and protection. But if the main body is constituted mainly of horsed troops, the mechanized units cannot venture as far ahead as their superior mobility might lead them; they will therefore, spread far out to the flanks. What of the units supporting this mechanized reconnaissance? Theirs is a four-fold task:—

(a) To relieve mechanized units, when the latter have become engaged in a hot fight, at all speed, so as to allow the mechanized portion to move ahead.

(b) To profit from the neutralization of enemy fire by the mechanized units, with a view to crossing fire-swept ground.

(c) To complete the task of the mechanized units in "mopping up" cover safely occupied by the enemy.

(d) In the face of hostile mechanized attack to scatter with all speed and avoid such attack.

Speed is, therefore, the prime necessity and to that end everything tending to take up time in the matter of equipment must be eradicated. Horsed units, covered by mechanized units, should from the nature of the case be able to progress in a fashion hitherto unattained.

The main threat remains the attack of an enemy armoured force, and the main body of horsemen in a cavalry division, such as we envisage, dare not run the risk of being thus caught. A cavalry division, after reinforcing the advanced guards, should, therefore, advance by "bounds"; it must move swiftly from line to line. For this end motorized infantry and motorized artillery will serve to combine speed with caution. The horsed units can then move more easily and rapidly without need to make frequent

halts. The same argument applies to a systematic attack against a more "solid" position.

Everything points to two conclusions: firstly, the need to lighten the individual and thereby to increase his mobility; secondly, the need to redistribute the heavier units and to re-organize their transportation. Consequently horsed units should act, first and foremost, as riflemen with a minimum of machine guns and anti-tank weapons; while all the bulk of machine and A. T. guns should be grouped into supporting units. The latter would be equipped with cross-country 6-wheelers and would act as distributors of their weapons when and where needed. A squadron would thus, at the right moment, receive a reinforcing lorry containing 4 machine guns, 2 mortars and 1 anti-tank gun together with few specialists needed by them to work these guns. A group of such lorries would constitute a reinforcing unit. Another signal unit of a similar composition would ensure the setting up of adequate communications (telephone and radio). By such means lightness and mobility can be secured. Every effort must be made to reduce weight and to regroup the indispensable weapons. On the other hand, second line transport must not be augmented; in fact it must be cut down ruthlessly.

At present there is a need of a complete revision of what can be carried in the field. Motor traction does not justify the multiplication of vehicles to the extent that is now thought possible. The new transport must be studied from the standpoint of speed, and speed only.

Lieut.-Colonel Azais next considers the question of training in a motorized or mechanized unit. He begins by reviewing the training now considered normal in a horsed cavalry regiment. This has been tested by experience and may be regarded as being much the same in every horsed unit. Now how far can this identical system be transferred to a motorized or mechanized unit? If the training in the latter be considered, it can be said to consist of:—

- (1) Technical motor training—(a) theoretical, (b) practical.

- (2) Tactical training in the use of the vehicle on the road and across country.
- (3) Shooting and communications.
- (4) Specialists' training.
- (5) Physical training.

Now technical training will be limited only by the amount of fuel that is made available for this branch of training. The utmost economy must therefore be practised and enforced to obtain the best results. Special tracks must be made available and road tours must be designed for training. Theoretical training can only be imparted indoors and should be conducted largely by means of very simple diagrams.

Tactical instruction must be varied for each type of vehicle—from the motor-cycle to the tank. It is most important to avoid the familiar bare areas of ground that are found in proximity to most barracks. It is so important to find suitable ground for this training that it will pay to move the troops by lorry to ground that is suitable and to sacrifice time and fuel to this task rather than frequent hackneyed and poor terrain.

Musketry training or gun practice must be carried out on the assumption that every man of a motorized unit must be an excellent shot. Motor-borne infantry and motor-cyclists must be picked shots if the advantages of these units are to be realized. The whole musketry training of such a unit needs to be most carefully thought out and watched.

Training in signal duties is most important. The necessary detail of such training is obvious. The same can be said of the training of specialists; it needs no elaboration. It is when we come to physical training that the divergence from normal practice becomes more marked. Physical training must be devised and carried out most scrupulously and regularly. How far games and sport can replace the necessary physical exercises to keep the personnel of motorized units fit to take the field at a moment's notice is not clear and must depend on the unit and its officers. In any case this physical training must comprise exercises such as vaulting on to vehicles in motion, &c.

The main thing for a horsed unit converted to a motorized establishment is to break away entirely from the methods thought adequate in its days as a horsed unit and to think matters out from an entirely fresh basis.

The remainder of the number comprises a panegyric on service in North Africa, also a technical article on the construction of modern roads, their uses and their capacity, that may be of interest to a few officers who have turned to such a study.

The Swiss "Schweizer Kavallerist" for June 25th considers the question as to why recruiting for the cavalry in Switzerland is feeling the competition of the motorized unit appreciably.

Other journals contain little that requires any special consideration by the cavalry soldier.



RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

“Elements of Riding.” By R. S. Summerhays. (Country Life.) 7s. 6d.

A delightful book that fills a long-felt gap in the books on riding and stable management. It is written for that great multitude of riders of a new generation for whom the horse is not as in pre-war days a part of the family establishment and riding an accomplishment which was acquired as a matter of course. It is also an excellent preliminary guide to the youngster who wishes to look after his own horse. The whole argument of the book appears in the dedication to the new riders who, with no traditional love of horses and without the urge born of hunting ancestors, are acquiring the love of them, the desire for their well-being, and the pleasure in riding them. These are numbered in their thousands and the author hopes that it may help them a little in their new-found interest. The older generation of horsemen have always deplored this absence of tradition and have wondered how it is to be compensated for. The better class riding schools are doing great work in this direction but could do still more, the pony clubs also help and Mr. Summerhays' book very efficiently supplies the theory and the instruction that every beginner without exception, should master. His book will also serve as a basis for lectures to the rising generation.

One cannot, however, help wondering what place the chapter on driving has in a book on riding although the illustrations of the hackneys on pages 59 and 64 may be considered useful to show points of conformation and action that should be avoided in a saddle horse.

The illustrations in the main are excellent, but why is the

driver on page 59 shown "with a rein in each hand and a whip in the other" as the old coachmen were wont contemptuously to describe this incorrect style of handling the reins? And then there is a mistake, or a misprint, on page 141. In the illustration depicting a rider turning round a post in a Gymkhana event she is shown and described pressing the left rein against the pony's neck and using her right heel. As this is the turn on the fore-hand which can be called a riding nightmare, the author will wish, we feel sure, to correct it in the next edition.

There is another slip at the top of page 23, "The throat lash should have a hand's breadth of play," this should read "two fingers' play."

The picture of the child on page 28 rubbing her mouth against a pony's nostrils shows a practice that should be discouraged by all parents and teachers for hygienic reasons.

"Riding Logic." By Major W. Müsseler. Translated by F. W. Schiller. (Methuen.) 10s. 6d.

This is a book written by a German for Germans, and as such makes only a limited appeal to English horsemen. Nevertheless, there is much to be learned from it by every rider and, what is even of greater importance, by every riding-master. The subject of the book, the "Science of Riding"—a truer translation from the original than "Riding Logic"—commands too little attention in this country, and the teaching of it is often too haphazard. The author's argument that faulty conformation either of horse or rider is of hardly any account is one of the controversial points of the book.

The principles laid down by Major Müsseler savour too much of the drill sergeant, compulsion playing so prominent a part in his teaching and further, uniformity of temperament in horse and rider is apparently assumed. The author also maintains that skill cannot be obtained by "imitation of a model," a sweeping assertion with which many will disagree. The rider's seat on horseback, as described in text and illustration, is somewhat stiff and rigid and hardly conforms to our ideas for hunting or polo. The author, moreover,

maintains that arms and legs have "nothing to do with balance." The translator has done his task with meticulous care, but has often failed to make his meaning clear, probably because he is not himself familiar with the English terms and expressions relating to riding, and much fluency is lost by rather tedious repetition and by endless cross-references to other pages. But, as said before, if a reader will patiently extract what is applicable to English riding he will find much useful instruction. The book is profusely illustrated with photographs and drawings. The latter will repay careful study as they explain many movements which may be obscure to the uninitiated.

S.G.G.

"The History of the Royal Artillery." Vol. II. By Major-General Sir John Headlam. R.A. Institution.

This is the middle of the three volumes to be published on the history of the Royal Regiment. Vol. I had dealt generally with organization, armament, and training; this does not deal with the whole subject chronologically, but divides the work into parts, each detailing the history of one section of the Regiment. Though this method possibly does not produce a very readable, continuous narrative, it enhances the book as a work of reference.

After a general review of the War Office and the organization of the Regiment in the years of the South African War, the author deals in detail with the effects produced on field, siege, and coast artillery by external influences such as the South African War, the Manchurian campaign, and French military opinion. Information about the French "75s" became available and the Regulations of 1912 were largely modelled upon the French Reglement's of 1910. At the same time, continental opinion was persuading us to include siege batteries in the field, while the Owen Committee, at last, standardised and modernised the coast defence armament.

The chapter, "The Final Phase," which clearly shows the development of the tactical doctrine which held the field in 1914, is of great interest to the student of the last war.

As a reference book for any student of military history or of tactical evolution, this book will be of real value.

H.G.E.

“Modern Warfare.” By Lt.-Colonel B. C. Dening. (North Hants Printing Co., Fleet.) 8s. 6d.

This little book of just over 100 pages contains, in highly condensed form, much decidedly controversial matter. The author's views are that the next great war will not be settled by the air arm but by land armies; that these armies will be not small professional forces, but nations in arms, as in the last war; that only victory on land can decide the issue; that the offensive can still prevail over the defensive if properly conducted; and that this country cannot, if it is again called upon to intervene in a European war, limit its contribution to the common cause to air forces, or small mechanized land forces, but must raise million-strong armies once more—if she has the time to do so, before the war is over and lost, which the author seems to doubt. All these theories are very well and persuasively put and will be found entirely convincing, by those who, unlike the present reviewer, already agree with them, and by others, no doubt, who have not thought much about the matter. But it is doubtful if many of these last will ever read the book, for it is very expensive for its size, contains a wealth of misprints, and other errors, and is so bound as to shut itself up automatically if not held with a grip of iron. This is a pity, for it is a readable little work, on highly orthodox lines of course, but none the less well worth study.

“Gallopig Jack.” By Napier Devitt. (Wetherby.) 6s.

This little volume gives a brief and breezy biography of Brig.-General T. R. Royston, of Natal, South Africa, whose first service dated from the Zulu War of 1879 and who led the party of South African Ex-Servicemen at the Coronation of King George VI this year. As a boy he ran away from home and school to join up with the Durban Mounted Rifles and fought at Gingilovo; in the Boer War he was second-in-command of the 2nd Imperial Light Horse, and took part in the siege of

Ladysmith and in the subsequent guerilla campaign. He was called out for duty on the outbreak of the Zulu rebellion in Natal in 1906, and in the Great War saw four fronts—the South African rebellion, the conquest of German South-West Africa, Egypt and Palestine, and France. For much of the time he commanded a brigade of Australian Light Horse with high distinction—no mean feat of personality, for the Australians were never easy troops for any but their own countrymen to lead; but Royston they all admired and loved, and would follow him anywhere. The book gives a vivid picture of a born commander of men, and a soldier of whom his fellow-countrymen and the whole Empire may well be proud.

“In Parenthesis.” By David Jones. (Faber & Faber.)
10s. 6d.

This is a most unusual war book—so unusual that the reader who comes to it casually may well be puzzled at first to appreciate what the author is driving at. Let him not be discouraged, for once the author's style and methods grow familiar it will be realised how appropriate and effective they are for his purpose.

The writer, who is a painter and draughtsman of note, sets out to describe the record of a battalion from its first departure to France in December, 1915, to the attack (apparently at Delville Wood) on the Somme in July, 1916, when he (if one is right in identifying him with his “hero,” Pte. John Ball) was wounded and invalided home. The unit consisted partly of Londoners, partly of Welshmen, and the author, who is steeped, as befits his name and race, in Celtic folk lore and literature, makes good use of these as a background and, as it were, an obligato accompaniment for his vivid story of his own and his comrades' fortunes in the field. Numerous notes explain the bulk of the allusions to this varied literature, and also to war-time details unknown to, or forgotten by, the average reader, and there are two somewhat macabre and symbolic illustrations and a trench map. The whole book is a remarkable, if not unique production—the most individual, and one of the most vivid and effective, of war books that has yet come the reviewer's way.

"Vain Glory." Compiled and edited by Guy Chapman.
(Cassell.) 8s. 6d.

Here by contrast is quite a different kind of war book—a miscellany consisting of extracts from many volumes and many authors of all the nations that took part in the Great War—some two hundred writers in all. The compiler is a pacifist, and his extracts tend to stress, perhaps unduly, the "futility and horror of war." Whatever may be the case in certain States abroad, where the glorification of war is more evident, this is, so far as this country, surely pushing at an open door, and Mr. Chapman does not improve his case by giving vent in his introduction to some of the most fatuous remarks about the nature of war we have ever had occasion to encounter. But his chosen extracts really give a full, many-sided, and on the whole not unfair picture of the war as seen by those who fought in it on land, sea and air. Samples are here from the familiar works of well known writers, and Mr. Chapman earns our gratitude by rescuing from oblivion much that has been published and forgotten, and some things that will be new even to those fairly versed in the literature of the subject. The book, which is somewhat too large to be held and read in comfort, is good value for its price, and will no doubt make a wide appeal even to those whose political and social views differ from the editor's.

"History of the 3rd Dragoon Guards, 1914-18." Privately printed.

This little volume tells in intimate detail, and with clear little sketch plans, and portraits of the three war-time colonels, the story of the 3rd Dragoon Guards in the Great War. From Egypt, where its outbreak found them, they came home, to form part of the 6th Cavalry Brigade, of Rawlinson's force sent to relieve Antwerp and saw their first shots fired at Ypres on November 5th, 1914. Without opportunity of any kind for mounted action, they took their fair share of trench work and dismounted fighting at second Ypres, at Hoge and at Loos, at all of which battles heavy casualties were suffered and a number of honours won. At Arras in 1917 they had a chance to fight as

cavalry and suffered severely at Monchy Le Preux. Their next opportunity came on March 24th, 1918, when a gallant charge at Villeselve saved a delicate situation, and in the final advance to victory they fought once more with distinction at Amiens and during the October battles round the Hindenburg line. These were their last engagements. During the whole course of the war the 3rd Dragoon Guards had 950 casualties of all ranks and gained 117 honours and awards. The tale of its achievements is here told simply, unpretentiously, and well. It is one of which the regiment may well be proud.

E. W. S.

“My Fifty Years of Sport.” By Major Charles Van der Byl. Published by Arthur H. Stockwell, with foreword by General Sir Hubert Gough.

Cavalry officers who serve their full time have a great opportunity of seeing the world from a sporting point of view and Major Van der Byl seems to have made the most of his opportunities. He has visited the haunts best known to us and many more beside. The book is full of incidents but would have been more interesting if the author had not been so secretive as regards the name of his regiment, the people he met, and the nullahs he visited in Kashmir. The sketch of the South African War is particularly interesting, and the modest price of the book places it within the reach of all.

“The Hoghunter’s Annual. Volume X. Edited by Captain Nugent Head and Major J. Scott Cockburn.

We always look forward to the publication of a new number of this journal. This, the tenth volume, keeps up the high standard of its predecessors, despite the fact that it starts off with a mistake in His Majesty’s title. Old Pigstickers can revisit all their old haunts and reading this journal will give them many a thrill. The illustrations are excellent and the editors are to be congratulated on such a fine production.

"Wild Life in the Highlands." By Dugald Macintyre. (Published by Philip Alan & Co.) 12s. 6d.

The author is said to be a highland gamekeeper; if so he is sure to be exceptionally well read, and Mr. Macintyre can certainly write.

The story is well told and many interesting personalities are introduced. Those of our readers who know the Highlands will be delighted with the many anecdotes of a life time spent in sport. The concluding chapter on State Improvements will prove most useful to those who frequent the same haunts year after year.

T.T.P.

The following have also been received :—

"History of the Art of War in the 16th Century." By Charles Oman. (Methuen.) £1 10s. (See p. 597).

"David's New World." By Vernon Stokes and Cynthia Harnett. (Country Life.) 3s. 6d.

"Golden Knight and Other Stories." By Hermione Ratcliffe. (Country Life.) 3s. 6d.

"The Bravest Soldier. Sir Rollo Gillespie, 1766-1814." By Eric Wakeham. (Blackwood.) 12s. 6d.



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